Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER, 1926

Price 25 Cents

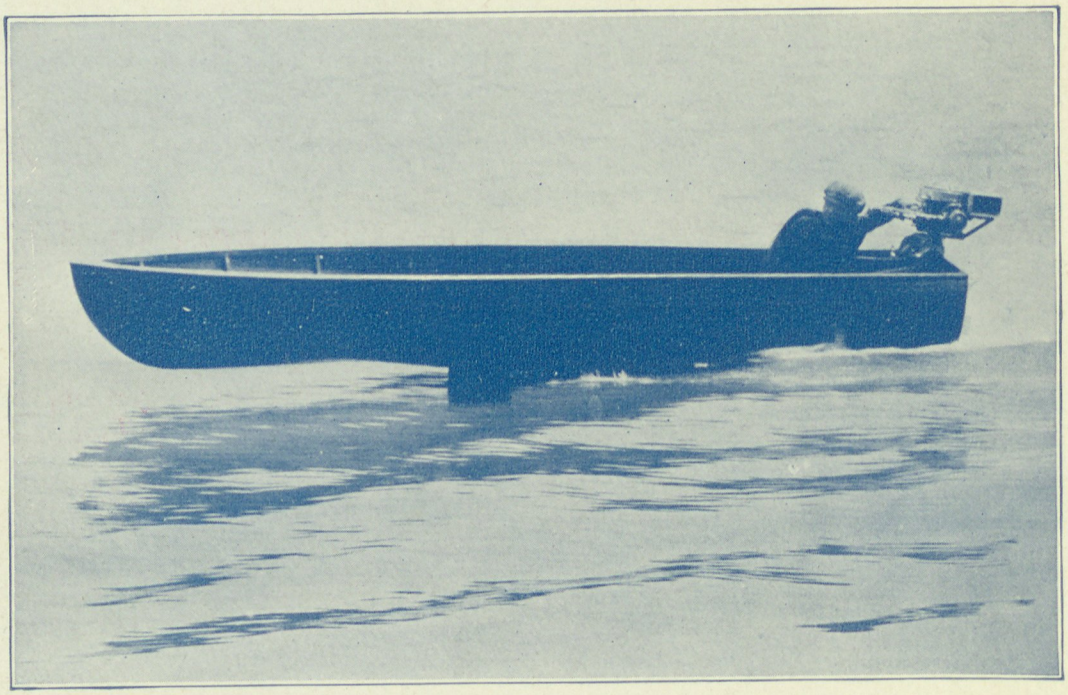
Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

HOW TO CAST A SALMON FLY. By L. E. DeGarmo, National Champion

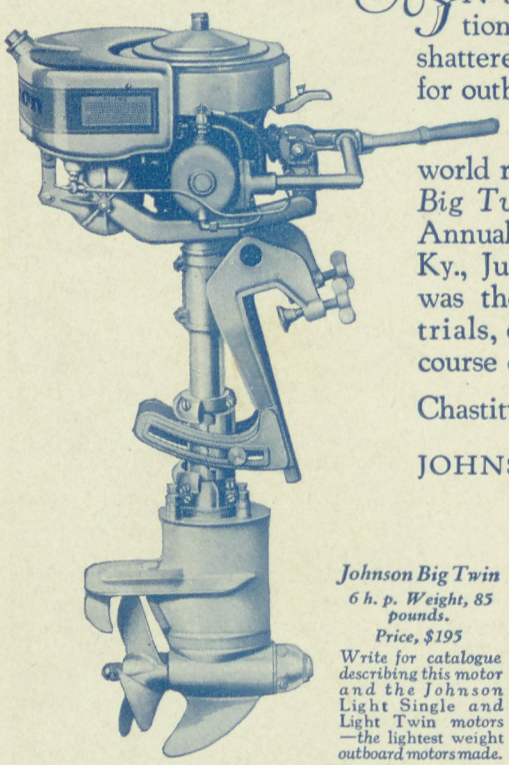
EL COMANCHO — C. BLAIR COLBERN

NEW WORLD'S RECORD—*23:383 Miles per Hour*



WHIZ—a 14 ft. step-plane flashing across the line at better than 23 miles per hour

Johnson Big Twin makes startling speed at M.V.P.B.A. Regatta, *July 6th*



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6 h. p. Weight, 85 pounds.
Price, $195

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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EWART H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE — HAROLD TITUS
DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD — EL COMANCHO
FREDERICK J. LANE — MURDO GIBSON
OZARK RIPLEY — THOMAS AMBROSE
BEN EAST
PAUL D. BURRESS, National Field Representative

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Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.
ED. H. PHILIPPI, *Business Manager*
M. A. BERGFELD, *Advertising Director*
New York Office, 342 Madison Avenue
A. J. STOCKER, *Eastern Manager*

Issued Monthly, Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume V **SEPTEMBER, 1926** **Number 2**

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AN APOLOGY

We wish to apologize to Mrs. Halford J. Morlan, who painted the August cover for OUTDOOR AMERICA, in not giving her credit for this splendid contribution.

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

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Sunset

Vol. 5 No. 2

September Outdoor America 1926

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Reckless Trout

The more one fishes for trout, the less one actually knows about trout. The author of this interesting tale has been a consistent fisherman since boyhood. His recent book, "Fleetfin," with a prefatory note by that old master, Dr. Henry van Dyke, is considered an angling classic. His western novels for boys, "The Lost Canyon" and "The Phantom of Paradise Valley," published under the name of Covington Clarke, aptly bring out his knowledge of wood lore and the ways of wild things. Yet the trout of the Algoma district completely reversed everything he had come to believe concerning the habits of trout

By CLARKE VENABLE

Photographs by the Author

TO write of fishing is somewhat like going fishing—one never knows just what luck may be had nor what pleasant side trips may be indulged in. In all probability some unheard-of side road will prove far more alluring than the main trail. It will be a sorry day for fishermen when they are compelled to keep to the well travelled highway, and in writing of the sport they can hardly be expected to avoid whatever little trails prove alluring.

Going fishing is quite as enjoyable as arriving there and, in its way, quite as profitable. Speculative interest increases in direct proportion to the length of the journey, based, perhaps, upon the old adage that "cows' horns are long at a distance." Certainly trout are somewhat longer at a distance. Too close a relationship with fishing grounds permits intimacies to creep in which rob the place of its wonder. Then, too, one is likely to acquire a superior knowledge of a local fishing ground. Nothing is more provoking than fish that do exactly what is expected. They become bromidic and altogether boresome.

To that angler who is in harmony with the above observations, the province of Algoma, Ontario, is peculiarly suited. The trout therein—Algoma being a multiplicity of lakes and streams entirely surrounded by a little land—are eccentric in the extreme. They are tribal in their customs—going in schools—and while all the trout in one school or one pool may be of uniform habits, no two schools are alike. No two schools follow the same curriculum and (while punning) the influence of the American school has not crept in. They are ultra-modern and advanced in their viewpoints, if not actual radicals. There are no standpatters among them. There are no conservatives. Either their early training has been different from that of the trout of our streams, or a modernism has crept in which has completely overthrown their native reserve. They are flappers and party-hounds, ignoring all precepts set up by their progenitors. Riotous, fun-loving, unhampered by rules of what a trout should not do, they go their way in a gloriously reckless manner. They are simply out for a big time.

Where the thundering falls and swirling white water make trout fishing a sporty proposition.

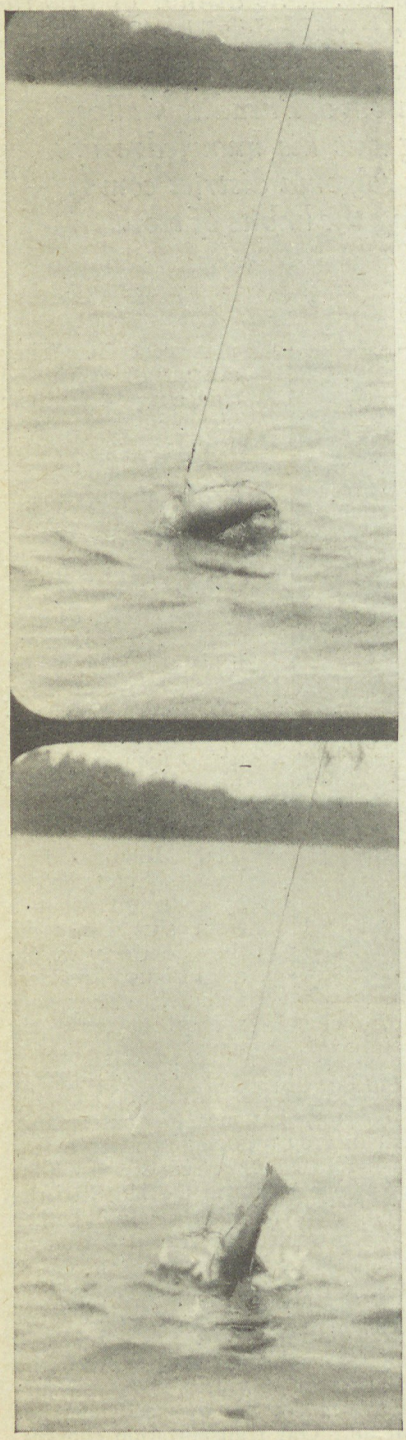
Going fishing in Algoma is quite as enjoyable as the fishing. Once the angler reaches Canada, courtesy becomes the outstanding phenomenon. The fisherman from the States, after a few hours in the Soo, learns not to be surprised or suspicious of courteous acts. There is something in the blood of the people, or in their early training, which fairly breathes gentleness. Perhaps they take something from the land of their nativity—a largess capable of infinite division.

This courtesy does not end at the railway station, as is so often the case in our own land. The general passenger agent of the Algoma railway is far easier to meet and talk with than a baggage boy of an American line, and the interest the chief officials take in your trip is indeed surprising. The amount of money you are to spend does not enter into the situation at all. Our transportation charges, including canoe and duffle, were well under twenty-five dollars, yet we were treated as though we were ordering a special train, and, doubtless, had we 'phoned the chief

dispatcher for a pound of butter it would have been forthcoming.

In a most friendly, neighborly fashion the mixed passenger and freight train toiled up the long seventy-mile grade to Summit. Many of the stops were agonizing; not that we objected to the delay, but because at nearly every stop some riotous, swaggering stream racing along the right-of-way clamored aloud for us to come and fish. In many pools we saw trout rising steadily, and in time my Queen of the Waters was on the point of nervous collapse, so great was the strain incident to awaiting the conclusion of our journey. Her right arm twitched convulsively at every rise we marked through the car window.

Car window fishing excursions are never satisfying. Imagination supplies so much that can never be verified and provides such an unhealthy dislike for all thought of returning to labor. Farewells can be said to a stream that has been fished with the certain knowledge that something of it shall go along and abide with you, but the little unfished streams, flashing by the car window, calling, calling, calling—then it is that a grave distemper and rebellion lays hold the heart of the angler and he deplores the demands of necessities—which in all probability are nothing more than civilization's impedimenta which we have mistaken for necessities. It is irksome to contemplate a civilization which demands forty-eight weeks of labor and pays therefor only four weeks of fishing. There is a gross injustice in the scale, but until fishermen unionize, and turn their desires into demands, we can expect no relief.



The speed of a trout. Section of a moving picture film showing action. 1/16 of a second elapsed between exposures.

Any attempt to describe Algoma scenery is to inadequately advise the listener and reduce the country to a level below its proper place. This purports to be a tale of reckless, unconventional trout, and is in no way a scenic travelogue. You can not *hear* about Algoma—it must be seen, and fished.

Our first introduction to Algoma trout was hastily arranged by the guide some thirty minutes after arrival at Summit. Weather conditions were most unfavorable, the afternoon being windy, cold, and the air filled with a flying mist. Despite this fact, a short excursion netted three splendid speckled trout, the largest one weighing two and one-half pounds. This was the first hint that Algoma trout would not conform to tradition and trout lore, and an attempt at learned comment on the subject brought no more from the guide than a look of infinite superior knowledge.

The superiority of guides is an endless source of wonderment. Sometimes they are indulgent, sometimes patronizing, sometimes tolerantly patient, but superior they always are. A guide who did not possess this loftier air in matters of wood lore would be unworthy of his hire. However taciturn a guide may be, he will always find opportunity to mention two kinds of fishermen, and as a standard of excellence will mention some one whose name is known throughout the fraternity, and for the other extreme he will let fall caustic bits about some clumsy fellow who proved a burden. They do this with such an air that one is always left wondering as to his own classification. One thing certain, guides prove humbling. This is well, for humbleness should go with a day's fishing. Otherwise one might confuse chance with skill and take more credit than was his due.

A guide worthy of the name will be on speaking terms with several fish which have developed a historical background. Nothing so stirs one to action, finds such ready response, as a story of a fish that other anglers have engaged in combat and lost. There is a desire to go forth and conquer. And, if the angler be one with whom you would fellow, this desire is not based upon any exalted ego or sense of angling superiority. It is far more engaging and satisfying than either of these two common attributes. Back of these fireside stories is an ever-present background of sky, water and solitude; the gullible rise of an overcautious old crusader, the instinctive struggle for freedom in a battle where only the human observes certain rules—*or should!* To the fish all tactics are fair. He has but one great urge, one great idea, and to become famous he must *win!* Perhaps it is a desire to meet a winner that causes us to lean forward in our chairs when the guide stirs the somber embers in the fireplace to leaping flame and tells of the old conqueror up in The Long Pool. A guide without an historical fish is as bread without salt—he has no savor.

Our cup was full when Paquette, our guide, told of a certain lake where "you can catch a trout a minute"—which, of course, allows no time for playing the fish, exclamations of surprise and such polite expressions of appreciation as should accompany the demise of a trout courteous enough to waive extradition and rise to the first cast. But the cup ran over when he told of "the fish the Doctor lost over in Wartz," and of that other one who "By Gar, she is weigh t'ree pound and is faster than lightning."

"The fish the Doctor lost" seemed more intriguing in that specifications were left out. More was left to the imagination, and it is a poor imagination that cannot go above three pounds or conceive of something which, from a standpoint of speed, causes lightning to appear as tardy as a tortoise during hibernation.

"The fish the Doctor lost" dwelt in the neighborhood of a large flat rock which, on still days, poked its nose above the surface of the lake. It must be that he kept a great retinue of pages, courtiers and admirers, for on circling the rock we caught a number of small trout ranging from twelve to fourteen inches. This brought despair, for small fish do not ordinarily hold forth in waters troubled by leviathan, and certainly His Excellency could not fail to notice the flashing gleams of the smaller trout as they struggled against the inexorable fate that was leading them from the kingdom. A fourteen inch trout can stir up considerable commotion and appreciably delay his passing when played on a two ounce rod. My Queen of the Waters, hoping to be the fortunate angler, had elected to employ a six foot, four ounce casting rod, using a small spinner and OO silk thread for line. "For," she said, "if I am to end his reign I should like for him to have the greatest chance possible, and in the event fortune is mine his children may boast that for a long time the old gentleman's life hung by a thread."

She took several stout-hearted trout near the rock, playing them all successfully on her web-like line. The guide,

at first dubious over the employment of such tackle, voiced his appreciation and, quite obviously, harbored the hope that the luck of the day might be hers. But Fate sometimes gives the greatest fortune to the least skilled—hers was the skill, the fortune mine.

We had begun to despair. We had entered the kingdom and kicked up a most dreadful commotion. No trout, with the wisdom sufficient to reach the reported size and age of the one we sought, would ever rise to fly or spoon after all the gymnastic gyrations of those smaller trout. At least we reasoned so. But we knew nothing of Algoma trout. We had no way of knowing how utterly reckless they can be when in the mood for fun. At a moment when hope had given way to an appreciative study of the surrounding scenery, His Excellency arose from his bed, seized buckler and halberd and struck that untended fly with a fury that indicated his deep resentment over the manner in which his lesser subjects had been treated.

Both sides of the argument. The trout shown on the opposite page is obviously doing his share.

"That's her!" Paquette grunted, becoming instantly alert. "By Gar! she be bull moose. Huh?"

Agreed! He was a particularly deep sounding fish and felt very heavy and determined. The little two ounce rod was being put to a test which the builder had never intended, but if the builder was any dreamer of dreams (and what rod maker could be otherwise), he could never have hoped for greater things. That the rod might be spoiled, or even broken by this one fish, was a thought unworthy of consideration. It was having its hour.

The guide brought the canoe in close to the shelving rock and my Queen of the Waters stepped out with the movie camera. Shouting a few directions to her (males are ever dictatorial and full of words of caution), we pushed away from the rock into deeper water.

Through the beautiful winding paths.

Presently there came the clicking of the movie camera and at that moment, baffled and angry, the trout broke water. Ah! What matter now? He had been hooked and photographed by the movie! Come what might, "the fish the Doctor lost" was ours forever! Some winter night, when cheery backlogs blazed and north winds sweeping southward whispered of lakes and streams lying white and still under leaden skies, our little home would be made into an Eden of outdoors as the pictures flashed across the screen and again His Excellency would break water, turning a dimpled surface into boiling foam. The record was secure. What need to turn to the mantle and point out the mounted fish—a stark, dead, grisly proof of skill or fortune.

"Look out! By Gar, you want to lose her?" The guide's quick question brought me back to the now. No, indeed! Generous and gallant impulses have their place—usually in the tale of an angler who bolsters his pride with excuses—but they found no lasting lodgment in my heart that morning. Here was a fish, hooked in fair fashion, trying his utmost to furnish the guide with another tale which in no event could be flattering to the angler. No, sir! That fish must be licked. Why, by George, he was actually a menace!

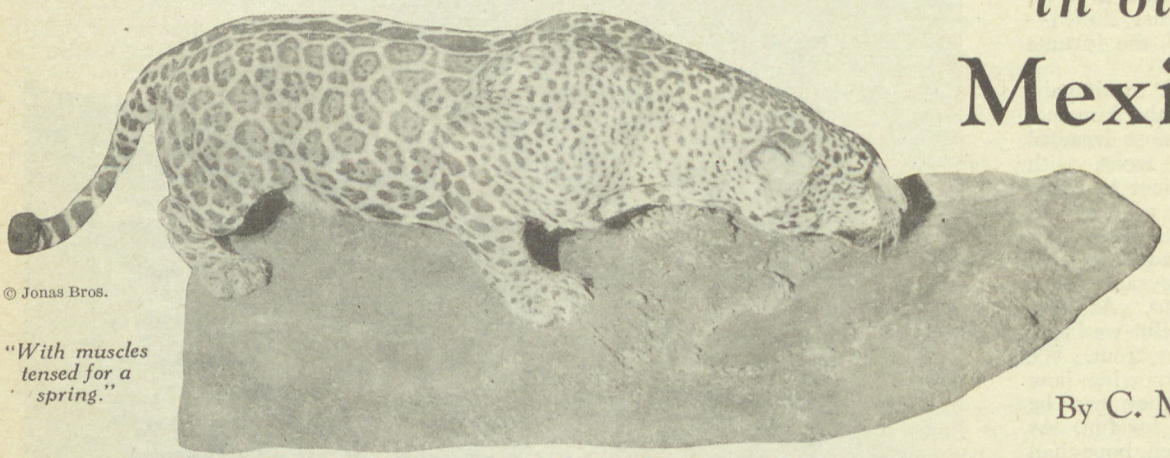
Courtesy, as has been said, is the watchword in Algoma. It extends further than the human populace. Even the fish know it. "The fish the Doctor lost" had it to a marked degree. He must have sensed that he was being starred in a movie drama, tragic though it was for him, for he did all that could be expected and a number of most unexpected things. Merrily clicked the camera, merrily beat our hearts, and at last, courteous to the end, the old fellow turned on his side and came to net—a gallant, reckless, courteous loser.

"Huh! By Gar, that not her," said Paquette, shattering the bubble of ego rising in my breast. "She pretty good, but 'the fish the Doctor lost,' by Gar, she be beeg! Mooch beeger. But that one fine fish. Huh?"

It is just what one deserves who attempts to shatter tradition. What would Wartz Lake be without the history of that big trout? And the guide—what of him? As bread without salt.

Followed thereafter little cameo days, days cut out in bold relief above the hum-drum existence of everyday life. Days when we caught "a trout a minute"; days when every trout in all Algoma seemed bent on welcoming us and determined to show that all that had been said and written about trout was but a paragraph as compared to what might be said; days when neither *(Continued on page 52)*

Hunting *the* JAGUAR *in old* Mexico



© Jonas Bros.

"With muscles tensed for a spring."

By C. M. BARBER

TIRED of still-hunting deer and antelope, wearied with gazing at somber hides of bear and lion in the hall, we were aroused to sudden activity by tales of jaguar hunting in Sonora. Those beautiful golden skins, with numerous spots and rosettes of black, produced a keen desire to see the animal in his native haunts.

A short railroad journey and two days in a buckboard over a monotonous plain brought us to the eastern foothills of the Sierra Madre. Beyond this pine-covered range in hotter, lower country we were told, was the home of the jaguar, or tigri as it is called in Mexico. Arrangements were readily made with a ranchman for pack and saddle horses and we were on our way.

To one who had known only the Rockies and Sierras of the United States this fine range offered many new features of interest. In the ancient cave dwellings in the canyons with their many little rooms one might sit and ponder for days on the forgotten people who once called them home. Broken pottery, arrowheads, beads, and pieces of bone gave the only clues to their mode of life. The open pine forest, with here and there a madrona or a live-oak and a carpet of grass and flowers, was a peculiar setting for the giant woodpecker (the largest known), flocks of gaudy parrots that laughed at us from the high trees and the gorgeous trogans that squawked and then flitted away from bough to bough at our approach. Scampering gray foxes, fleeing deer and the gobbling turkeys seemed more at home. A day or two over ridge and meadow and we stood on the brink of the western side looking down upon a new land. Spread out three or four thousand feet below us as far as eye could see were ridge after ridge of desert hills stretching on toward the Gulf of California. Strips and patches of green outlined the streams which glistened in the fierce sunlight. We plunged down the abrupt slope on an uncertain trail, dragging our mounts behind and urging the packs in front. One mule called "Pet" caused occasional stops and repackings which only gave needed rest and a chance to enjoy the scenery.

An old church at Babispe.

At dusk we found ourselves at Babispe, a little town of a few adobe houses, a church somewhat the worse for earthquakes, and the typical Mexican people. Some carefully watered orange and fig trees, a few palmettoes and the rise in temperature assured us that we were in a new clime. A blindfolded burro patiently grinding parched corn in a rude mill excited our curiosity. Gruel made of this cornmeal, hot tortillos and brunette beans, or frijoles, with preserved figs for dessert, later appeased our ravenous appetites.

Yes, we were near the home of the tigri—but a little further on there lived the famous hunter. For several days we followed directions, cheerfully given, but always wrong, looking for this man who hunted and killed the "King of the American Cats" as we would shoot jack-rabbits on the Texas plain. The sun beat fiercely down upon us from a cloudless sky. It was May but very hot, the only shade being an occasional palmetto. The trails over the roughest of desert hills were between bunches of tall cacti and brush, each with a new kind of thorn to tear clothing and flesh. Many of these shrubs were leafless, some had flowers and all had thorns, spines or hooks. Deer, doves, and handsome, noisy little quail were abundant and kept us well supplied with meat.

Finally at Bacadehuachi we found him, Matildo Martinez, the renowned hunter with seventy tigris to his credit. At his heels were six of the most ragged looking curs one ever saw; scratched of body, torn of ear and lip, some old scars, some fresh cuts, they truly looked like veterans. The trail dog, Capitan, Matildo said was a wonder, and there may have been a strain of hound in some of his remote ancestors. A few words with Matildo convinced us that he was the man we sought and after some discussion about wages he was engaged. He informed us that the tigris were all exterminated in the vicinity and we would have to travel some distance down the Rio Babispe where the big cats were.

With him as our guide we took to the trail once more. On

the march he explained the mode of hunting: Leaving camp at daylight or by moonlight the hunt was made for fresh tracks which were followed by the dogs and, after a hard fight and often the death of a dog, the tigri run to earth in one of the many caves in the boulder piles and rock slides of the region. He had known but one instance in this desert country where the beast climbed a tree. The men followed on foot as it was impossible to ride because of brush and the rough nature of the hills.

With the animal in a cave it was merely a question of crawling in with a fire brand and placing a bullet between the eyes of your game. We felt our feet freeze in the stirrups at this cool narrative but decided to see it through.

The second day's march brought us to a palm thatched jacal near a little spring, which Matildo explained was his home. We then learned that he had brought us a two days journey that he might see his family before starting on the hunt. Wasting days while Matildo attended to the various things that he and his family needed, we gradually became acquainted with the Mexican character. Much had to be done before the hunting could begin. He must move his family to a better home and get a supply of food for them. These improvements were no doubt made necessary by the prosperity our funds were about to bring them. Grief caused by the death of a cousin was the excuse for a two day mescal spree. One of the innumerable Saint's Days followed, on which no one could be expected to work.

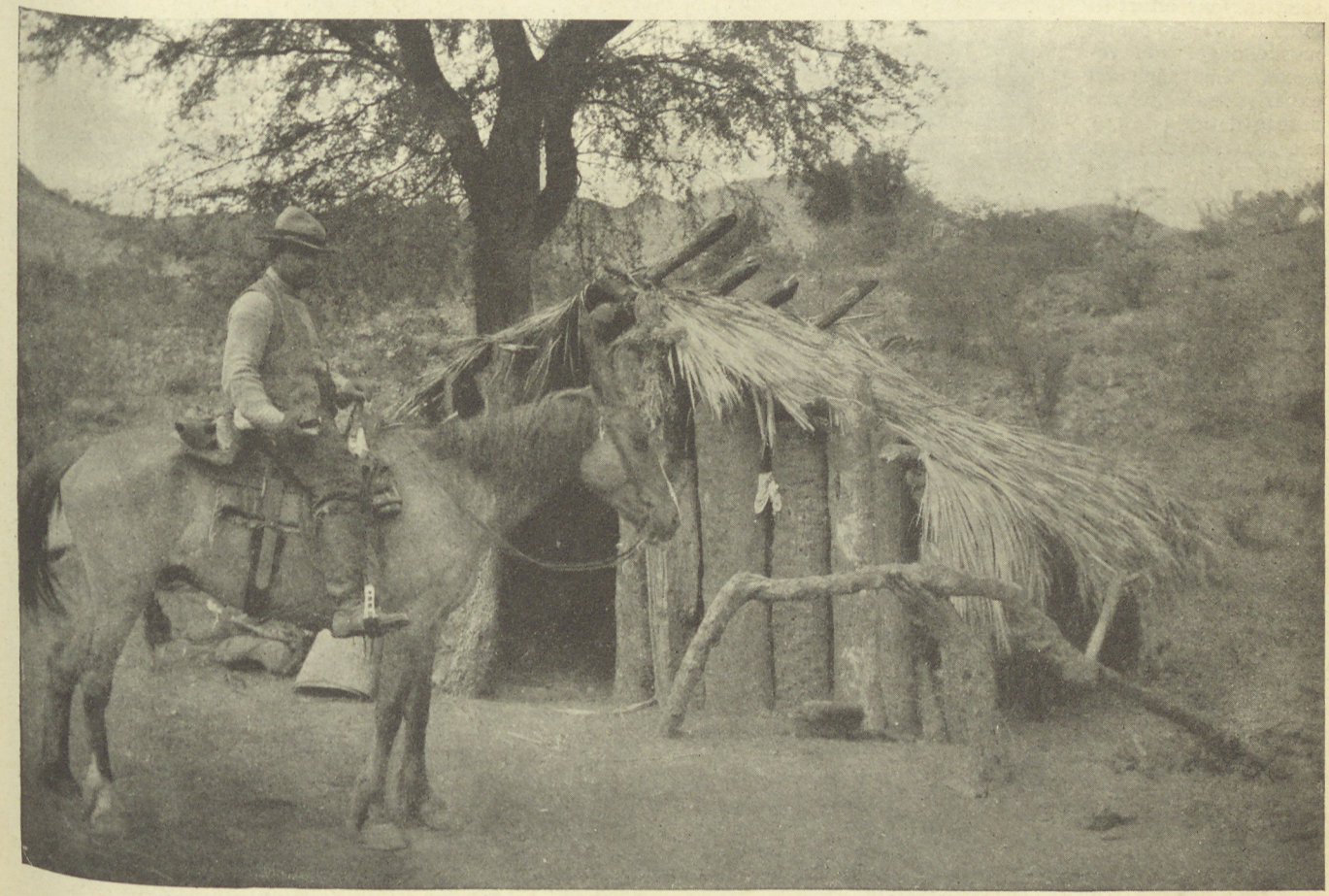
Once in a locality where game was momentarily expected we regained our spirits. A short distance from camp the first morning we saw an apparently fresh track. Hearing the dogs give tongue ahead we made desperate efforts to keep our guide in sight. His fleeing figure and that howling bunch on beyond brought up a vision of one of those beautiful skins. It is useless to describe to those of you who have followed dogs in a chase, the effect it has on men. Straining every muscle to its utmost, we dodged a singing rattler in our path, and rushed on madly up the draw. Rounding a mass of rocks, a hundred yards beyond, we saw the pack making vain efforts to scale a cliff. Standing on a ledge a few feet above them, with long tail and every hair erect, was a queer looking little mammal which Matildo explained, in mild disgust, was only an antbear! The naturalist at once pronounced it a coati, a near relative of the raccoon. It was an interesting little animal with long nose and strong teeth, but the fall from fond expectations was too great and we turned away dejectedly.

As day after day went by and no tigri was driven to earth we began to realize that the dogs were out for any kind of game. The sight of the fleeing white flags of the little deer up a steep brushy slope was the usual end to a morning's hard run. Once it was a few turkeys and a lucky shot added variety to the camp fare.

Matildo appeared to be an ordinary Mexican. We had all heard of wonderful native hunters but, overlooking his lack of veracity, he was unquestionably the most remarkable hunter, Indian or Mexican, we had ever met. He was tall, lithe and strong, tireless and eager to hunt. His eye was quick and sure, enabling him to see game before any of us. He knew his country, the habits of the game, and never made a mistake in naming a track even when the impression was so faint that our eyes could not detect it. Lions were not common in the region but he could tell the track from that of the tigri as far as he could see it. His speed and endurance permitted him to always keep with the dogs and he often helped them up over cliffs and other barriers while trailing game. He ran up hill or down with equal ease, the force of gravity apparently having no effect on him. He seemed fretted by the poor luck and inclined to think it all due to our inability to follow the nerve and muscle racking pace he set. Then, too, the "Americanos" were never quite ready when he was—he had a sudden way of consuming his breakfast that we could not imitate.

The hunt must end each day by ten o'clock as a little Sun on the desert ground made trailing impossible for Capitan who only cared for real fresh tracks anyway. This hour usually found us miles from camp, footsore, weary, scratched, full of cactus spines, and the thermometer registering 120 degrees. The guide, however, invariably went on and spent the day prospecting for fresh sign, usually returning with several pounds of wild honey or a string of fish. The honey was made by a queer little wild bee in a wasp-

(Continued on page 60)



Matildo and his jacal.

Fishing and Fishin'

A pleasant, rambling discourse on the home-spun or garden variety of the piscatorial art

By DUDLEY B. MADDEN

DO you ever go a-fishin'?

No; I did not ask you if you ever had a leaping tuna unreel a quarter of a mile of line for you off Catalina Island, or had a tarpon tow you half across the Gulf. I did not ask if you had whipped the brooks of the Catskills, or frozen your legs in the Gunnison, for trout. My inquiry had no reference to the time when you tested the quality of your new sixty dollar rod casting among the lily pads of a southern lake for black bass, nor to the time, when in northern Minnesota, in your effort to land a twenty pound muskellonge, you reflected that such an experience might have assuaged the grief of the great Macedonian, who wept at the thought that there were no other worlds to conquer. No, I only asked you, do you ever go a-fishin'?

© Bert L. Brown

—And you wait for them to rise.

You do not know what I mean by, "go a-fishin'?"

Then, let me explain.

Adopting a process of elimination: to "go a-fishin'" does not mean to go to a fancy tackle store and invest in a fifty dollar, hand-made, eight-strip, swelled—but, split bamboo rod, with German-silver mountings and agate tip and guides; nor does it mean to collect a miniature museum of artificial ichthyological and entomological curiosities specially recommended by their respective manufacturers to be "the only bait" that fish will really leave the water and rummage one's tackle-box in their eagerness to bite. It does not signify the purchase of a Pullman ticket on some railroad which takes one half across the continent, and leaves him at some desolate spot in some locality of unpronounceable name, surrounded by half a wagon-load of camp impedimenta, and still five miles from a quart of water. It does not impose upon one any obligation to purchase a motor boat, employ a guide, or, and this I maintain notwithstanding eminent authority to the contrary, to pour a deluge of oblations to Gambrinus. No, one does not have to do any of those things when he just goes "a-fishin'."

To go "a-fishin'," one must be in just the right mood; and that mood usually manifests itself on some spring or summer day, when the weather is warm and the sky is cloudless.

> "A day with not too bright a beam;
> A warm but not a scorching sun."

And business must be dull; or, at least, dull enough for one to spare a moment to sniff the breeze which comes in through the open window, and indolently lie back in a comfortable chair, and closing his eyes imagine that he catches the faint odor of the woods, or fancy that he hears doves cooing in the distance.

Such are the common first symptoms of the mood.

Then, no matter whether its victim be in his counting room, or in his office, or in his lecture room, or in his study, or in his snuggery at home, a smile creeps around his lips; the lines which care has graven upon his face soften; his eyes, however tired, open with a light of gladness; and as he rises with a yawn and stretches, a still, small voice, perhaps the voice of his long lost youth, whispers the suggestion, "Let's go a-fishin' tomorrow."

"Let's go a-fishin' tomorrow," he repeats to himself.

There is something good in the sound.

The smile upon his lips widens until it reaches his eyes, and finally, spreads all over his face.

If he is a banker, his mind turns to his books, and to his pigeon-hole marked, "urgent," and then to his cashier who can, he jealously admits, run the business very well by himself. If he is a judge, he wheels himself to his desk, fumblingly ties up the briefs and jackets the papers which litter it; and telephoning the bailiff to adjourn court next morning to a certain hour upon a later day, takes the matter "under advisement." If it is a lawyer, he scans his calendar and glances reproachfully at his unfinished briefs. Sometimes, he finds it necessary to "phone" the Judge.

Listen. Have you never heard such conversations as this:—

"Hello—That you, Judge?—This is Winnem—Want to be excused from court tomorrow—Urgent business out of town—You going fishin'?—Say, so am I—Go together?—All right—Five o'clock—Will meet you there—Good bye."

In any event, the lawyer closes his desk, and into his face, however trained to dissimulation, comes the ingenuousness of youth.

And so it is with all, whether to physician, clergyman, professor, merchant, or author, the suggestion of that boyhood self, "Let's go a-fishin', tomorrow," comes like,

"The tender touch of a day that is dead." The cares which burden grow lighter; the responsibilities which oppress are less insistent; the anxieties which fret are for the time forgotten; and fate, with a whimsical smile, prepares to spin a little measure of bright color in the thread of that man's life.

And always, following closely upon the heels of the determination to go, comes the preparation. It may be that only one day can be spared from business, or it may be that one has resolved to sacrifice to the spirit of his youth one glorious week; it may be that one is so situated that an hour's walk along a shaded lane will bring him to his favorite fishing pool, or again, it may be that he can only reach the spot to which his fancy calls him by subway, union depot, and a day of misery on some through express. But be the time one day only or several days, and be the way a blithesome walk or a tedious journey, in making his preparations, one tastes the first exquisite flavor of the coming feast.

The preparation is to fishing as the bouquet is to wine.

But let us suppose that you are among the more blessed who live but an hour's walk from some clear stream, which winds its way through a deep woodland or ripples over its rocky bed through meadows where, here and there, upon its banks clusters of trees interlock their boughs high overhead and fling down their cool shade over deep, dark pools. Or, if you are imprisoned by some city, then let us suppose the tedious journey over, and that when the twilight of the evening thickens, you are a welcome guest at some comfortable lodge, or in your camp, close to the scenes of tomorrow's pleasures. In either case, if you intend to go a-fishing, retire early. Sleep will be slow in coming when one appoints to meet the dawn upon the water-side. And while the stars still shine, your breakfast should be finished.

And the taste of that breakfast!

Was coffee elsewhere ever so delicious? Has bacon ever smelled so good before? And breakfast over, had ever swinging censer such a rare fragrance as that old brown pipe?

But your lunch is ready and in your pouch, and you seize your tackle; and of that tackle a word. One may go a-fishing with the finest rod and line. A handsome and well filled tackle box is no impediment; and if you fall into the habit, the time will come when you will have one. But if you are a neophyte and have no rod, a pole will answer; if you have no line, waxed coarse flax thread will answer; if you have no glittering flies, the ground and air are full of bugs and flies which fish like better.

So taking what you have, you stride off down the road. Some rods away, you turn into a narrow path which leads, perhaps, into a tangled wood; or, maybe, across a verdant meadow now gray with dew. Whichever way it goes, slacken your pace and look about you. All around you are wild flowers, each, but for nature's prodigality in giving so many, worth a king's ransom. Glance through that opening in the wood; the meadow is a floral marvel. See that splotch of yellow on the gray-green background. Is it not a masterpiece of fairy embroidery? Take a few steps further and pause, and listen to the murmur of the boughs of the great trees, the pines, the oaks, the elms, the gums, whatever they may be. Was ever such harmony produced by human art? Is it not indeed,

"A song as sweet as a vesper chime?"

Heard you ever such a morning of sweet sounds as those which greet you?

Listen more closely. Do you hear the faint lowing of distant cattle? From this knoll you can see them across the valley feeding upon the hills beyond. As you look,

GIVE ME—

By Jesse P. Shannon

Give me a stream, where the waters gleam,
And the sun comes peeking through.
Give me a place, where the waters race,
And I'll fish all day with you.
Give me a brook, that the trees o'er look
Where the bird song comes in true.
Give me a fly of the gaudy dye,
And I'll cast and cast with you.

Give me a pal that will cast all day,
Whether they hit or not.
Give me a pal that will whip away,
Whether it's cold or hot.
Give me a pal, that will not get blue,
If the creel is hanging slack,
We'll start anew with the morning dew,
And the next year we'll come back.

© George H. High

Sometimes you stretch out on a log for a good old fashioned snooze.

something bright like a silver thread down in the valley attracts your eyes. It is the brook, and there come to your lips Shenstone's beautiful lines:

"Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold."

But do not loiter too long. You should be at the brook while the mist still clings to the water.

You are there, looking down into a dark, placid pool still partly covered by the gray vapour of the night. You select a comfortable seat, and begin to carefully bait your hook. As you do so, a big fish rises almost beneath you, and as you glance at the churned water you say to yourself that you will have that fish before sunset. The fish makes no prediction; and after you have had more experience you will predict with some less certainty. But you are excited. Your fingers tremble with expectancy as you impale the worm upon your hook; and you settle down, with your bait in the water just where the big fish arose, with your eyes on the cork and every nerve as taut as a fiddle string.

That was a bite!

Yes; but your hook is now tangled with and hanging to a twig ten feet above your head.

It is not good form to jerk a fish out of the water; however, if jerking adds anything to your pleasure, continue to jerk until experience moderates your vigor. Never permit a mere matter of form to spoil your sport when you go a-fishing. I once knew a gentleman to do so. When he went to the river to fish he found a lady fishing on the other side; and he returned home because he had not been introduced to the lady, and could not ask her to share the use of the water with him.

For the next hour you fish eagerly and expectantly. Your cork keeps dancing, and though you jerk at frequent intervals, few of the fish hang on. You conclude that you are fishing in a school of minnows, and determine to try some other pool.

© Can. Pac. R. R.

Dad caught it!

Off you go up the stream. At the next pool you take another fish; and after that, not even a nibble rewards your patience. It is better up the creek, you tell yourself, and you move on. And so from pool to pool you ramble along the stream, sometimes pausing to stand a moment under some overhanging bough, to try some little pool; sometimes sitting for an hour upon some bank above a murky eddy; sometimes elated by some slight success; sometimes impatient that no big fish bite; but always hopeful.

But as the hours pass by, that hope is mingled with another sensation; a feeling so unfamiliar that at first you do not recognize it—the gnawing of real hunger.

You remember your lunch; and with a smile of anticipation, lay down your rod and find a comfortable seat upon the grass under a tree. There you open your pouch and spread your lunch upon leaves plucked from a bush beside you. That lunch may be only a bit of bread and cheese, or it may be of sandwiches and pickles and hard-boiled eggs and unexpected dainties. No matter, whatever it is, you eat ravenously. You think the bread "would take the premium at a county fair"; you wish that you "could remember the brand of that cheese so that you could have the same kind at home"; and you say, "those sandwiches taste just like those which Mother used to make"; but it is lucky for you that she does not hear you.

You finish eating. Not a crumb is left; and you drink from the brook.

And then you light your pipe, or may be, a cigar, and stretch yourself at full length upon the ground and look up through the clouds of blue smoke which curl and drift wraithlike from your lips up toward the wraithlike clouds above.

And there is something magical about that smoke, whether it comes from a rank old briar-root or from a fragrant and costly cigar. As it rises and floats away, or twines itself fantastically about your face, a drowsiness creeps over you. You are lulled into a deep content. A serene happiness possesses you.

Your eyelids are half closed; but something in the tree-top attracts your attention, and you open them wide enough to discover a gray squirrel frisking upon a limb. As you indolently watch him the little fellow secures his nut and seats himself upon his haunches to enjoy his dinner. You recall some other time and place when, as a boy, a few years since, or many decades ago, you watched some other little squirrel upon some other tree. You were then, perhaps, a barefoot boy, and Jim, or Tom, or Bill, your boyhood playfellow, was with you. And that reminds you of the old swimming hole, of the adventure with the hornets' nest, of the rabbit hunt, of the bob-tailed brindle dog you used to own, and of a thousand other incidents of youth, all redolent with innocence and mirth.

And then your eyes fix themselves upon the small white clouds which slowly float across the patch of sky you see from where you lie. As you look, one takes a strangely familiar form. You see no longer a more gauzy cloud, but in its place a face appears. Perhaps it is the face of your first little sweetheart, wreathed with the same smiles which beguiled your fancy in the luminous long ago of boyhood; perhaps it is the face of some later sweetheart proud of that beauty which she won, and may be, wears your heart; perhaps it is the face of some former friend whose lineaments were half forgotten; but whatever face it is, it will awaken a thousand pleasant recollections.

And watching, in the devolutions of that wizard cloud, you find the faces of myriads of long forgotten friends which from their airy height smile greetings.

But gradually the clouds drift past, and only the naked patch of blue remains. Your mind responds to its suggestions. You wonder what is beyond the blue. And then, what is beyond that; and then, like Barnaby Rudge, "what makes the stars shine?"

And lying there looking up into limitless space, your mind asks itself the world-old question, "Why?" You fall to pondering the answers ventured by sages—the guesses of the wise—until, at length, weary of fruitless speculation, you contentedly accept the answer which you hear, which the sun, which the sky, which the grand old world around you suggests, an answer which philosophy cannot gainsay, that when creation was accomplished, the Creator saw rightly when he saw "that it was good."

Suddenly a bluejay, with a flash of wings and furious chatter, breaking the thread of your thought, perches itself upon a bush nearby. You note the deep blue of his coat, the black stock at his throat, and the white waistcoat which he wears, and smile to yourself at the air of self-conceit with which he poses. You move, and he springs up into higher foliage, and in following his flight your eyes fall upon a squirrel's nest. You begin to wonder if the young squirrels are worth your effort to climb a tree, and whether, indeed, it would be possible for *(Continued on page 56)*

League Aids Fight for Cumberland Falls

By TOM WALLACE

Kentucky conservationists are struggling to prevent the destruction of Cumberland Falls by power interests. President Folds has offered the League's assistance and withdrew his own article this month in favor of Mr. Wallace

WHAT the Vandals, who were kinsmen of the Goths, did to Rome didn't amount to much, according to Gibbon, yet it implanted in the lexicons of the civilized world the word "vandal," meaning one who mars wantonly anything that is beautiful.

What the vandals of the Twentieth Century will do to Cumberland Falls, Kentucky's greatest scenic asset, unless the Federal Power Commission prevents it, will be what the vandals of old accomplished.

The Federal Power Commission has authority, and the State of Kentucky is powerless, because Cumberland Falls is upon a river which is navigable. The head of possible navigation is below the falls, but the Federal Government possesses the power to say whether dams "which might affect navigation" may be built in a navigable stream, even when it is proposed to build them above possible navigation.

Had Cumberland Falls been situated in Central Kentucky, where the public highways are hard-surfaced, it would have been famous a hundred years ago, all over America, and no hydro-electric company would have attempted, in 1926, to destroy it.

Because Cumberland River's serpentine course, above the falls, is through the heart of the wilderness in Southeastern Kentucky; because the cataract is in a wild gorge some forty miles from hard roads, not one Kentuckian in 1,000 has seen it. Hardly one of those who have not seen it realizes that his state possesses a waterfall which is second to Niagara, in size, in the region east of the Mississippi, and which is enhanced by environment that is superior, in the opinion of many visitors, to the surroundings of Niagara. If the scenery about Cumberland Falls is superior to that about Niagara it is because of the rare luxuriance of the flora of the Cumberland Gorge, and because its remoteness has saved it from the denaturing processes which mar natural scenery where there is a good road to market.

Twenty-five years ago I knew an American catsup king who had, in Florida water, a silver-mounted launch called Nikko. He said it was named for the most beautiful place in the world.

A dozen years later, in Tokio, I decided to visit Nikko, a day's journey by train, to see what the most beautiful place in the world was like.

One day in May, 1926, I sat on the veranda of the Cumberland Falls Hotel, 100 feet above the river, and perhaps 1,500 feet up stream from the falls, and compared Nikko with Cumberland Falls. The pines of Nikko are lovely, but from the lips of Cumberland Gorge to the brink of the singing river there is a happy profusion of deciduous trees and evergreens, providing striking contrast between the delicate green of new foliage and the dark green of pine, spruce and hemlock.

The Cumberland is a better stream than the river which traverses Nikko and Nikko has no majestic cataract.

There are also wild magnolias—the magnolia cuminata—with blossoms three inches long, forming cones of bloom ninety to one hundred feet tall. There are rich masses of mountain laurel and rhododendron, flowering in late May, splashing the cliffs with color.

Because of the depth of the gorge, perhaps, and because the topography of the region protects it from north winds, this section of Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, presents a curiously semi-tropical appearance, to the botanist.

If you have read Chateaubriand's "Atala," the French author's descriptions of the primeval forests of the South, which may have seemed exaggerated, will come to mind in the Cumberland Gorge in May.

In this setting, Cumberland River plunges from the sandstone region of eastern Kentucky into the limestone country. The plunge is a straight one of sixty-eight feet, after a preliminary slant of some eighteen feet, into a pool some sixty feet deep, hollowed out in the limestone by the thundering water which is crystal clear in summer except after heavy rains.

At the right of the ledge over which the river tumbles is a long, low, wide-galleried frame hotel which was for more than a half century the only hostelry in the vicinity of the falls. Recently another hotel went up, on the other side of the river.

To the elder hotel have come for many years, lovers of the wilds from many states, many from Pennsylvania and Ohio, a few from California, as well as a few from Kentucky.

The plan of the hydro-electric company is to build a dam above the falls, make a flume through the mountain, convey the water of the river to a point below the falls and let it drop upon turbines, to create 40,000 horse power. That power is not needed in Kentucky, or in the Cumberland Valley, because applications are in for 600,000 horse power to be created by dams in Cumberland River and its tributaries, which form but a small part of the hydrography in which Nature has labeled Kentucky "a water power state."

Transmission lines will take the power out of Kentucky.

The applicant for the permit for the dams is the Cumberland Hydro-Electric Company, which may be described as a cell in a honeycomb of corporations. The most desperate fighters for the concession are land speculators, who expect to turn over frontage property at fancy prices, owners of land that would be overflowed, and paid for with corporation money, county politicians who see in the ad valorem taxes on the plant and transmission lines replenishment of depleted treasuries, county seat and cross-roads store keepers (in Whitley and McCreary Counties) who would sell supplies to workmen during the construction period, and lawyers who are hired to argue that the dams would make the Cumberland Valley a factory area. They would, as a matter of fact, make it a power station for states which have a market for the current.

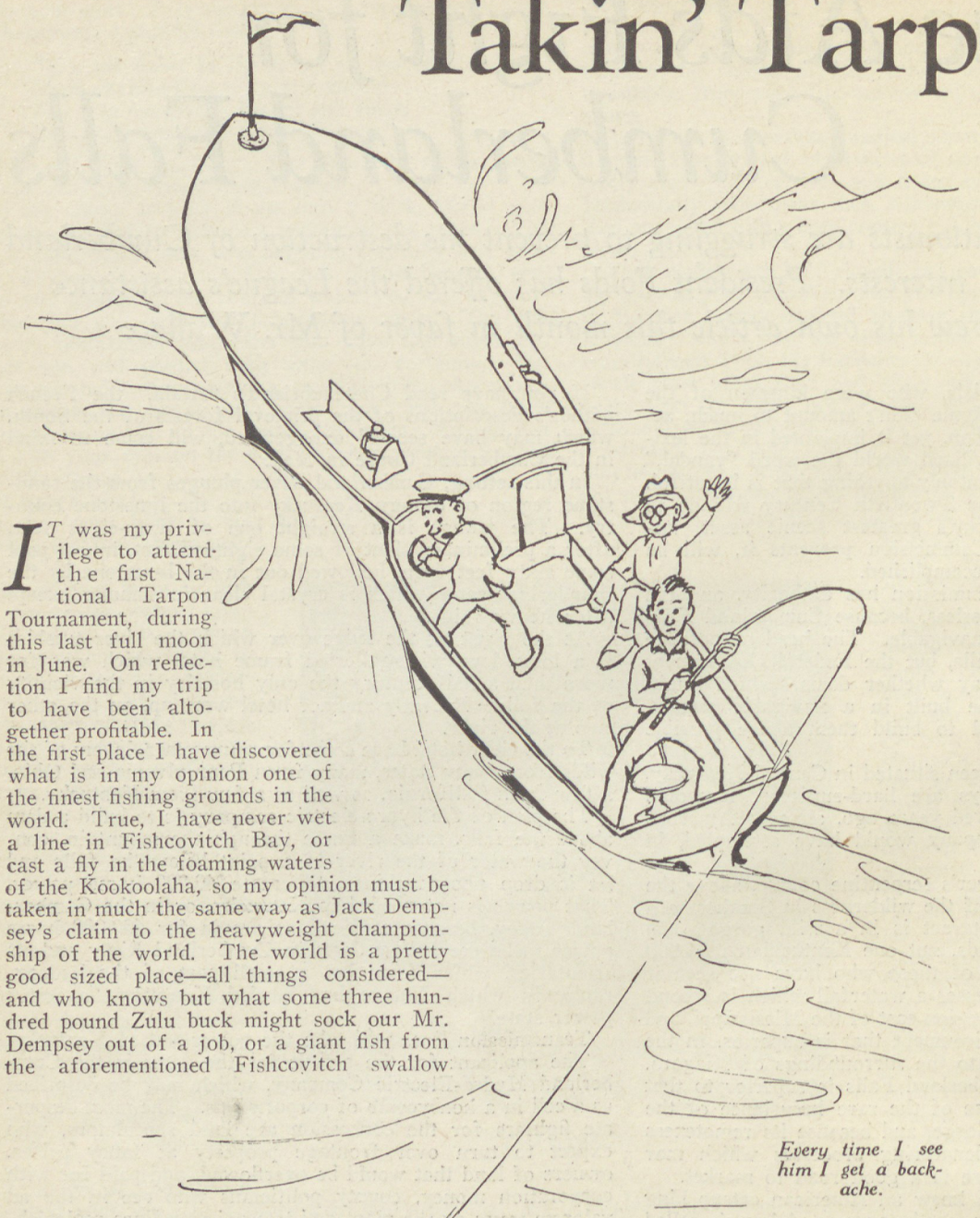
The applicants for the permit firmly believe they will get it. They are backed by $100,000,000 or so. The fight against them has been made by the Secretary of the Kentucky Park Commission, the Governor of Kentucky, and a newspaper writer, all of them working "part time" and without funds or organization. Publicity has evoked protests from various organizations in Kentucky, and in many other states. The Louisville Round Table has filed a protest with the Federal Power Commission, but the Louisville Board of Trade, whose president wants to keep the merchants and bankers in Cumberland Valley towns in good humor, has not expressed itself.

It is probable that before the frost puts color on mountain foliage Cumberland Falls will be obliterated, needlessly, shamelessly, foolishly—for it is worth more, in dollars, to Kentucky as a scenic asset than as a power station—unless the volume of protest increases considerably between now and October.

(Continued on page 79)

Takin' Tarpon in

Written and Illustrated by DAVID M. NEWELL



Every time I see him I get a backache.

IT was my privilege to attend the first National Tarpon Tournament, during this last full moon in June. On reflection I find my trip to have been altogether profitable. In the first place I have discovered what is in my opinion one of the finest fishing grounds in the world. True, I have never wet a line in Fishcovitch Bay, or cast a fly in the foaming waters of the Kookoolaha, so my opinion must be taken in much the same way as Jack Dempsey's claim to the heavyweight championship of the world. The world is a pretty good sized place—all things considered—and who knows but what some three hundred pound Zulu buck might sock our Mr. Dempsey out of a job, or a giant fish from the aforementioned Fishcovitch swallow half a dozen of our prize tarpon by mistake.

Then, too, I should be a poor sort of fisherman did I not casually mention the fact that I brought away with me a most elegant tarpon reel, third prize, the result of bringing to gaff seven feet of fighting, leaping silver. The beauty of catching such a fish is that I can't lie about his length. In fact I can't quite do him justice, for a six foot man, according to all laws, has only a six foot arm-spread! I hope to be taller next year.

This year's tournament, held under the auspices of the Venice Tarpon Club at Venice, Florida, was a decided success from the standpoint of all, with the possible exception of the tarpon. Fish were plentiful, weather conditions ideal, and environment most pleasant. I shall never forget the early morning sun shining through the palms upon countless thousands of tarpon. Acres of glistening fish! At times we could see a school coming for over a mile—rolling gracefully, striking savagely, leaping ten feet clear of the water! To manoeuver a small skiff into the middle of such a school, to sit tensely waiting for the strike, to feel that first mad rush, to check it—hold your fish in his frantic leaps—pump him when he sulks, these are experiences that bring a man's sporting blood to a boil.

Tarpon fishing under any conditions is a thrilling sport. The usual method of taking these fish is from a motorboat, either by the use of live bait, or an artificial lure, such as a spoon or large plug. When the strike is made, the guide starts the motor and a tug of war starts which ends in the tarpon's shaking the hook or being eventually towed to death. Strong lines and stout rods are essential in such a battle. I do not mean to belittle this sort of fishing, for it takes a real fisherman to whip a big tarpon under any circumstances. However, I do mean to say that skiff fishing is to my way of thinking the ideal method of meeting a tarpon in a fair and square contest of brain and brawn.

In planning the tournament, Mr. Gordon Rice, secretary of the Venice Tarpon Club, than whom there is no finer gentleman nor truer sportsman, made every effort to give the fish a sporting chance and to make the contest as equal as possible. Certain rules were laid down for guides as well as contestants. All fishing must be done from one of the club skiffs.

Tournaments

"So this is Venice," exclaimed the Silver King, as he grabbed a hook

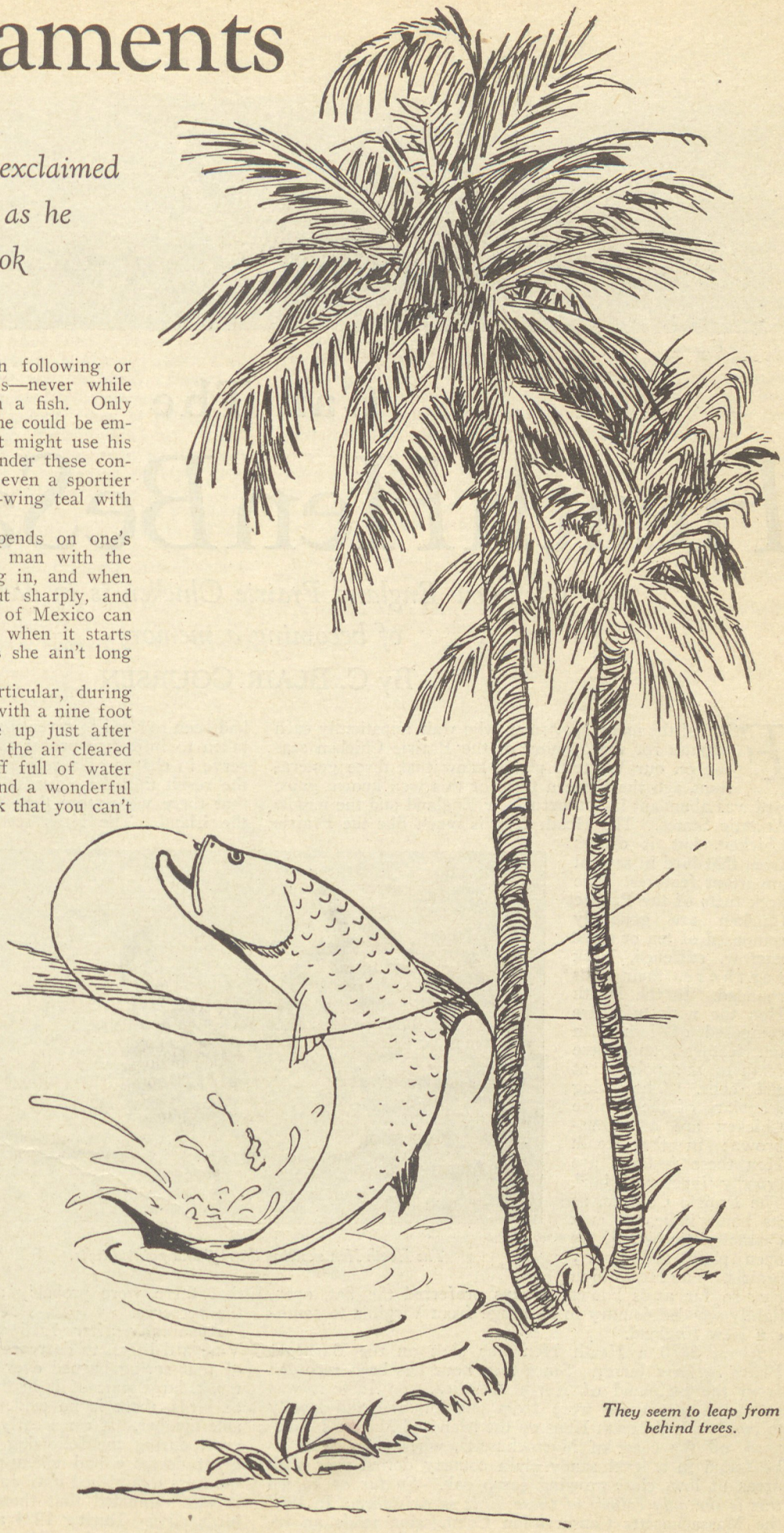
Motors could be used only in following or manoeuvering into the schools—never while fishing or during a fight with a fish. Only eighteen thread (36 lb. test) line could be employed, although any contestant might use his own particular rod or reel. Under these conditions tarpon fishing becomes even a sportier proposition than shooting blue-wing teal with a twenty on a windy day!

Of course a great deal depends on one's guide. He should be a good man with the oars, should know when to dig in, and when to slack, when to swing about sharply, and when to hold hard. The Gulf of Mexico can work itself into quite a rage when it starts out to do so! And sometimes she ain't long doin' it!

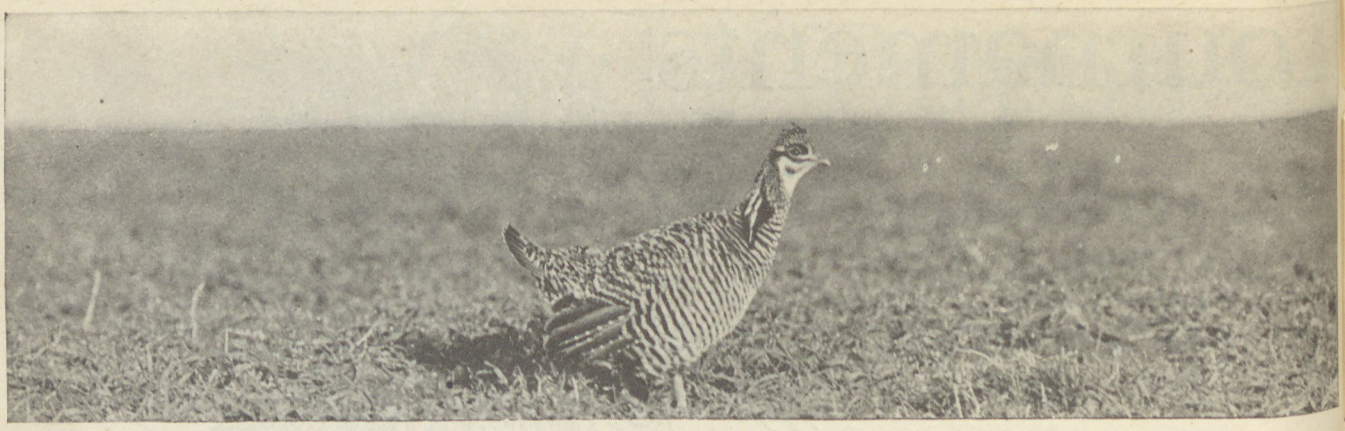
I remember one day in particular, during which I had a two hour battle with a nine foot shark. A sudden squall came up just after the big shark struck, and when the air cleared I had a broken line and a skiff full of water —some fresh and some salt—and a wonderful case of chills. Don't ever think that you can't get cold off the Florida coast in June! Our fond mothers who told us never to stand up in a boat would have enjoyed that little scene. The wind blew and the rain rained. The guide stood up and gaffed the shark. The shark stood up and laughed at the guide—and took the gaff as if it had been a match stick. I stood up to let the water run down my back, and my hair stood up with cold.

Contrasted to this was the day on which I got my big fish. A balmy breeze blew in from the west. There was a slight ground swell and a lovely riffle. Half a mile to the east the beach shone like a yellow ribbon, and in between the tarpon rolled, and rolled, and rolled. It seemed that there were millions of them, and I do not doubt that there were. I had six strikes that day, and four fish in the air. Two of these I lost after several jumps, and two I brought to gaff. The smaller, a fish of seventy-five or eighty pounds, I released, and watched finally swim away. The other—well, he's right here where I can see him through the pipe smoke, and

(Continued on page 54)



They seem to leap from behind trees.



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Can The Heath Hen Be Saved?

The New England Prairie Chicken is in danger of becoming a memory

By C. BLAIR COURSEN

FEW of the many sportsmen who wait impatiently each autumn for the opening of the Prairie Chicken season on our Western plains know that three generations ago the Eastern form of this well known game bird was abundant in southern New England and the middle Atlantic States. The Heath Hen is much like the Prairie Chicken, but it differs from that bird in several important features. The neck tufts of the Prairie Chicken are generally composed of ten or more narrow, stiffened, black feathers, their ends rounded. In the Heath Hen the neck tufts are composed of less than ten feathers, and these feathers are pointed at the ends. The wing scapulars of the Prairie Chicken are a rufous-brown; in the Heath Hen these feathers are broadly tipped with buff. The Prairie Chicken, as its name indicates, is a characteristic bird of the open plain and grassy prairie. The Heath Hen has, so far as is known, always preferred the flat, open, lightly wooded country in its range from Virginia to southern New England.

© C. Blair Coursen

The Heath Hen showing the ruff and pointed tufts.

About 1870 a Heath Hen was shot on the Barnegat Plains in New Jersey. Since then none has been recorded from the mainland of North America. In 1890 it was estimated that there were from one hundred and twenty to two hundred Heath Hens on the island of Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts, where they were to be found in a level sandy plain country dotted over with areas of low, close-growing scrub oak. *So far as known this is the only colony of these birds in existence.* In 1907 the Massachusetts Conservation Commission made an investigation and reported that the Heath Hen population had been reduced to seventy-seven. Action was immediately taken to introduce proper protective measures, and a preserve in charge of a resident warden was established, with the result that three years later, in 1910, it was estimated that there were more than three hundred Heath Hens on the island. The birds seemed to increase steadily until 1915, when the number was variously estimated at from seven hundred to three thousand birds.

In the summer of 1916 the writer visited Martha's Vineyard and spent several days at the Heath Hen Reservation. The birds appeared to be numerous, and many bunches of six to a dozen were seen foraging in the clover fields near the edge of the oak thickets. The warden said that in spite of the loss inflicted by a forest fire during the nesting period the previous spring, he thought that the Heath Hens would show a satisfactory increase for the year, and that there were probably about three thousand birds on the preserve.

Apparently after 1916 the Heath Hens on Martha's Vineyard began to decrease rapidly. While the forest fire of that spring burned over thirteen square miles of country, a large part of it in the range of the largest number of birds, there is no evidence that it killed any considerable number. It came early in the breeding season. However, during the following winter it was apparent that a great decrease had taken place. From that time on the numbers diminished until in the early spring of 1924 when it was estimated that there were not over thirty of the birds alive. During 1924 and 1925 these birds seemed to hold their own, but showed no increase. Many theories

have been advanced to explain this decrease—ranging from an over-abundance of sterile old cocks to disease. But the mystery remains unsolved.

Writing under the date of May 29, 1926, Mr. Allan Keniston, Superintendent of the Martha's Vineyard Reservation, says, "The Heath Hens are quite low in number; in fact the estimated number for 1925 and 1926 was the same for each year—from twenty-five to thirty birds. The prospects for increase look good, as the number was no smaller this year than last, and they now have the added protection of another warden."

The Heath Hen does not breed in captivity, and attempts at the artificial hatching of wild eggs and rearing of the young in pens have not been successful. It seems therefore that the only chance of saving this bird lies in rigidly protecting those few remaining.

Attempts have been made to introduce the Heath Hen into various parts of the New England States. So far as is known all of these plantings have been failures, *although it is not impossible that somewhere in Massachusetts, Connecticut or Rhode Island there may be small colonies of the birds that have so far escaped observation.* It is to be hoped that some such "lost colony" may be located, for with proper protection on both the mainland and island, and with the inter-breeding of stock as soon as the numbers are such as to permit the transferring of birds from any of the colonies, the Heath Hen may be saved. The chance of there being Heath Hens at present on the mainland of North America is admittedly very remote. There are no authentic records to lead us to believe that this is true. There does seem to be a belief among certain sportsmen and ornithologists, however, that somewhere in the New England or Middle Atlantic States there may be some wild Heath Hens, a few stragglers from some of the earlier plantings of the Martha's Vineyard birds. This is probably one chance in a thousand, but in the case of a species on the verge of extinction even very remote possibilities are worthy of consideration.

To sum up: There are now so few Heath Hens on Martha's Vineyard, that in spite of all that is being done to protect them, unfavorable weather conditions or disease may wipe out the entire number before another breeding season. It is to be hoped that these Martha's Vineyard birds will survive and increase, but it is undeniable that in the past the birds have decreased in spite of the most rigid protection and the splendid care offered by the ablest specialists on bird diseases. If, however, a single breeding colony or a single pair of birds other than the ones on Martha's Vineyard can be located, our chances of saving the Heath Hens are thereby increased many fold. Bear this fact in mind if you have the opportunity of visiting any of the less settled portions of the southern New England or Middle Atlantic States. If you are so fortunate as to locate what seem to be Heath Hens, or "Woodland Prairie Chickens" anywhere in the Eastern States, immediately notify your State Department of Conservation and the nearest Izaak Walton League officers. Your help in this connection may be the means of saving another fine American bird from the fate of the Passenger Pigeon.

With the approach of fall, winter looms just over the hill and with the arrival of ice and snow not only the heath hens of which Mr. Coursen has written so entertainingly, but our other species of game birds again face a season of freezing and starvation.

There is nothing that your Chapter can do that will be of more lasting benefit to the sportsmen of your community than to start a campaign now to protect these birds.

Many Chapters have arranged with farmers in the community to leave patches of cover. This is constructive, practical conservation.

© George H. High

The beauties of Martha's Vineyard tempt the artist.

White Water

In many ways life resembles a river—its narrow places, rocky hazards, and shallow spots. The river also boasts those deep contained pools wherein lie content and happiness.

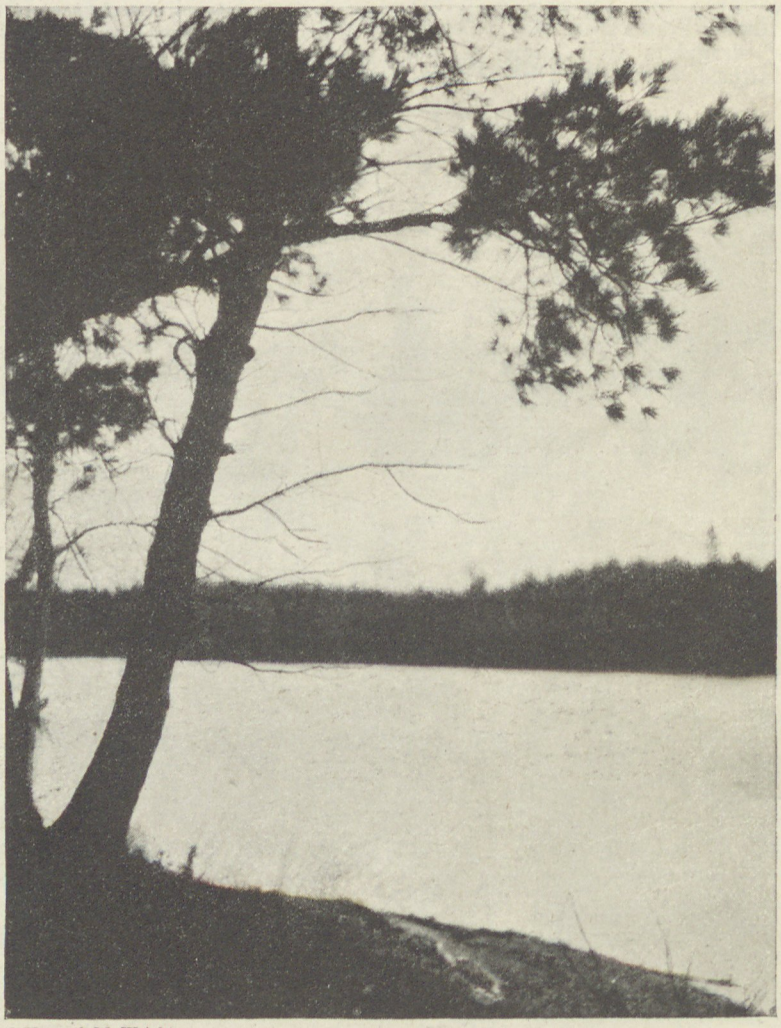
By K. B. MATTHEWS

Illustration by John Charles Thoman

IN my opinion the Sphinx is really less so than it seems. For centuries we have been considering it as the acme of silent and hidden intelligence when really it has been eloquent, and even garrulous, to those who know how to listen to it. It is a great deal like our river. Its wisdom is so open and frank that we entirely overlook it in searching for some psychic display. I used to think, myself, that our river was secretive, but Milton, to whom the river is an idol to be worshipped and a prophet to be sought, taught me differently.

At some time or other Milton has taught all of us in the club something about the river. Even old Martin, who has fished it forty years, admits that Milton knows it, its moods, its whims, and its old philosophy, better than he. Cupid, the keeper, swears that its rapids talk to Milton. But I think to none of us did Milton ever interpret it better than he did to Larry Gray.

Larry used to live in our state before he discovered he could design tall buildings that were both useful and ornamental. Architects like that haven't much call in our state, at least in our part of it where an elevator ride still gives most of us an acute sensation in the pit of the stomach. So New York claimed Larry, and as is New York's custom whenever it snares a genius from the uncultured west, it also acclaimed him. Despite the acclaim Larry did make good. And all the success and acclaim didn't spoil him one bit as a fisherman. When he came to the club he was still the same old Larry we used to know, and from the way he caught fish, I guess the old river thought so, too, and treated him accordingly.



© Kenneth M. Wright

The majestic old river.

Yet one year when Larry came back it was evident something was troubling him. It's funny—but we in the club, where happiness, peace and fellowship are worshipped—we sort of sense it when one of us is straying out after some other idol. There's a nervous style to our fishing, a lack of touch in our cast, an irritability that doesn't belong, that tells the whole story. This year it showed in Larry — but we couldn't inquire about it — and we probably never would learn the cause—that is, any of us, except Milton.

Milton knew in two days what it was all about. On the second night Larry was there he and Milton wandered off together up river—up to the top of the high bank above the jam pile, where you can look up the river flats for miles and see the moonlight flow down the valley as though it were jealous of the river. You can hear the gossiping poplars whispering to the snickering rapids the doings of the day, and now and then the soft sob of a pine as it remembers again the days that were. An occasional whippoorwill talks in the scrub oaks—and from way off — far into the formless blue hills—comes the baying of a dog. A man has to talk in that setting—troubles are as foreign to it as a jazz band—and he can't keep still about what is worrying him.

Once started, and with no one to listen save the silent Milton, calmly smoking a pipe and gazing off up the val-

ley, Larry talked freely. It was an old type of worry—about the oldest type men know of—about a woman. You see before Larry went east he knew a girl—and the girl knew Larry. They just about grew up together in that little town in our state—just one of those old-fashioned kind of stories. Not a rush of love like a trout on a dull warm day—not an infatuation born of a snuggled dance—just the growth of an understanding. It hadn't reached an engagement, but it had gone far enough so that Larry couldn't forget—not with all the lure of New York. Larry didn't want to forget—he wasn't that sort—unless he had to.

For four years Larry had been in New York—and growing, molding to New York. During that time the girl had stayed in the little town in our state. And there had grown on Larry a sense of contrast. It wasn't contrast of a bad sort—it wasn't dishonest or unfair to the girl—on the contrary, it really showed Larry cared a whole heap about her. But contrasts do grow—grow as life grows—until life becomes one long contrast of what is—what might have been—and what should be.

But Larry's worry, as he expressed it that night to Milton, was whether, in a New York setting, he could make the girl happy, or had they each chosen paths that would never meet. He wanted the girl—the quiet goodness of her—the deep love of her—but would it be there in New York—would they be happy there—or—must he forget, and living in that great city, solace himself with one of its type of daughters—if he could?

I can't put into it the feeling that Larry expressed. Perhaps I could if I went to the setting that helped him—if I could talk to our river—our moon—our night. But I know it was a worry—and I know the wonder and the beauty of the night—far from crowded streets and hard lights—but made it worse. I can imagine the questions that came into Larry's mind—the quiet western girl he loved—the New York friends with whom both must live—that peace of our western towns—the turmoil of New York—the friendliness of our communities—the suspicions of the dwellers back east—the glamour of the bright lights—the utter peace of the quiet nights. And worst to him, was he the same boy that she remembered—or was he, too, a part of the east?

Not once did Milton break into the long, broken recital by Larry. Once he filled his pipe, now and then he nodded understandingly, and once he rolled a pebble down the steep bank in front of them. Larry's voice trailed off into a querulous whisper. A sleepy cricket, close at hand, shattered the silence with a single rusty creak. Milton gazed down into the valley where the trees sifted the moonbeams to the river and the river tossed them back.

"Larry," he said, "There's a lot of questions like that in life. A lot of questions beyond us—I always turn them over to the river. A long time ago I learned that—I'll tell you how some day—and the river's never failed me. It knows a lot—that river. It's been here a long, long time. Its life is filled with beauty—and with tragedy. It knows the turmoil of storm and flood—it knows the peace and solitude of nights like this. It sees the bitterness of long winters. And it remembers—does the river. Somewhere—written on it—is the answer. Somehow we'll find it. We'll fish together tomorrow."

It was late afternoon when Larry and Milton reached the Little Riffles. All afternoon they had fished together—starting in at the Horse Shoe, past the Spring Hole, through the Island Rapids, and the stretch of dark deep holes below. Carefully had they fished, as their well filled baskets showed, and yet even more carefully had they talked, for each knew they were fishing for more than fish, more than the thrill of the strike—they were fishing for wisdom—for the answer they sought. Sometimes I wonder how many of us fish for fish. Or whether we just fish for the peace of it, the glory of the valleys of hush, the tinkle of the water bells, the song of solitude, the vespers of the out of doors.

At the hole above the Little Riffles they rested. On the old pine log that raises its head above the hurrying waters just where the river shakes itself free from the dark shadows and skips out into the sunlight they sat and smoked. Behind them the slipping water crept in blue and huddled

(Continued on page 60)

At the hole above the Little Riffles they rested.

The leeward side of the mountains will be desert.

Deserts

In writing this series on The Friendly Wastes—and some others—Comancho has packed in a wealth of instructive information—things one doesn't often get a chance to read about

By EL COMANCHO

SOME years ago I was traveling westward with a man from Boston, the "Kultur" center of the U. S., so I am told.

It was this man's first trip west, and he had no more idea of what the country a hundred miles away from Boston was like than a man from Mars would have.

His questions and comments as we went along were all comedy stuff to me because they were so childishly thoughtless; things that one would expect any seventh grade youngster to know all about just instinctively or at least to work out logical answers for if he would stop and do five minutes of real thinking.

That man knew all about a *part* of Boston because he had seen it, been part of it, touched it, felt it, lived it all his life.

There was a lot of Boston, however, that he knew absolutely nothing about because, like most city men, he followed a regular beat and had worn a little rut of his own in which he existed day after day. He was fairly well contented with his lot because he did not know about enough other things to make him restless! He reminded me a whole lot of a placid old cow that browses awhile, drinks, sleeps, chews her cud, browses, drinks, sleeps, and chews again!

Perhaps that might be a great way to live, but I'm afraid I'd weaken for I was born with "a restless foot" and a consuming desire to know all about everything I come in contact with.

The majority of people, however, are like the Boston man, and get their knowledge secondhand through books and things that other people tell them.

Which brings me back to my Boston friend and what he said one morning in the sage brush desert out in Wyoming.

Ever since daylight we had been trundling along, uphill toward the mile-high mountain country, and there was nothing but sage brush and monotony clear to the world's edge in all directions; I do not recall that we saw even a sage hen or a prairie dog for two hours or so.

The Boston man sat, chin in hand, staring vacantly into the blue distance as viewed from a ridge we were topping

just then. The horizon to the southeast seemed a thousand miles away, and the whole plains looked flat as a floor—just miles and miles of empty loneliness.

"My! My! What an appalling waste! Something ought to be done about it!" said my companion.

"Waste?" said I, "how come? What do you mean, 'waste'?"

"Why," said he, "look! What do you see? Nothing! Just nothing at all! And room enough, land enough, to support thousands of people if it could be used! Something—water, transportation, er—ah—something ought to be done to save such a frightful waste and make it useful to humanity!"

There you have it! "Stop the *waste* and *make it useful to humanity!*"

You've got the point of view there of all mankind in his "make it *useful* to humanity!"

Clearly then *"humanity"* is the important thing, the one idea which dominates and is the center of human thought and activity!

Anything that does not work for, or lend itself to, the everyday needs and requirements of "humanity" is *waste* in the eyes of man!

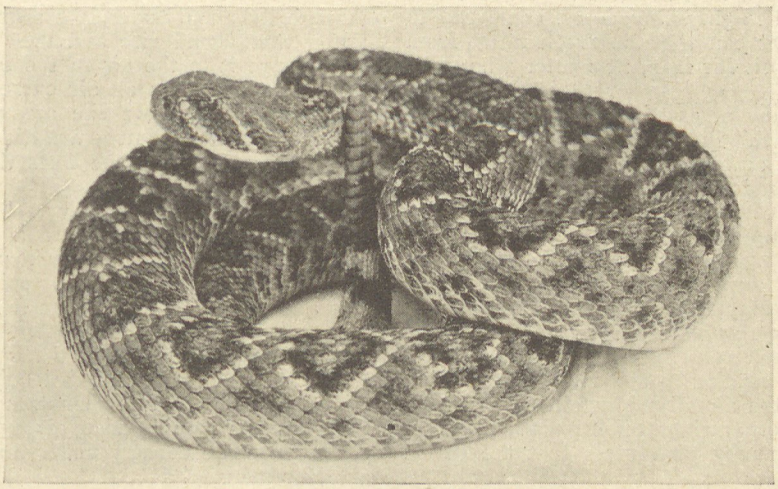
He is so shortsighted that he wants to *see* it *at work for him!*

He is so skeptical that he says, "show me!"

Now let's stop and take a look-see into this desert stuff and see whether "something ought to be done about it" or not.

Disregarding what man wants, let's look at it from the cosmic viewpoint; let's see why nature allows this desert "waste" to exist—if it *is* a waste.

Nature does not do anything haphazard and without a perfectly good and logical reason, so it is likely that this desert is necessary in some scheme that was mapped out ages and ages ago, for the desert (any desert anywhere) is old—very, very old.



The rattler, a native son of the desert.

If it is old it has been there a long time—kindergarten reasoning tells us that.

We have two clues already then! Let's find out why, what for and when nature put the desert where she did put it, and then what she uses it for after she gets it all nicely put, so to speak.

In the first place anybody will tell you that a desert is dry—and that is true; yet I've had some fine fishing in more than one desert so it isn't altogether dry at that!

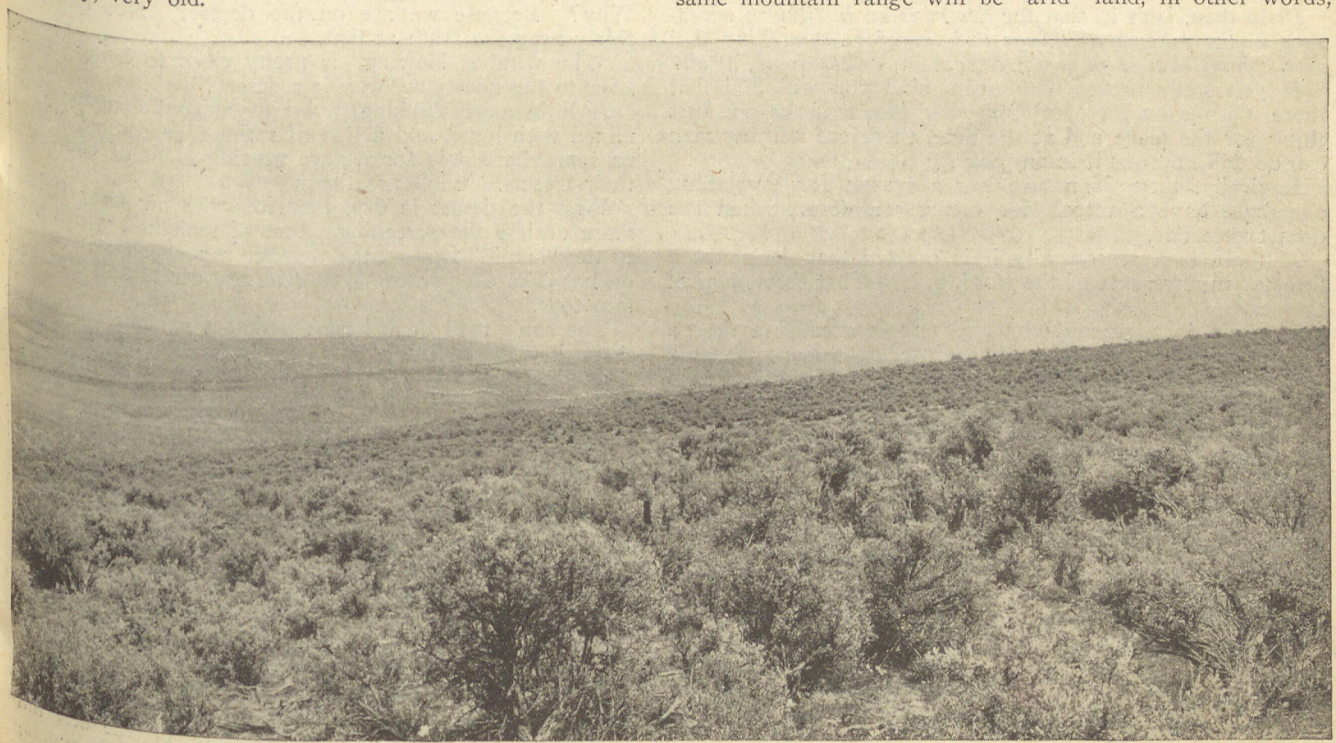
To all intents and purposes it *is* dry though, despite the fact that furious rainstorms sometimes sweep the desert country and send the dry "washes" booming full of flood water for the time being—only to leave them dry again next day.

When we dig into our facts we find that a desert is a desert for just one reason, and no other, and that reason is, that *there is no condensing influence on the leeward side of the desert to wring moisture out of passing clouds* and thus supply the desert with needed rain—therefore the dry "desert" country over the whole area not watered by rains.

Now, trace the prevailing winds, and we are apt to find that our desert is a "dead" spot in the air, so far as regular air currents, or "winds," are concerned. This means that air currents circulate, or flow, *all around it but do not cross it.*

In other words, if easterly flowing winds blew across the United States and there was a range of mountains running north and south where the Mississippi River is, there would be no desert anywhere west of that range of mountains for this is nature's machinery for making rain.

The country to *windward* of any high mountain range *where winds blow in from the sea against those mountains is always well watered,* and the country to *leeward* of the same mountain range will be "arid" land, in other words,



The desert is necessary to the scheme of things.

a desert, or semi-desert, unless there is some other condensing, or cooling, influence farther on, down wind, from the mountains, in which case there will be another rain belt, or area of moisture, *to windward of the second cooling influence*. Our Western country is dry simply *because we have no high mountains in the East running north and south.*

Winds and mountains then have a lot to do with whether a desert is a desert, and made to stay a desert, or whether it can be converted into a corn field or an orange grove and between us, you will find mighty few acres, compared to the whole desert area, that can ever be "reclaimed" from the desert and made to work for man, no matter what man does about it.

Of course there are many acres of land that can be, or have been, "put under ditch" in the U. S. alone and thus reclaimed from the desert and made into valuable irrigated land, but when comparison is made between the reclaimed land and the whole area of the desert, why the reclaimed land is like a postage stamp on a blanket!

It is evident, then, that nature created the desert because she wanted, or needed, a desert about the size and shape of the one she put on the map where we find it today, and, furthermore, she fixed the mountains, rivers, oceans, lakes and other scenic properties, including forests, about where she wanted them to be in relation to the desert and to each other. Then she started the air circulating in the form of prevailing winds, so it keeps right on circulating in the same general way and thereby guarantees that the desert will stay put.

Went to considerable trouble to do all that, didn't she? Think nature does all that kind of thing just hit or miss, like man throws dice, and lets it go at that?

If you do, brother, you sure are away wrong for *nature never guesses at anything* and *never does anything blindly* but *follows a plan wherein every detail meshes with utmost nicety and nothing is ever out of place even to the nth degree.*

Don't forget—ever—that two and two are four—that they don't *make* four but that they ARE four and always were and always will be, for nature is a fixed, permanent thing that is composed wholly of motion in waves of different length—and nothing more.

If you could stop even the smallest wave for the space of a split second you could disrupt the Universe—but don't worry, it will never be done!

Everything then has its place in the vast Cosmic scheme and no other thing can disturb it, change it, disrupt it or discontinue it *without producing chaos!*

Plain then, isn't it, that the *desert is an institution necessary in the scheme of things and therefore something that man cannot change to any great extent, or eliminate, at all?*

If you study nature with open mind you will find that there is a reason for everything, and that it is the one best thing for the place and at the time, therefore nothing man can do will improve it in any way.

Logically, then, if nature has a reason for everything she must have a reason for creating a desert when she does create one.

If there is a reason why it is created then it is not a "waste" in any sense of the word, is it? That seems logical to me.

If there is a reason why a desert is created a desert, then it seems to me, that we, as intelligent beings, should try to find out *why* the desert was placed where it was placed and why it stays put without change.

If we can find answer to these questions, it is likely we can see why man should let the desert alone and not try to turn it into a real estate scheme with the idea of "making a clean-up and getting out" as has been done and no doubt will be done, or at least *tried*, again.

In other words it is likely we shall find that we will get more benefit out of any desert by letting it alone than we will by trying to "reclaim" it so somebody else can raise an orchard there, and some one else make his pile out of "handling" desert real estate.

If we find, on investigation, that it is "waste" then we can go ahead and try to improve it or change it into something else, but let's be *very sure* that it is *waste* before we butt in.

Following our line of logic and reasoning, that a desert is an effect rather than a cause, we come to the conclusion that the reason a desert is a desert has to do with the reason for prevailing winds blowing in the directions they do blow, and also why forests occupy one area, while fertile plains occupy another, mountains another, and so on.

Let's do a bit of thinking about this.

Water is usually colder than land, hence it is a cooling influence tending to produce fog through evaporation caused by difference in temperatures of the water and the air passing over it.

Logically, then, water is a source of supply of moisture.

Fog that would rise and then settle back on the water which gave it to the air in the first place would be of no use, so nature needs an air current—a wind—to carry the fog away. Therefore she arranges for *temperature differences* and immediately wind is created!

Not only that, but she fixes the *direction she wants it to blow!*

If it blew hit or miss, it would likely do more harm than good, but if it blows toward a high range of mountains covered with snow, the *windward* side of that mountain range is going to get a lot of rain and snow, which means that a forest will grow on the *windward* side of the range and many rivers will run down and out onto the country below the mountains, *toward the place the wind is coming from*, and that rains will fall quite frequently away out to *windward* of the whole mountain range as the winds bring the warm, moisture laden air up against the cool mountain tops. The country under this rain area will be habitable for man.

The action is to cool the air against the mountains first and precipitate the moisture there, and this moves the cooling influence of the rain itself farther to windward so it rains farther *toward the wind* all the time until temperature balance—then the rain stops.

The reason it rains, therefore, is because the winds blow carrying moisture to a place where cooler temperatures condense it.

Now, what makes the winds blow? Why do they blow (prevailing winds) in certain directions almost continuously?

"Winds" are nothing more or less than air in motion—why does it move *in one direction* and *not in another?*

Temperatures again! Just one of nature's nice little ways of doing things that makes no work at all of a big proposition.

Now if we go over to the desert we will find it working overtime, for it is bone dry and the sun is shining from a clear sky. Anything else? Yes, *the wind is blowing.* Why? Because we are on the desert? Not quite, but fairly near the truth at that.

"The wind is blowing" is pretty close to being the answer to the question, "why is a desert?"

A little more thinking, a bit of applied common sense mixed with logic, and a line of rational reasoning, will get us somewhere now for we are nearing a lot of causes and their effects. What are they?

First the desert is dry, therefore the air over it lacks more or less the screening effect of moisture, which gives us the "humid" heat of the weather reports that is common on hot days everywhere *except* on the desert and on mountain tops.

The sun's rays then, heat the desert surface much more than they do ordinary land, and our thermometer climbs to 90 degrees, to 100 degrees, to 110 degrees, 120 degrees.

The sunshine "burns" against our dry flesh as though we were holding it toward a glowing bed of coals.

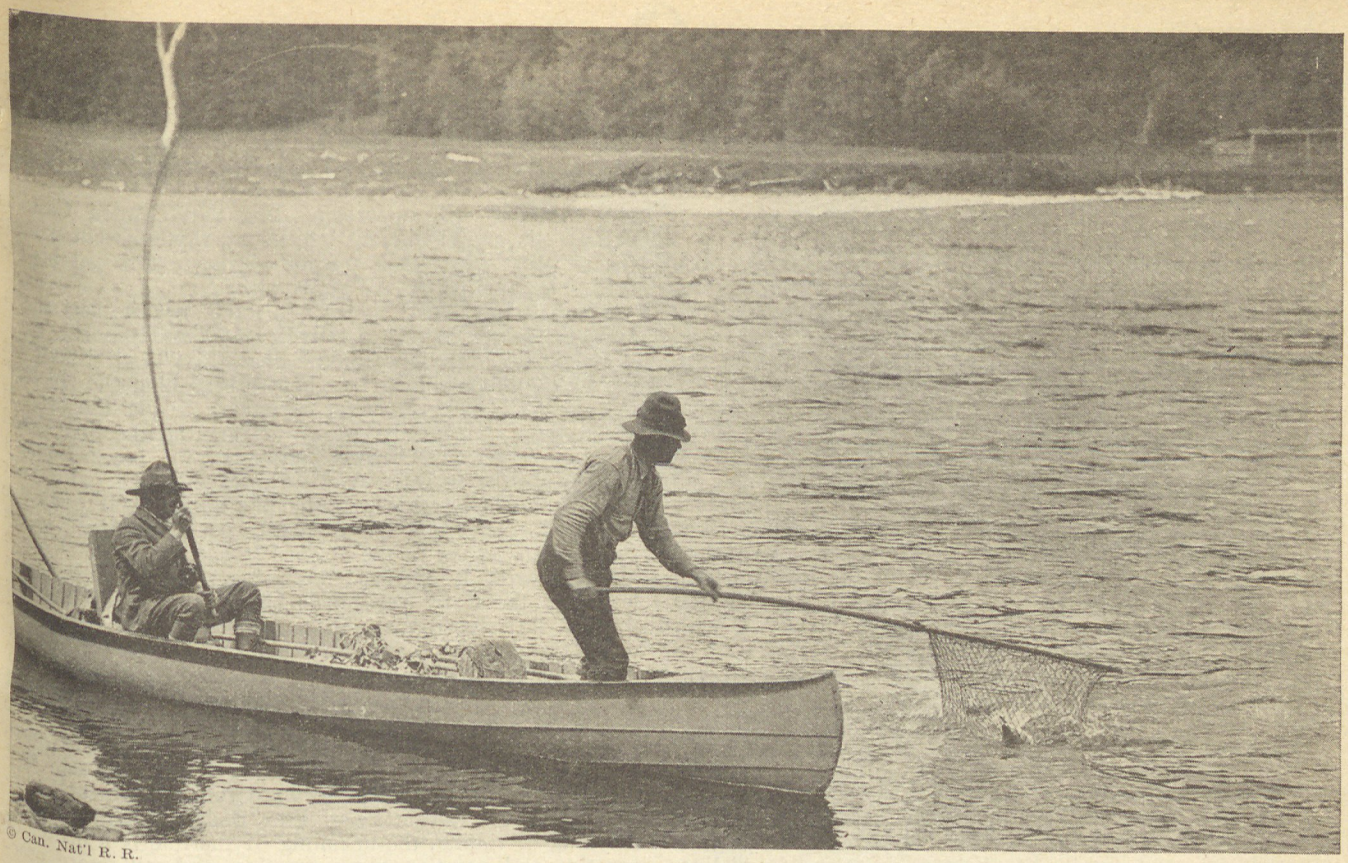
If we are not "tanned" to immunity, we will be so sunburned that our skin will be blistered within an hour or so.

When we look out across the country we can *see* the heat *flowing with the wind* like clear, liquid syrup; it is as tangible and real as that!

It runs in the wind like flowing, moving water, and if we try to look at distant objects, we find them dim and uncertain as though we looked at them through a stream of clear water so wide that the mass of the water itself finally ended our range of vision.

These things are common on any desert if you see it on a summer day, and they are present any day the sun shines (and it shines almost every day on the desert).

(Continued on page 52)



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Distance With a Salmon Fly

This is another fine article from Mr. L. E. DeGarmo, who has already contributed several articles for the Scientific Angling department. An expert caster may be able to "check up" on some of his glaring faults through the information given and any beginner of fly casting for fishing or tournament work will find that the fundamental principles laid down by Mr. DeGarmo are essential if success is to be obtained

By L. E. DEGARMO
Former National Champion

Photographs by E. R. Darby and R. Fayerweather Babcock

CASTING a fly for Salmon as a sport dates back nearly five centuries, perhaps further. In 1496 Dame Juliana Berner gave a formula for making a Salmon line from sixteen horsehairs and told of fishing for Salmon with a fly, stating, however, it was not often seen. A sport must, as a matter of course, be of earlier origin than the description of it, and it is possible that the Norsemen brought the sport into England.

Naturally some anglers become more skillful than others, and from this came the tests of ability. The most noted of these earlier contests seem to be between Mr. Hardy of Alnwick, England, and Mr. John Enright of Castle Connell, Ireland, "Where the River Shannon Flows." By this time rods made of split bamboo, or, as Mr. Hardy classed them, of split cane, came to be known. These contests were also trials showing the superior qualities of rods, and as Mr. Enright was a maker of Greenhart Rods the claims of either rod maker were advanced by his skill in casting a longer line a greater distance.

In America, the writer's data show these contests were held from time to time, and Mr. Enright at one time entered a contest in New York City, pitted against Mr. Ruben Leonard who used an 18 foot split bamboo rod weighing perhaps 36 oz., while Mr. Enright is reported to have used a Greenhart Rod 20 feet long, weighing 60 oz.

In compiling the rules in 1907 for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, the Anglers Club of New York largely shaped its text and it adopted a 15 foot salmon rod which weighs about 28 oz. as standard, which prevails at present.

The Illinois Casting Club first provided its equipment with Enright Greenhart Rods. The writer found he secured better results with these rods by grasping the rod with his hands further apart, say 27 inches, than with the 20 or 22 inch hand grasps on the leading makes of bamboo rods, and later induced this maker to construct for him the first of the present type of Salmon rods with separate hand grasps. This was first used in the 1910 Tournament, where Mr. W. H. Ball raised the 15 foot rod record to 140 feet 6 inches. This record has been raised from time to time and now stands at 162 feet made by Mr. Fred N. Peet at San Francisco Tournament for longest single cast. Mr. J. S. Schwinn at Chicago, 1925, established the record of 153 feet average.

Before describing the method of Salmon Fly Casting the writer, to get on common ground, sets out the following formula:

"Rod Hand," the hand that holds the upper hand grasp.
"Line Hand," the hand holding the line and hand grasp at the rod butt.

"Lift," the length of line from the water for the final back cast.
"Lay," advancing the line to the "Lift" distance sought for.
"Shoot," forcing the line forward through the guides on the final drive or forward cast.

I have been trying for several years to write a concise description of "How to Cast a Fly" and make it satisfactory, without going into detail. Perhaps this formula will be of assistance.

Assuming that a fair length of line is advanced on the water. Pull the fly "out of the hole in the water" (as friend Bellows says) by raising the rod from a horizontal position to about 60 degrees above; then put in a firm, vigorous (but not intense) snap, stopping the force when the rod is just back of perpendicular (thumb straight up on a single handed rod); then reach back about 30 degrees from a perpendicular position to get under the line as it uncoils; then start the uncoiled line forward slowly, then faster and faster putting on the force for the forward snap when the rod is just back of perpendicular stopping the force about 30 degrees forward. Follow this down with the rod as the line uncoils forward toward its goal.

In the double handed rod game for distance Salmon Fly Casting the mechanics are much the same, except there are added moves.

Assuming the "Lay" is advanced forward to the "Lift" desired, one bends the body forward at the hips, passing the rod forward and lowers the tip of the rod almost touching the surface as in Figure 1. (This is to get all the leverage one can to start the line moving. A moving or "live" line is more easily lifted than a still or "dead" line. Many rods are broken trying to lift, with a snap, a long "dead" line.) Start the line moving, raising the rod tip faster and faster until the rod is about 60 degrees above a horizontal (meaning by horizontal the rod held level with the hands). Then at this 60 degree plane one puts on the force for the upward snap (see Figure No. 2), continuing this firm vigorous force or snap until the rod is about perpendicular (pointing straight up) stopping the snap force at this point (see Figure No. 3). Then one passes the rod tip backward as in Figure No. 4 ("The Reach Back"), about 30 degrees back of perpendicular to get under the line as it uncoils backward ready to start the forward drive. At this point, comes in the concept of rhythm or timing, striving to start the line forward just as it straightens out backward. This is very essential or otherwise one does not get the proper resistance to put the spring into the rod to drive the line forward, and also one very likely snaps off his fly.

To give the reader an idea of the force in an improper start of a forward cast when the line has not fully uncoiled backward the "Crack the Whip" move, that is while the leader is still moving backward, will break one's leader frequently, and a good leader will stand 8 to 9 pounds strain before snapping off.

But to resume, with the "Reach Back" timed properly, one starts the rod forward faster and faster, putting in the force for the forward snap (see Figure No. 5). When the rod tip has moved forward 2 or 3 feet, and continuing this force and ending it with a firm jam when the rod is about 30 degrees forward of perpendicular (see Figure No. 6). At this point is some more rhythm, or timing, that is, one holds the line fast in the "Line Hand" until the horizontal "U" shaped coil of the belly of the line is 15 or 20 feet forward of the rod tip and the rod has straightened out front, when the line is released (see Figure No. 7). One then simply follows the line down with the rod as the line shoots and uncoils forward (see Figure No. 8).

The reader will understand that this Salmon Cast, as outlined, is one continuous movement, rhythmic but without the pauses the writer has made in the text to get his descriptions applied at the right places.

The average expert caster will likely get the best shoots and best distances with a "lift" of 100 to 110 feet.

In extending the line for the final "Lift" and "Shoot" let the fly alight on the surface before beginning the "pickup" or "lift," as one gets better resistance to put the bend in the rod for the upward snap. (Nearly all the line should be above the water before putting in the upward snap.) Do not put the forward snap or "jam" into the rod if your line has fallen into the water on the back cast if you value your rod. That one can relatively put more force in the forward snap than in the upward snap, if the line is in the air backward, is obvious! Why? The air resistance is less than the water resistance, hence the risk of breaking the rod is lessened that much. On occasions with a fair wind straight behind one can use a 15 foot leader. Leaders 2 feet longer than the rod are permitted, but are hard to handle. On occasions without any wind or a very light one, 7 or 9 foot leaders develop best results. Deliver the shoot 2 or 3 feet higher on windy days than on quiet ones. One gets the best results by "Casting Over his Foot," that is, have the rod hand and forward foot on the same side. This gives the advantage of the "Body Thrust" forward. Rhythm, or timing, the uncoiling of the line is a matter of practice and practice, more practice, and still more practice, plus concentration and plus the feeling that you know that you *know* what you want to do. It's the only trail to good distances and record casts.

The writer recalls an incident of the 1912 National Tournament that illustrates this. The late Tom Forsyth of the Lincoln Park Casting Club and the writer were drilling away at practice and Mr. Forsyth, because of his physique and skill, was among the prospective winners. At the Tourney when the event was called the writer "tended line" for Mr. Forsyth. (A line tender is supposed to "tend line," that's his job, but do no coaching; first, because it's bad form to coach a contestant in contest and, secondly, a contestant has his own ideas of what he wants to do, or is supposed to have, and coaching is apt to confuse him.) Mr. Forsyth went through the event without results. When time was called he turned to the writer with a broad grin and said, "Well, De, this casting in Tournaments is the durndest thing, one gets up here and in a second forgets all he knows and casts like a farmer flailing wheat." Dear old Tom, he sure did flog the water.

An analyst of curves may discover a secondary application of force in the pictures that the writer has not mentioned. He has omitted it because, if not deftly used, it will break more Salmon rods than any other one thing.

The game of Salmon Fly Casting for distance is graceful, rhythmic, full of action, leisurely in part, but with intense instants of the final "lift" and "jam," and one of the charming games that folk play. To the performer who executes his ideals of it and makes a good score it is stirring and fine; but to one who not only does this, but raises the record, Ah! to him comes the thrill that he is "In tune with the Universe" (for a little while).

THE WAY IT SEEMS TO ME

Life seems to me to be like a journey over a great and mysterious desert. It is a long, long way from one water-hole to another—each with its sentinel-cluster of leaning, friendly palms whose comforting shade is so welcome to the weary traveler.

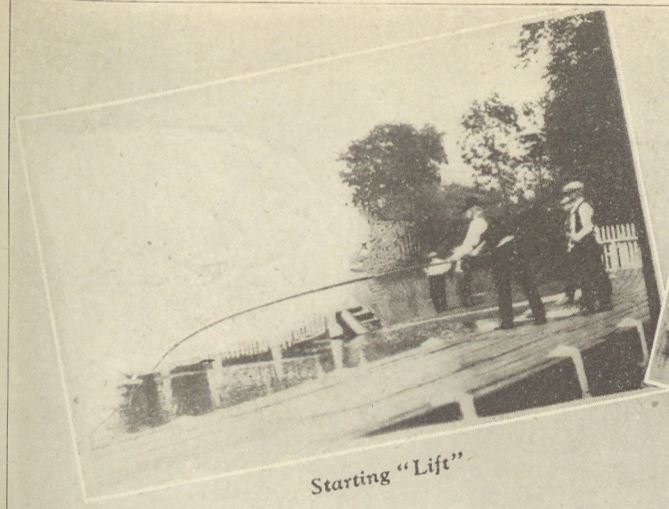
We pause to rest a bit and trail on, thinking often and often of the cool spots so fond to our memory that we have passed and we dream always of some chosen refuge of our imagination that lies before us like a mirage to taunt us and urge us on.

Still, I find joy in both desert and mirage. My longest hope is that the illusions that come only in the solitude of the barren wastes may never cease. For if they should—then all would seem like a night where there are no stars—or a day where there is no sun—a summer without birds and flowers—a sea that has gone dry—a wind that stirs the slender boughs of stately pines but makes no sound.

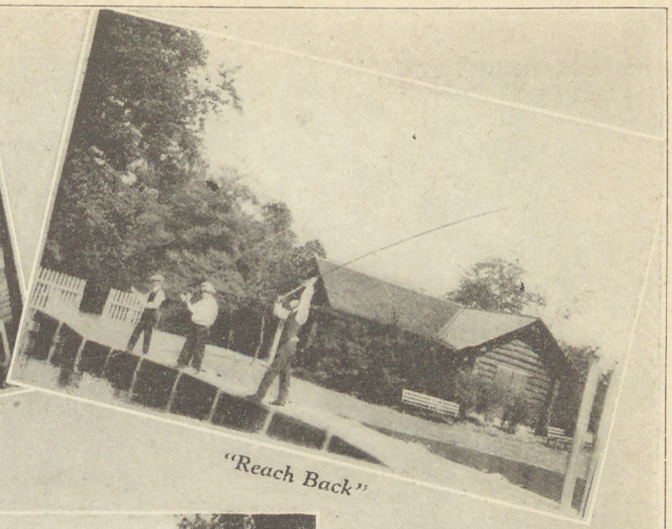
Life then would be void of that subtle something that hope implies, in part—something that we adore that is as impossible of description as eternal life, and as essential to one's final happiness.

Yes, I hope the illusions may hold to the last and I believe they will. If in the end, they should prove to be delusions, they will have served a purpose and one that I feel sure shall have been for the best.

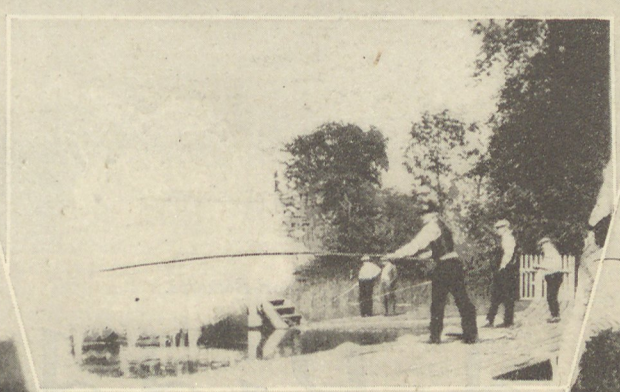
—Stuart Falconer Forbes.



Starting "Lift"

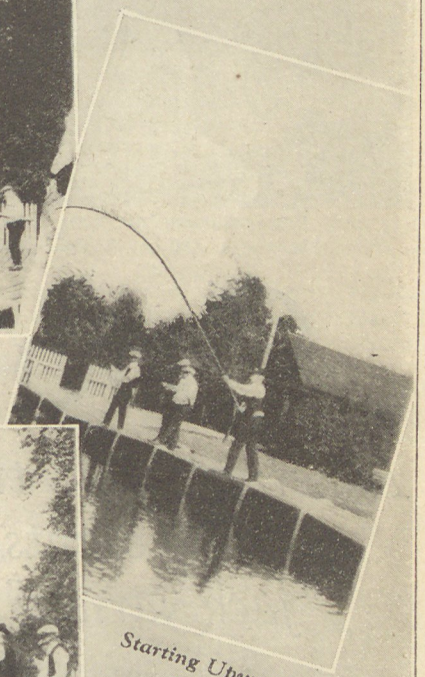


"Reach Back"

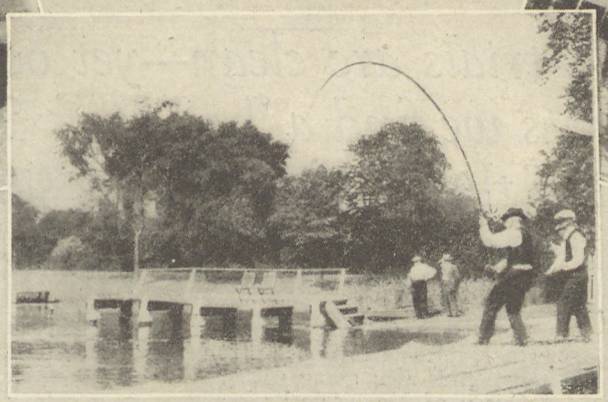


Finishing "Shoot"

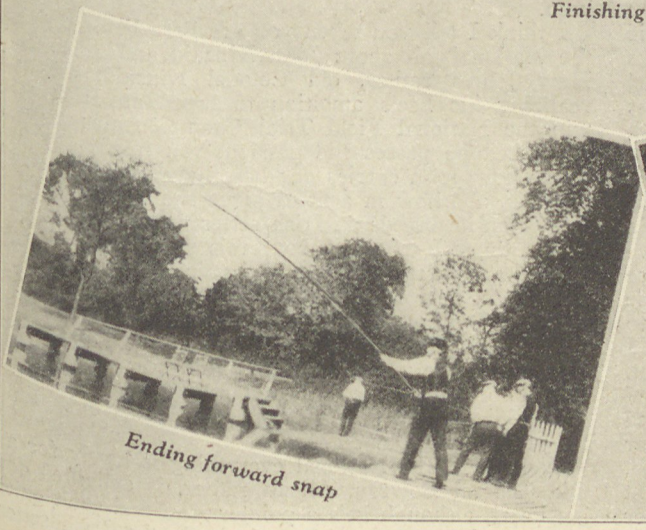
Releasing line for "Shoot"



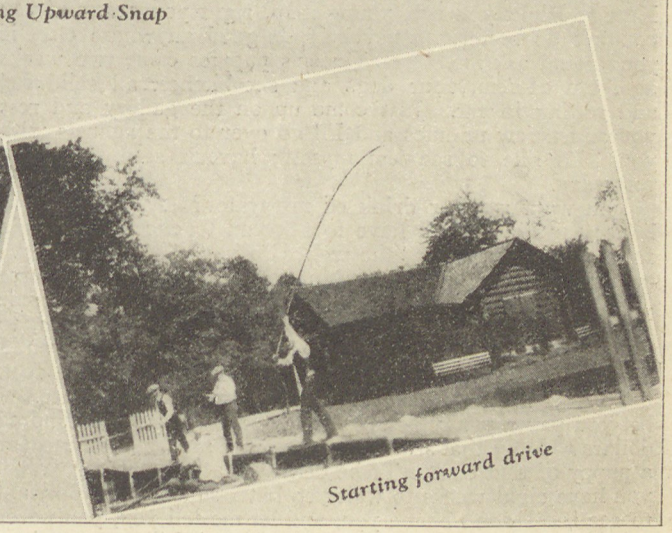
Starting Upward Snap



Finishing Upward Snap



Ending forward snap



Starting forward drive

Some Titian Beauties.

Good Riddance

American field trials are clean—yet occasionally as in all sporting events we find a "bad egg." This is a cracker-jack yarn of the dogs that make sporting history

By DR. LOYD THOMPSON

WELL, young man, I see you're back this way again. Didn't you buy a Mapledale Irish setter? Was the price too high? Oh, going to wait for a pup out of Queen of Mapledale by King? Right you are, young man, right you are, and you couldn't do better, no nor half so good anywhere else, if you should ask me. Yes, Queen's puppies came two weeks ago, ten of 'em, four dogs and six bitches, all solid red and rolling in fat. Just come up on the gallery and rest yourself a few minutes and I'll go over to the kennels with you. I'd like to see 'em myself; haven't seen 'em since yesterday.

You want another drink of my water? All right, sure, help yourself, but I'll have to ask you to excuse me again for not going round to the well with you. I'm worse stove up than ever today, what with riding horse back for three days at the All Southern last week, and then driving home in the dog truck with that Irishman, Patrick Callihan, to say nothing of the wild ride I take with Alice Bowron, I feel 'bout as much like walking as a hobo with sore feet.

So you bought one of Queen's puppies in advance. I bet you pay a pretty penny for it, too. What? A hundred dollars? Why that's dirt cheap, young man, dirt cheap for a puppy of that class. To be delivered at ten weeks? Well, you have eight weeks to wait yet, but I suppose you do want to see it. I don't blame you, and let me tell you, you never see anything as pretty in all your life. We'll go over in a few minutes, just rest yourself a little. No thanks. I prefer my old corn cob here to cigars every time, seems more comfortable like. Tell you about the All Southern? Sure, I'll tell you and be glad to. It's a great race all right, a great race; but it's a mess too, that is, it liked to have been.

I think I tell you when you are here before, right after the National, all about John Kincaid and Alice Bowron? How John's father, old Colonel Kincaid, dies without realizing his life's ambition to breed an Irish setter to win the National Field Trial Championship; how on his death bed he passes the passion, you might say, over to John; how John carries on; how he wants to marry Alice Bowron, and how in a fit of pique she says she will marry him when he breeds an Irish setter that wins the National. I also think I tell you about this year's National? How John's great, upstanding, big going Irishman, King of Mapledale, he's counting on to win, gets sick the day before and John won't let him run, but how a little Irish setter bitch, handled by old Jim Event, jumps in and wins as great a race as ever is run. And how it comes out the bitch is one of John's own puppies, Queen of Mapledale, he gives Alice when just a couple of months old. I think I tell you all this, don't I?

Well, after the National everything is lovely for a spell. Old General Bowron, Alice's father, is delighted down to his heart, although he's a pointer man and can't quite forgive a red water spaniel, as he calls the Irish setter, for winning. But you see old Colonel Kincaid and he fixes up

the marriage of their two children when they're just little shavers, and now when it looks more like a sure 'nuff mating up on their part than ever, he's just tickled plumb sick.

One evening 'long about sun down I and the missus are taking a little drive in our flivver and just opposite the General's front gate, wham! out goes a tire. What with my lumbago I'm having a time changing it when the General spies us. Nothing will do but we must come in and sit on his gallery while he lets one of his boys change the tire for us. I'm not adverse, as I might say, so we're a sitting there rocking and talking when Alice and John ride up.

They do say that the course of true love never run smooth, and from the fire flashing from Alice's big blue eyes, and the square set of John's jaw it is plain as the nose on your face they are in the throes of a lovers' quarrel.

They both speak to us just like nothing has happened, and Alice asks John to come up and sit down in that over polite way that says, "Don't you dare do it."

"Well! Come and get 'em!"

But just out of spite, John does come up and sit down a spell, and the General and I and he talk off to one side about dogs and such, while Alice talks to the missus. However, John doesn't stay very long and when he goes Alice makes some excuse and takes the missus into the house and leaves the General and I all alone.

"Well," I begin, not being able to hold my curiosity any longer, "what you reckon's got into those two young uns?"

"You can search me," the General comes back. "I can't get them. Here they've been fooling around for three years or more trying to make up their minds to do like I and Bob Kincaid want them to, and just when everything looks set here they go and bust things up. Alice told me this morning that they were through and when I tried to argue with her she just put her nose in the air and told me where to head in. I've a good mind to hog tie her and make her marry him."

"Better go slow, General, better go slow," I put in sorta soothing like.

"Dammit, I've been going slow all these years, and now I want a little speed."

"Alice hasn't told you what's the matter?" I asked.

"No, she hasn't, but I have my suspicions. However, when I saw them riding off together this afternoon I hoped they would patch it all up, but I rather think from their looks that they didn't."

"Yes," I come back, "unless my eyes deceive me they are about as far from the thoughts of the holy bonds of matrimony as they are from the North Pole."

Just then a little, low, red roadster purrs up to the front gallery and comes to a stop, and a biggish sort of a young man dressed in a loud suit, with bright yellow shoes and a turned down hat jumps out and runs up the steps.

"Hello, General," he greets. "Where's Alice?"

"She's in the house, busy," the General returns, not over enthusiastic, and then goes on, "This is Mr. Tom Carson. Tom, my cousin, Doctor Percy Lindrom."

"How do, Tom," the doctor says indifferent like, but doesn't offer to shake hands, and right then and there I have about as much use for Doctor Percy Lindrom as an Irish setter has for fleas.

"I'll go on in if you don't mind," he continues, and busts right in the door without waiting for the General's permission.

"Huh!" the General snorts and I grin.

"Nice little cousin you have," I say.

The General snorts again.

"Tom," he says. "Tom, honest to God I can't help it."

"How come," I ask.

Beechy Boy holds 'em.

"Well," he goes on sort of sheepish like, "it's my cousin Alice's son, and—"

"*It* is good," I interrupt. "If there ever was an it, *it* is."

"You sure have made the correct diagnosis, Tom," the General agrees, feeling. "But as I say, this big hunk of cheese is my cousin Alice's son, and she was more like a sister to me than a cousin—my Alice is named after her—so when she wrote me that Percy—Percy, my God, what a name for a he man!—was coming here to open an office in town, what could I do?"

"I must admit," I agree, "that your cousin sort of put it up to you."

"That's not the half of it," the General goes on. "You have no idea what I've had to put up with. Why, do you know, Tom, that whippersnapper hadn't been here two days before he was telling me all about how to train my pointers for the All Southern, and damme I don't believe he ever saw a dog on point before."

"Well," I asked, "what you going to do about it?"

'Do? What the devil can I do?"

"I'm sure you can search me," I come back not very encouraging, "but mebbe something will turn up."

Just then Alice and the missus come out on the gallery, and as our flivver is ready the missus drags me on home. She don't say a word on the way home, and after living with her nigh onto fifty years I know enough not to make any enquiries, also knowing from her actions that she is about busting open and will tell me everything she knows in her own good time. I'm not saying that I'm not about equally busting open with curiosity, but I manage to sit tight and say nothing. Well, after I put Lizzie to bed in the garage, and come in and sit down by the kitchen stove while the missus is frying the eggs and dishing up the grits she begins.

"Well of all the fool men," she starts out.

"Who?" I ask innocent like. "Me?"

"No, not you this time. John Kincaid."

"O—h! How come?"

"How come? Just because he is."

"That's a good reason." I remarked, sarcastic.

"Sure it is," she comes back. "But if you want a better one it's because he's acting like he is."

"What do you mean, acting like he is?"

"Well, in the first place he's acting like a fool about Alice's Cousin, Doctor Percy Lindrom."

"Huh," I snort. "That jelly bean."

"Well, jelly bean, or no jelly bean, John Kincaid is the most jealous man I ever saw."

"I don't believe John Kincaid is jealous of that lounge lizard. He's got too much horse sense."

"If he has he's not showing it," the missus goes on. "Ever since the doctor came to town John has had it in for him, and has not liked it a bit when Alice has gone out with him. Her own third cousin, mind you, and him jealous of him. Finally it got to the place that he demanded that she stop going out with him. Demanded it! What do you think of that? Well, of course you know Alice. When anybody demands anything of her she is just about as apt to acquiesce as our old Dominick rooster is to stop crowing. Today was the limit and she up and gave him back his ring."

"Well," I say, beginning to hedge a little and taking up for my own well known sex, "well, I don't know but as I'd have done the same as John under the circumstances."

"You don't?" the missus comes back. "Well then all I've got to say is that you're as big a fool as John."

With that she begins slamming the dishes around and I retreat to the room and start smoking my old corn cob and try to figure things out. But it ain't no use, young man. The more I think the more I can't understand, and after a spell I start to reading the Field and try to forget John and Alice and their squabble, hoping though that everything will come out all right.

It's a couple of days later I'm out with old Bing there, as good a pot hunter as ever retrieved a quail, trying to get a mess of birds for supper. I get up a couple of coveys and have seven or eight birds in my pocket when I begin to hear a terrific bombardment off to my right a quarter or so away. It sounds like the whole Union army at Gettysburg. I kind of ease old Bing off over in that direction wondering who in Sam Hill could be wasting so much good ammunition and what he could be shooting at.

All at once I see a big black and white pointer dog bust out of a sassafrass thicket, run a little ways as if making game and come to a point in some sage grass. Old Bing sees him as quick as I do and promptly runs over and backs him. A few minutes later who should come out of the thicket but my friend, Doctor Percy Lindrom, dressed up fit to kill in English tweeds, knickers, you know, golf socks, white spats and a feather stuck in his hat. I like to die when I see him. He's carrying a big twelve guage automatic and is just busting his neck to get up to the dogs. Coming right after him, but sort of slow like and with a queer expression on her face is Alice Bowron.

Well the Doc is sort of surprised to see Old Bing, but he keeps on going up ahead of the dogs and flushes one of the biggest coveys of quail I ever see. He pulls up his gun and lets go five times as fast as he can pull the trigger, and would you believe it not a feather falls. Old Bing sure looks disgusted if ever a dog does look what he feels, and comes back over to me as much as to say, "The big bum, he couldn't hit a flock of barns."

The doctor storms around cussing to beat the band.

"If that damn red dog hadn't butted in I'd have killed a dozen," he says to Alice.

"Oh," she replies, her nose in the air, "I don't think he had a thing to do with it."

By this time I've come up close and both of them turn toward me.

"Better put salt on their tails next time, Doc," I remarked sarcastic like.

"The next time you keep your damn red dog out of the way," he rails at me.

"I won't have to *keep* him away from you, sonny," I come back. "He knows your kind of sports, and you bet he won't bother you any more."

"Now, Uncle Tom," Alice speaks up, "you and Percy mustn't quarrel. Come let's send Dick and Bing on and try to get another covey. I'm sure Percy will do better next time."

"Please, Uncle Tom," she adds in an undertone when I hesitate.

So what can I do, young man? When a pretty girl asks you to do something and says please, and that girl is Alice Bowron I must confess, much as I hate to go on with that tin horn sport, on I go.

Well it ain't more than five or six minutes till old Bing comes down on a point over to the right and a second later the pointer, Dick, freezes over about a furlong to the left.

The doctor gets excited and starts running toward the pointer. I and Alice walk over toward old Bing, but keep an eye on the Doc. When he gets pretty near up to Dick he stops running and eases himself up careful like beside the dog. Then we see him pull up his automatic and point it at the ground about ten steps ahead.

"Holy cats!" I cry, "He's going to shoot 'em on the ground!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes his automatic three times and Alice turns away.

Well, sir, that's too much for me, and I start running as fast as my old bones will carry me. The doc is picking up the dead birds, there are ten of them, and most of them all shot up so bad they can't be used. I'm so all fired mad I hardly know what I'm doing, but I pull up my little old twenty and point it right at him.

"You, blankity, blank, blank!" I shout. "You leave them birds alone."

"Wh—what?" he says, looking up and not knowing what to do.

"You hear what I say," I go on. "You leave them birds alone, and start traveling out of this field quicker'n you ever moved that good for nothing carcass of yourn or I'll fill it so full of bird shot you'll be picking them out of your hide for the next month."

He sees I mean business now and without another word he drops the birds and beats it as fast as he can.

Then I go over to where old Bing is still pointing. Alice is sitting there on a log crying as if her heart will break. I sit down beside her and start petting her a little.

"Come," I say soothing like. "Tell your old Uncle Tom what's the matter."

"Go flush the birds," she says through her tears. "Old Bing's held them long enough *(Continued on page 48)*

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters

536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217

Chicago, Ill.

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Issued Monthly—Single Copy 25c

Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

The Paths of Hokum Lead But to the Grave

THE greedy hand of commercialism is again reaching for the throat of the Superior National Forest under the guise of "roads for fire protection."

Once more that small ring of ambitious promoters visualizing the vast financial possibilities of this great virgin wilderness is making its periodical plea which in itself is rather offensive to American intelligence.

The question up now has to do with granting federal aid to the building of a public highway about seven miles east of Ely, Minnesota to Fernberg Lookout and another public road from Gunflint Lake to Sea Gull Lake.

A storm of protest against these projects has arisen and in a recent protest to the Hon. William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, it definitely pointed out that the only interest in this road construction lies in the personal avidity of exploiters who know the natural beauties of the east end of the forest.

This exploitation has already started at Gunflint Lake and now the road backers are anxious to exploit Sea Gull Lake through the selling of lots for resorts, the construction of a hotel and the introduction of all the paraphernalia of civilization which goes with the end of a road upon which thousands of automobiles travel.

Of greatest importance to the exploiters is the fact that the proposed project would open up what is now the most remote and beautiful section of the forest, and there is absolutely no demand whatsoever for the building of this road on the part of any citizens or public bodies in the state of Minnesota aside from a small ring frankly self-interested at Grand Marais.

The Superior National Forest is perhaps the last place where a person may spend a little time away from the stink of gasoline and the roar of civilization and we feel certain that those in power realize the terrible net result of this proposed encroachment.

What could be worse than the roar and rattle of the battalions of wheezy flivvers that would follow the construction of these roads; tons of waste paper, tin cans, and debris of all kinds, not to mention the *added hazard of loss by fire?*

As it now stands it is necessary to paddle or hike to the points of beauty and interest, and it must be obvious to all, that those who are too blooming lazy to hike it, or paddle it, would not appreciate these beauties upon arrival, and as a result would indifferently destroy everything worth while.

Conservation As a School Study

IF the Waltonian ideal is to be perpetuated, the study of conservation should be introduced in the curriculum of the public schools to inculcate in the minds of the youngsters a knowledge of the necessity of conserving our natural recreational areas.

It will be impossible for the coming generations to understand and love the out of doors unless its beauties and advantages are pointed out to them early in life.

Some states are recognizing the value of this early education and are including conservation as a public school study with good results.

This is not a book review column but in passing we think it only fit to congratulate Garrard Harris of Birmingham, Alabama, upon his recent book, "The Rudiments of Conservation," which contains much interesting data on the subject.

The River Stynx

IN that quaint Chicago district known as "back o' the yards," flows, or rather stands "Bubbly Creek," the surface of which is solidly covered with rotting grease and slime upon which the maggots gaily cavort.

At more or less regular intervals the gases gathered beneath the surface are released and a nauseating eruption takes place—hence the "bubbly."

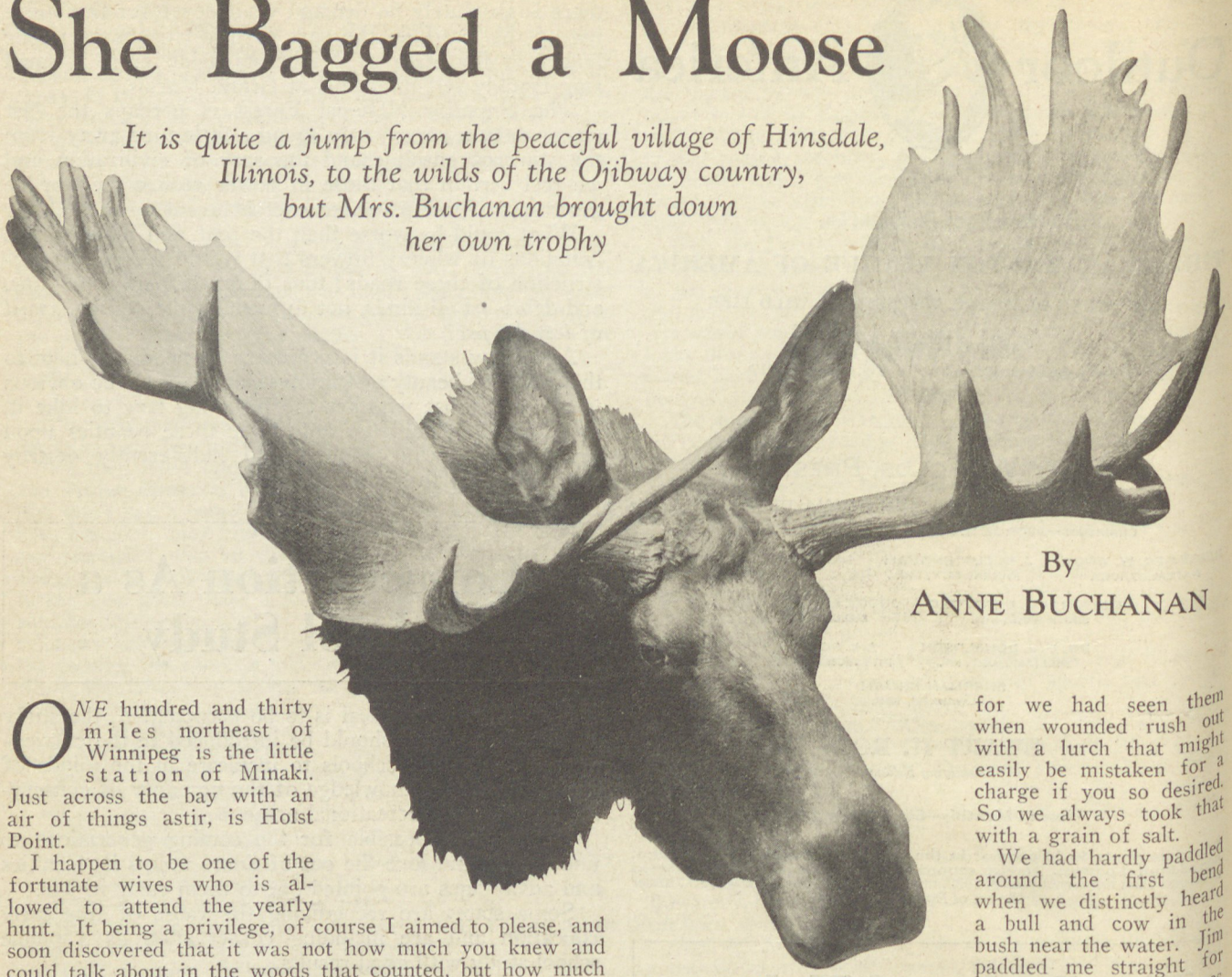
At the behest of national league officials we recently made a tour of inspection and photographed the "creek." It was a liberal education and we heartily recommend a similar tour to anyone interested in household economy—we didn't eat for two days afterward.

We have but one regret—it was impossible to photograph the smell.

To anyone contemplating this trip, we would suggest that they carry a skunk under each arm to rather neutralize the odor—yet undoubtedly the skunks would die a few minutes after being subjected to the aroma of "Bubbly Creek."

She Bagged a Moose

It is quite a jump from the peaceful village of Hinsdale, Illinois, to the wilds of the Ojibway country, but Mrs. Buchanan brought down her own trophy



By
ANNE BUCHANAN

ONE hundred and thirty miles northeast of Winnipeg is the little station of Minaki. Just across the bay with an air of things astir, is Holst Point.

I happen to be one of the fortunate wives who is allowed to attend the yearly hunt. It being a privilege, of course I aimed to please, and soon discovered that it was not how much you knew and could talk about in the woods that counted, but how much you did not say that achieved the desired result.

Jim was our head guide—a very efficient organizer; Alf, our good old cook, John Henry and Charlie, the game hounds.

I shall give my husband the nom de plume of "Dogima," really given him by the guides, meaning "Big Boss" in Ojibway, and his old reliable pal, who was with us, "Nuweesin," also supplied by the guides meaning, "When do we eat?" Myself, I'll just call "I" for reasons of my own for I have never understood why Dogima and Nuweesin crowned me with the title of "Cock-eyed Queen."

* * * * *

Of that glorious trip there is one incident that stands out vividly in my memory.

Jim had promised me a moose—a moose to be shot by myself.

It was nearing the end of our trip and Jim was worried because he said the next morning would be the last chance in the big moose country.

We had arrived at a favorite spot before the sun had risen. I sat in the front of Jim's canoe with Dogima's remodeled Springfield grasped in trembling icy fingers. Dogima and Nuweesin had decided during one of the "morning coffees" that Dogima would sit in Nuweesin's canoe with a gun in case I just wounded Mr. Moose, and he charged us. We had always smiled when anyone said that a moose had charged them, for we had seen them when wounded rush out with a lurch that might easily be mistaken for a charge if you so desired. So we always took that with a grain of salt.

We had hardly paddled around the first bend when we distinctly heard a bull and cow in the bush near the water. Jim paddled me straight for the place. The rising sun was shining through the trees at this exact spot and with the fog blinded me completely. I almost prayed for them not to come out and they must have heard me for they started back into the bush. Jim and John Henry conversed in muffled tones and turned the canoes toward camp. "There goes my moose," I thought, with a sinking feeling. But the guides evidently had different ideas, for they paddled up to the shore and signalled for us to get out.

"She'll get him in the bush," Jim whispered.

"If he doesn't get me first," ran through my mind.

Nuweesin decided to remain in the canoe, to avoid noise for us and wet feet for himself, for he had just worn moccasins. Dogima understood what we were doing when we made a wide swing. The guides hoped, as Dave had done, to surround them and meet them coming up. We could still hear them but they had gone fast and were ahead of us.

John Henry was first in the procession., then Jim, Dogima, and myself. We had not heard them for what seemed too long a time to me, when all of a sudden John Henry grabbed Jim and Jim grabbed my arm, pushing me up in the firing line, pointing frantically ahead. My head felt like a vacuum. I had bragged that I was going to imagine him a rock and shoot just as I did in target practice. But this thing I saw

AROUND THE BEND

Around the bend the water stills,
And deeper, darker, grows until
It forms a pool, within whose breast
Lie mighty bass that fiercely test
Their strength against the angler's skill.

These are the kings. The pulses thrill
To know such grace and beauty fill
The streams that always seem the best
Around the bend.

Cast in the line. Good luck or ill
Attend you, friend. This very hill
May hide your goal, and so with zest
Keep pushing forward in your quest—
The prize is there in pool or rill,
Around the bend.

JAMES S. HEARST

looking straight into my eyes did not resemble a rock in the least.

Jim whispered, "Take your time and shoot him in the breast."

I took my time all right, for I could not see the sight through the peep. Finally I shot. One leg gave way for a moment, then off he went into the bush, as Dogima said, "Goin' like Hellee." Dogima was sure he had gone for good but not so John Henry and Jim. So after lining up again, off we went in the direction he had taken.

The one thing I noticed was that unfortunately there were no large trees, nothing but scrub brush. We had walked for about two miles, when just as we were coming out into a little clearing, Jim grabbed my arm again and pushed me out into the open. On a little hill four hundred and fifty yards away, with his head erect, stood my moose.

"Aim this time, you can do it," entreated Jim.

I took deliberate aim and fired. Down he went.

"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!" urged Jim.

I emptied my gun. Yes, he was still down thrashing his horns back and forth on the ground while Jim, John Henry, Dogima, and myself gave a good imitation of a war dance, which was not exactly necessary for my moose had gotten up and was trying desperately to get into the bush.

"Oh, Dogima, shoot!" I implored.

He did and broke the leg just above the hoof. Then on account of argument as to distance, they paced it off. We were within about fifteen yards of the victim and I was inwardly admiring my horns, when he got up and turned completely around and let out a roar that Nuweesin, two miles away, said sounded like the whole woods had turned loose. Strange to say, I heard nothing at all. With eyes like balls of fire and lowered head, he charged us with his three remaining perfectly good legs. Dogima took deliberate aim and hit him. On he came.

"Run," yelled Jim, who had already started.

"What way?" I chattered.

"Zig, zag," yelled Jim.

"Zig or zag?" I screamed.

They say there's a certain quieting fascination that comes to one facing death. I thought of my children at home and thought I could much better have spent my time at home darning their socks than coming up here killing wild animals.

The thing that fascinated me most, however, was the expression on Dogima's face. I have only seen it one other time. The day we were married.

"Nuweesin," the "Queen," and "Dogima" with some real evidence.

The moose was then only twenty feet away and Dogima fired his last shot. It was all over then, a dead center shot. I found myself a limber jack pine and peeked around it to see John Henry stick a hunting knife into the animal's heart as a safety.

After searching for and finding my jacket, which I had unknowingly thrown off when Jim yelled, Dogima and I walked back to camp alone, leaving the guides to bring the head. A few days later, we were nearing the One Man Lake Indian Reservation, when Dogima saw a flash in the river ahead of us.

"Deer, Jim?" he queried.

"I do not know," replied Jim, slowing up.

Just then what we thought at first to be a big husky dog, came leisurely running down the bank toward us. Being so close to the reservation, we could not imagine it anything else. A tree had fallen into the river, and his object, evidently, was to cross on this tree.

"Dog, Jim?" Dogima asked again.

Jim had not taken his eyes off the animal.

"Shoot," whispered Jim.

Dogima shot and down he went into the water, under the log. Oh, the pleased look on Jim's face.

"Brush wolf, Jim?" Dogima asked, and my heart stood still for fear he would answer, dog. But no.

For six years we had wanted a timber wolf and all Jim answered was, "You got him now."

About two hundred yards down the river we saw what had distracted his attention. A little fawn was lying exhausted in the water on the other side of the river. The wolf had probably chased her for miles and the only reason we ever had had the chance to see it, was because he was so intent upon finishing his kill. A wolf hates to cross in deep water and the fallen tree he was making for would just serve his purpose. He limped a little as he ran, for he had lost one foot in a trap.

Nuweesin wanted a picture of the fawn. I was afraid another shock might kill her, but as Jim said that it would be a good thing to get her into the bush, Nuweesin paddled over and snapped her just as she raised her head.

We could hear a wolf howling off in the distance. It seemed to come nearer. Alf said something in Ojibway. Jim expected my usual remark of "No fair, Jim, what was it?"—so he smiled and told us that the wolf we heard was the mate of the one we had in the canoe and that Alf had suggested we camp on an island, which we did.

She was still howling when we shoved off the next morning.

(Continued on page 54)

A boatload of dead fish being brought to shore.

Tons of Fish Killed in Iowa

Terrific destruction of aquatic life in Shell Rock River gets action. Committee headed by Judge George W. Wood, of Waterloo, starts local protective association

By F. E. TRIGG

FIFTEEN tons of dead fish of all sizes and many kinds buried in a seventy foot trench in the town park at Greene, Iowa, and eight or ten tons more, dead and rotting, and strewn along the shores of the Shell Rock River, and its tributary, Lime Creek—this, in a sentence, is a summary of the havoc wrought to fish life by the latest and most acute pollution of this water course by the Mason City beet sugar factory since it started slicing beets in October, 1917.

Years ago, before the contamination of the waters of this stream by effluents from gas, packing and cement plants, untreated city sewage and more recently by sugar factory waste, it was a veritable fisherman's paradise, from which it was not an unusual thing to catch the limit of one- to three-pound small mouth black bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike in an afternoon.

Lime Creek, which joins Shell Rock just below Rockford, some thirty miles below Mason City as the stream flows, is a typical black bass stream. It is composed of alternating stretches of rapidly flowing riffles, on which chubs and shiners abound, and longer, slower flowing pools, rock or sand floored, and carpeted along shore by flat stones, the retreat of the succulent soft-shelled crab, which is the favorite food of the black bass during the summer months.

Picture such a stream as this, as it used to be—a winsome, sparkling, beautiful, life-supporting thing, a delight alike to fish and beast and man—debauched and degraded, during intervals of pollution, into a repulsive, opaque, loathsome, death-dealing, foul-smelling open sewer, in the latest pollution of which no living organism in a stretch of fifty miles survived except it had legs with which to crawl out of the stream or, as with the clams, could bury itself in the soft earth of the stream bed. And this desecration of one of the fairest streams in America was in and through a picturesque agricultural paradise that is unsurpassed. This is the dark side of the picture, but it has a brighter aspect. Yearly, between intervals of pollution, bass and other game fish and small fry of all kinds worked their way from Shell Rock up Lime Creek and found the condition of the water reasonably favorable. The ability of fish to re-stock a once polluted stream has been strikingly illustrated in the fact that literally millions of fish remained to be exterminated by this last pollution.

Another hopeful phase of the situation is the conviction in the minds of many who love clean streams and a beautiful outdoors, that this last sacrifice of fish life has not been in vain. Straightway, following this "slaughter of the innocents," the direct result of turning tens of thousands of gallons of Steffens-waste accumulation into Lime Creek by the sugar factory under cover of an expected freshet, most vigorous complaints were made by citizens in the afflicted area to the state executive and health departments concerning the outrage.

At an indignation meeting held at Greene, Thursday evening, July 8, and attended for the most part by members of the local and near-by Izaak Walton chapters, the situation was thoroughly discussed and plans were laid for preventing a recurrence of the conditions complained of. There were present at this meeting Judge Geo. Wood and A. C. Willford, of Waterloo, the former one of the vice-presidents of the Izaak Walton League of America, and the latter prominently identified with the work of the state organization. At this meeting serious criticism was voiced of the inactivity of the state departments and their failure to furnish relief for the recurring pollutions which had been perpetrated for years past. Moreover, the sentiment was expressed that if the proper authorities were to exercise one-tenth of the power at their disposal they could put an immediate and effective stop to the nuisance.

Before this meeting adjourned, a resolution was unanimously passed requesting the Iowa division of the Izaak Walton League to call the attention of the state executive council to the unbearable conditions existing and to bring such pressure to bear as would put an effective stop thereto; also in event of the failure of the executive council to act, that the Izaak Walton League take steps to raise funds to start action for the effective enjoining of the nuisance.

Immediately following the Greene meeting Harry Erwin, state executive secretary of the Izaak Walton League, was notified of the situation and interviewed Gov. Hammill at Des Moines, who appointed a special meeting of the council for the following Monday. This was attended by officials of the city of Mason City, representatives of the packing plant and sugar factory located there, by members of the state board of health and by some twenty-five citizens from the river towns in the affected area.

At the conclusion of the four-hour hearing, during which Dr. Griswold of the state board of health gave the results of the sanitary survey which had been made of the stream during the preceding six months, and a mass of damaging evidence was presented definitely placing responsibility for the outrage, the council adopted a resolution requiring the parties against whom complaint had been made to install at the earliest possible moment such additional equipment as would enable them to make their waste harmless, and providing for the employment of a disinterested sanitary engineer to see that the work was properly and promptly done.

Continuing the good work which had been started, Messrs. Erwin and Willford arranged for a meeting, which was held in Waterloo on Friday, June 16. The objects of this meeting were specific and two-fold—first, to organize the Izaak Walton chapters located in the Cedar and Shell Rock River drainage basins into an effective association to study and cope with the stream pollution question in this area; second, to make definite plans for raising funds and engaging legal talent looking to starting prosecutions and injunction proceedings against the offending parties. This meeting was attended by official and factory representatives from Mason City and Waterloo, by officers of the state Izaak Walton division, representatives of the state board of health and some members from nearby chapters.

Partly dug trench at Greene in which fifteen tons of fish were buried in quick lime.

Following organization, with Bert Willford as chairman, and Harry Erwin, secretary, a number of speakers were heard from. Superintendent Baird of the sugar factory referred to the difficulty of effectively treating the waste of his factory, outlined what had been done to handle the situation and asked for suggestions. Mayor Potter of Mason City told of the city's sewage disposal plant and of further improvements contemplated; visiting members of Izaak Walton chapters in the territory told of the tragic degradation of these streams; Dr. Griswold of the state board of health asserted that the more than three million people of the state possessed an inherent right to clean streams and a clean outdoors; while G. H. Radebaugh, manager of the Urbana-Cham- *(Continued on page 67)*

Mostly About Boys

Written by Young Waltonians and

Edited by BEN EAST

Wilbur Ashman, a nice string and "The smile that won't come off."

SEPTEMBER—Tuc-wot-thu, the Moon of First Frosts—has arrived. By the end of the month the hardy flowers of late summer will have been blackened by those first frosts. Weeds will be dead and dry in the meadows, clumps of sumac in the swamps turned scarlet, and the marshes brown and seared.

The first of the great flocks of wild fowl will be down, whistling over the marshes at sunrise, and one of the best seasons of the year is with us with their coming. Let's have some good stories of your early morning hunts in the Moon of First Frosts, on mornings when cold fog blanketed everything, and the whirring flocks came in close over the blind.

Dear Fellow Fishermen:

I just can't stand it any longer. I've got to get a seat by the campfire or die in the attempt. The main trouble with me is that I haven't had any unusual adventures to tell you about, so you will just have to listen to an everyday occurrence, because its the best I can do for you.

My trip started with a dream that I was fishing on my dear old Clear Lake, when all of a sudden I received a tremendous strike, and while pulling the enormous fish toward the boat it suddenly jumped clear of the water to seize me. Just then the alarm clock at the foot of the bed went off with a terrible bang.

Now as I live only four blocks from the lake, only a short time had elapsed before I was down at the boathouse, with my rod together and ready to start. Six or seven jerky strokes sent the boat gliding toward a rocky point directly under a large cliff. I cast four or five times and got one slight strike. The next cast fell short a few feet and lit near a small sand bar.

A green monster rose out of the clear water. He didn't stop or even hesitate, but smacked that bait with the force of an air hammer. My poor rod lurched, twisted and bent with his every motion. He swirled, leaped and dived, shaking his huge jaws like a bulldog. Seemingly after ages he gradually began to ease up, and I began to feel a little more human, and the cold sweat started to go away.

He gave a few more sudden jerks, but anyone could see his battle was nearly over. Slowly he turned on his side. I reeled him past the boat. With a swift grab fourteen and three-quarters pounds of northern pike lay in the bottom of the boat, panting and savagely gnashing his teeth.

The rest of the story, the walk home, the praise and envy of your friends, and the remarks of the old timers about its size, you fellows know all about. But ain't it a grand and glorious feelin' to have people say, "There goes a fisherman"?

CHUCK HERTER.

Catching a fifteen pound pike is not an everyday occurrence with many of us, by any means, Chuck. That's a real fish, and you told us a fine story about it. You won your place by the fire for keeps. Come again, any time.

Sherwood Hough and his pet squirrel.

Orlando, Florida.

Dear Editor and Boys:

Do you allow girls in your circle? I hope so, for I want to sit with you. I have enjoyed your stories a lot. Here in Orlando we go swimming all the year around. I have for pets a rat terrier, a black cat, Belgian hare rabbits, and a bay saddle horse that bucks when I get onto him, kisses me when I tell him to, neighs whenever he sees me, is faster than the wind, goes in swimming with me, and swims with me on his back. His name is Dynamite, and he is thirty-five years old.

I am sending a picture of me swimming on his back, and of my sister swimming with him.

I am ten years old and in the seventh grade. I like to hunt and fish, but am not as good at it as you fellows are.

SARALYN BAILEY.

Any girl that likes the outdoors, and has as unusual a pet as Dynamite is most certainly welcome to our circle, Saralyn. We hope Dynamite rounds

(Continued on page 49)

Harry Forbes in action.

Better Amateur Photography

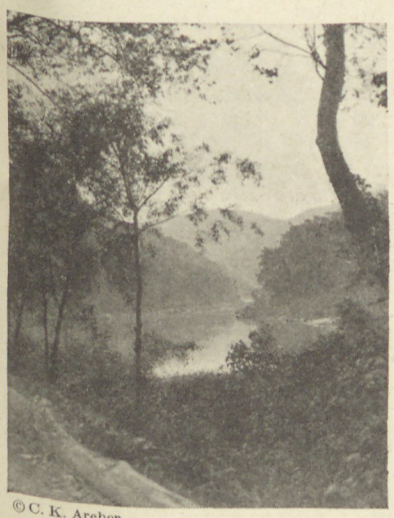
Everyone knows the disappointment of poor pictures that cannot be replaced

In this issue Mr. Archer, internationally famed for his pictures, gives a delightful account of his start in amateur photography. Since that time he has exhibited and won prizes at Dresden, Germany; Budapest, Hungary; Paris, France; Madrid, Spain; in addition to all American City Exhibitions

Edited by GEORGE H. HIGH
of the Chicago Camera Club

Some Helpful Hints

By Charles K. Archer



© C. K. Archer
The Mystic Vale.

ONE Monday morning some years ago the man who faced me across a desk in a big railroad office, brought out a little wooden frame with a piece of plain glass in it, and I wondered what he was going to do with it. I watched him place on the glass a small piece of film which appeared to be unevenly darkened and on top of this a glossy white paper. Then he fastened a hinged back on his frame and put it out on the window sill in the sun. So far this performance meant absolutely nothing to me, though my curiosity was growing with each step, and when a little later I caught him peeping under the hinged back of the frame, I could stand it no longer and asked him what it was all about—and then he let me peep too.

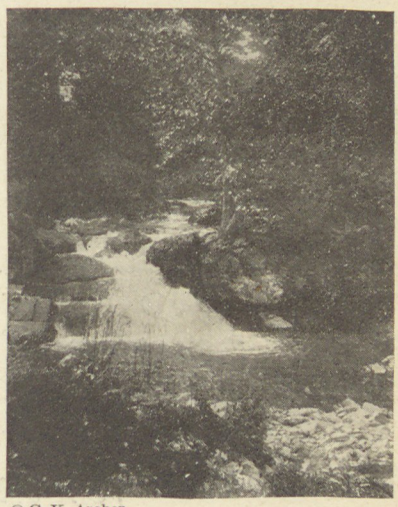
I shall never forget the thrill I got and my astonishment. Why! The sun was actually painting a picture on that shiny piece of white paper.

"Could anybody else make it do that? Could I?"

"Yes, if you know how."

That answer applies too well to so many things that are worth while. Most of our troubles are the result of not knowing how or why—and it is really not so hard to make good photographs if we are sincere in wanting to learn and follow its laws.

I was very anxious to find out all about the magic worked by the light on that piece of white paper. Of course, no one of us ever finds out all about it, but he can at least make the best of his photographic opportunities.



© C. K. Archer
A Waterfall.

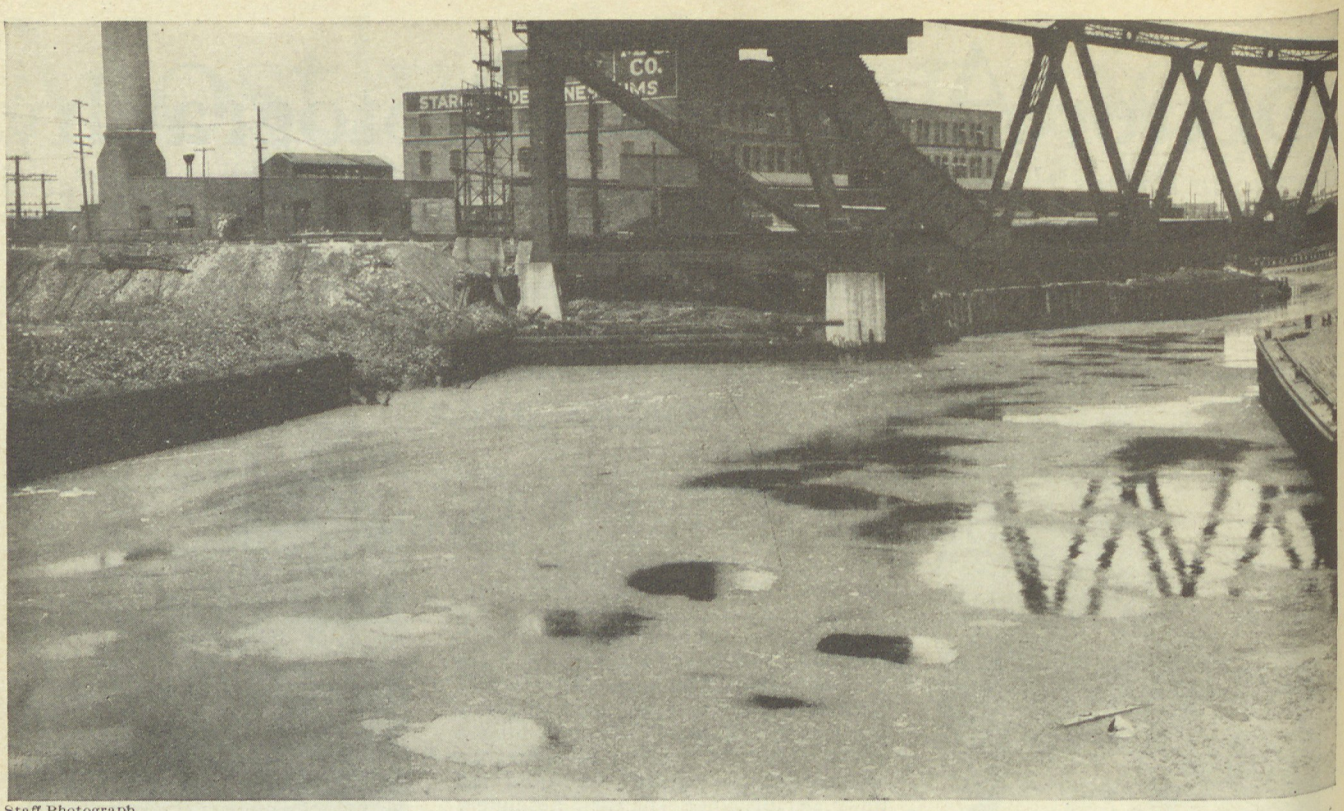
I haunted the camera stores and everybody else who could tell me anything about the sun-made picture, while I was saving enough money out of a junior clerk's salary to buy a camera, for I was engrossed with the desire to own one and to learn how to use it. At last the day arrived when I hurried home, the proud possessor of an outfit consisting of a 4x5 plate camera, two plates, a bottle of liquid developer, a pound of hypo and a package of blue-print paper.

Having exposed the plates on the way home, the most of that night was consumed in making a red-windowed box and developing the plates.

That was long years ago, but the years have not dulled my interest in photography nor lessened my joy in watching the negative image magically grow in the development tray. All of my earlier camera experience was in outdoor work, in the woods and along the streams. Collecting birds' eggs had been a hobby which kept me roaming the woods a great deal, but making pictures for their own

(Continued on page 56)

© C. K. Archer
That summer cottage.



Staff Photograph

"Bubbly Creek"—a nauseating section of the Chicago River. The bright spots are rings of water where the gas bubbles through the filth.

Some Dangers of Pollution

Dr. Forbes has had charge of the Illinois Natural Survey for the past half century and is eminently qualified to judge conditions as they exist

By DR. STEPHEN A. FORBES

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

IT is impossible to give a simple categorical answer to the question, "What is the effect of pollution by sewage upon the fishes of a stream and upon their food?" for the reason that the elements of the problem are very numerous and all of them are widely variable. The different kinds of fishes vary widely as to their sensitiveness to sewage pollution, and the susceptibilities of each kind of fish may vary with the different stages of the development and growth of the species, the young being more readily killed by pollution than the adults; sewages differ as to their ingredients and their harmfulness to fishes; and different streams subject to pollution differ very widely in ways to affect the seriousness and continuance of injurious conditions. All these variable features have their effects also upon the different foods of the different kinds of fishes, and through these upon the fishes themselves, and we have further to take account of the general and disturbing influence of other variables, such as climate, weather, change of seasons, dilutions, floods, and overflows, on this whole complex system of things and their interactions; and of the effect of dams, drainages, reclamations, and other artificial changes of the environment, on the stream and all that it contains.

We need not wonder, therefore, that with the imperfect knowledge and limited experience and varying points of view of most of us, opinions differ widely as to the nature, magnitude, and importance of the consequences of stream pollution on the interests represented by the Izaak Walton League.

Nevertheless, out of this welter of confusing, and often conflicting influences affecting the life of our streams, and of their fishes especially, there emerge, after such a study of the problem as has been possible to us, certain outstanding conclusions of high importance and unquestionable validity, and it is to these that I shall give principal attention without troubling you unnecessarily with doubtful or debatable matters of fact or inference.

It is because I have been rather peculiarly fortunate in opportunities to study this difficult subject for a long period of years, under extraordinarily favorable conditions, that I have been willing to undertake to open a discussion of it this afternoon.

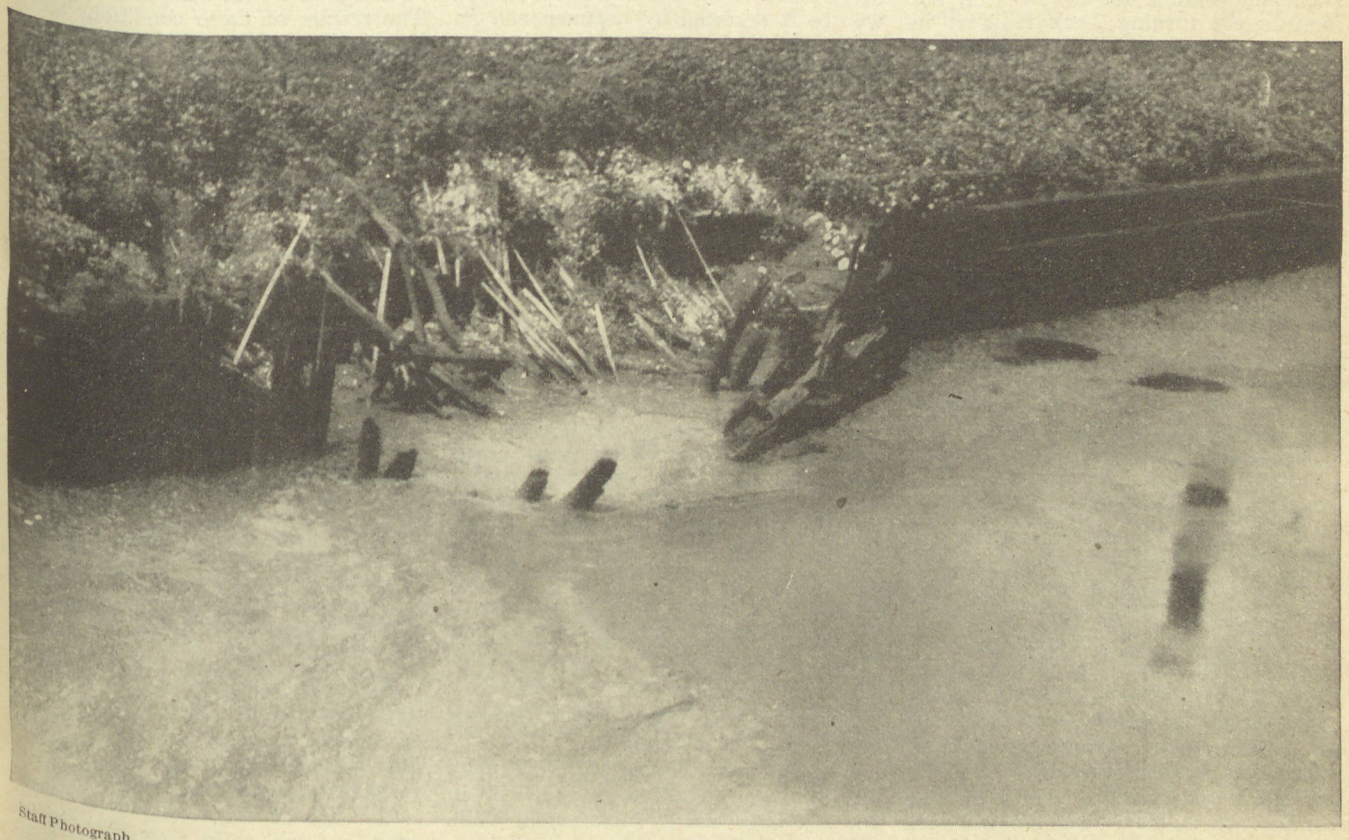
The Natural History Survey of Illinois, in whose work I have had a share and of which I have had the management since its small beginnings half a century ago, has given fairly continuous attention since 1894 to one of the most interesting cases of stream pollution in the country and perhaps in the world; and to our long continued studies of the Illinois River, we have lately added some three years' work on the biology of a widely different stream, the Illinois portion of Rock River from the Wisconsin line at Beloit to its confluence with the Mississippi at Rock Island.

Almost from the beginning of our studies of aquatic life we have had—and still have indeed—the unstinted aid and hearty cooperation of the Water Survey of the State of Illinois, which has been our authority in respect to everything chemical or bacteriological. It has, of course, been our duty also to examine the literature of research in aquatic biology and in streams pollution, both in this country and in the old world, and to bring results published elsewhere into comparison with our own, in order that we might have a broader foundation for conclusions than our limited personal experience affords.

Sewage pollutions are of two principal kinds as related to fishes and their food, namely, organic wastes on the one hand, which undergo decomposition in the water, mainly of household origin in cities and towns, but derived also from slaughter houses, dairies, tanneries, corn products plants, pulp mills, paper mills, etc.; and, on the other hand, so-called chemical or mineral wastes which are not subject to decomposition, and are derived from many kinds of manufactories, such as gas plants, metal industries, chemical industries, oil refineries, and salt works. These two general classes of pollution differ widely in their effects on fishes, those subject to decomposition using up dissolved oxygen in the water which is necessary to the respiration of fishes and of animals upon which fishes feed, and contributing to the water carbon dioxide which is injurious to fishes when it is present in excess. The chemical wastes are of various effect, none of them beneficial, some of them harmless, and others injurious in different degrees according to their origin and composition, the worst of them completely depopulating a stream into which they flow. They kill by their direct poisonous effect on the tissues of fishes, and especially on their delicate gills.

Our experiments have shown that fishes tend to avoid waters badly polluted by household wastes, keeping out of them or escaping from them where possible, so that this kind of sewage is rarely immediately fatal to them; but there are certain chemical wastes which fishes do not recognize as dangerous, and in which they remain with no effort to escape until they are first stupefied and then killed. In fact, our experiments show that fishes exhibit a kind of preference for some of those deadly pollutions and remain in them, when they have fresh water open to them, until they die. They are very curious about that. Among the wastes of this latter class are the wash waters of gas houses and the gases and tarry materials which they contain. The poisonous gases may presently escape, but the tarry materials settle to the bottom and persist there for an indefinite time as a coating which destroys all the natural life of the stream bottom—the principal food resource of many of our most important fishes. The organic or municipal wastes, on the other hand, as they escape from the sewers are at first repellent to the more sensitive fishes, that is to practically all the game species, but inoffensive and even attractive under some conditions to such as carp and the buffaloes, which are often more abundant at a sewer mouth than anywhere else, so that fishermen haul their nets there by preference.

These facts were well illustrated last fall and winter in Rock River, below Rockford, in northern Illinois, where game fishes were entirely wanting along the city front, but carp and buffalo were so abundant that fishermen working with 400 feet seines were bringing them out in hauls of one or two tons each; while in the comparatively clean water above the town their nets were bringing out, along with carp and buffalo, suckers, catfish, pike, bass, and crappies and other sunfish in the usual proportions. The carp and buffalo taken from polluted water here were not relished as food, however, on account of their strong taste, due to the absorption of sewage flavors into their flesh. This calls to mind an observation made by me many years ago when I found the fishes of the Wabash River below Terre Haute so impregnated with the flavor of tarry wastes from a small petroleum refinery there, that the whole house smelled of kerosene when fish from the river were



Staff Photograph

A little eddy in "Bubbly Creek"

being fried. Both of these instances are illustrations of the surprising indifference of certain kinds of fishes to pollutions which saturate their bodies without obvious injury, but drive the more sensitive, and as it happens, the more desirable, fishes out of the place as intolerable.

We had experiences to these same effects many years ago on the Illinois River at Peoria, when we found catfishes of two species, the gizzard shad, the common red horse, and two of the buffaloes feeding at the mouths of sewers on distillery slops. This was long before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law, and these fishes were quite within their legal rights; but I am sure, notwithstanding, that they were taking these distillery products as a food and not as a stimulant.

The effects of a factory waste may diminish as they are diluted downstream, much more quickly than those of the organic wastes of municipalities, for the decompositions presently set up or intensified in the latter make them much more injurious than before, and when the crisis of this stage of degeneration is reached, fishes of every description avoid the stream as pestilential, a condition which we saw illustrated in the upper part of the Illinois in 1911, when not a fish of any sort could be found for several miles from the river's origin, although we fished with every kind of apparatus, including even dynamite cartridges exploded under water. There was an abundance of fish at the time in tributary streams and lakes, and carp were sometimes seen lined up along the borders of the polluted stream and even swimming into it for a few feet, but immediately turning back from it in disgust.

This recognition of danger from deoxygenated water, which begins at once to suffocate the fish, explains the fact that we have never seen fishes killed outright by sewage of the municipal type, unless they are so trapped in it that they could not get away. Examples of this latter kind were seen repeatedly last year when the Illinois was frozen over. Fyke nets or hoop nets set in lakes so connected with the river that its polluted water penetrated them would perish to the last one in the nets over night; while in adjacent lakes which the river did not reach, every fish was alive when the nets set there were raised. In other places where the water was not too heavily polluted and most tolerant fishes might be still living, but their flesh was so rank with offensive gases that they could not be eaten or sold until they had been kept in clean water for a time to soak out the gassy flavors.

When the upper end of our river was heavily polluted, all the native plankton of the stream—that is to say, all of the minute plants and animals which float in the water, too small or too feeble to stem the current or to escape from its flow—was exterminated and replaced in great measure by a new population adapted to pollutional conditions—bacteria, protozoa, and other forms or kinds such as are found in the septic tanks of a sewage disposal system. In such places solid objects were coated with sewage fungi and the bottom sediments were filled with sludge worms and midge larvae able to live where the oxygen supply was at its minimum.

Farther down the stream, where fishes of hardy habit can still live, the nets of fishermen become coated with these clinging growths, both animal and vegetable, until the meshes are clogged and the nets refuse to work; and when they are drawn out, it is a long and tedious task to clean and tar them and get them into working order again. The larvae of the polluted streams of the river bottom often give rise to a local nuisance near the river by hatching out clouds of midges which cover windows, enter houses through screens, making pavements slimy with their dead bodies, and are intolerable along the river front. The worst conditions are to be found, however, not in the water or in the air, but on the river bottom which is fouled with a stinking mud full of sludge worms and the larvae of midges and coated with sewage fungi. Chunks or cakes of these break loose from the bottom, borne up by the gases formed within them, and float downstream until they reach cleaner water where they break up and disappear. If one draws a naturalist's dredge on such a bottom, its course is marked by a line of bubbles of marsh gas released from the infected and infested sediments, and with them come odors which remind one of a neglected privy. A stream in this condition, I need not say, is not an attractive place of pleasure resort for any purpose, and we see it deserted by boatmen and an offense to river travelers, if such there are, and cottages on its banks are left untenanted in summer, for this is when the river is at its worst.

These effects of a pollution of the *water* of a stream are superficial and temporary as compared with those which reach the *bottom soils and sediments,* and much less important, for it is in the latter that the principal food resources of the stream population are to be found.

The clams, snails and other shellfish, and the crawfishes, shrimps, worms and insect larvae which live on and in the bottom, and the plant growths in the shallow water along the margins of the stream among which these lesser creatures swarm, are the great fundamental sources of supply of food for fishes, and of the food of their food.

Only a few fishes can strain out of the water itself any considerable amount of its plankton, for only a few of them have any adequate straining apparatus in their gill chambers with which to separate this minute prey from the water that passes through their gills in respiration.

Their young, it is true, live upon this plankton while they are still in the fry stage and to some extent while they might be classed as fingerlings, and they could not get their start in life without it, but the older fishes with but few exceptions would speedily starve if they were confined to it for their living. These must browse and root and dig and range the bottom in search of a larger prey or hunt it down among the water weeds, and if the bottom is barren or foul where they are, they must emigrate or starve.

I remember many years ago when I was up on Lake Superior I went out one morning with a hand apparatus from the hotel with the idea of walking along the piers by the steamboats and fishing out some minute life of the lake. The water is so pure the laboratory people use it in place of distilled water, but I came in bringing several bottles full of creatures that they had never seen or heard of before.

Now, in heavily polluted streams the pollution of the *water* flows away with the current and fresh water comes in constantly to be polluted in turn; but the *bottom muds* stay fast, or comparatively so, and in them the foulness accumulates with no sources of clean supply for their continuous renewal. They become like the sediments or sludge of a septic tank, and our analyses of Illinois River muds in a badly polluted section have shown a striking parallel between the two, both being composed of the same ingredients in substantially the same proportions. As a consequence, the serious effects of pollution extend downstream on and in the bottom much farther than they do in the flowing stream itself. In the latter they are diluted and carried away, in the former they are added one to another, day after day and month after month, with the effect that we have a corrupted bottom much farther downstream than we have a polluted current. The results of these conditions are to be seen in a study at different intervals of the life of a large river in which pollution is rapidly increasing. We made such comparative studies in 1915 and 1920 of the bottom animals of a section of the Illinois River and discovered the surprising fact that where there was in 1915 a grand total of 5,180 pounds per acre of small bottom animals, this amount was reduced, after five years of the World War had greatly increased the output of sewage from Chicago slaughter houses, to only 240 pounds per acre in the river itself—a diminution of nearly 96 per cent. Even in the bottomland lakes of this section, connected with the river at all stages of water, and merged with it completely in times of overflow, this reduction had also been 96 per cent; and the area of lake bottom occupied by aquatic plants had fallen in these lakes from about 42 per cent in 1915 to less than two per cent in 1920—a loss of 95 per cent in acreage in these five years.

What I have given you thus far is a general picture of extreme conditions in a large river of slow current, very heavily polluted at its source, as seen in midsummer when the effects of pollution are at their maximum, but at other seasons, or in a smaller, swifter, shallower stream they would be much

A river was never made for the purpose of carrying filth.

less extensive and far less serious. To enter into details on these differences, however, would make this discussion bewilderingly complex and this paper much too long for our progress, and I will illustrate only by a single instance within our experience.

In late August and early September in 1914, a biologist of the Survey staff, Mr. R. E. Richardson, made an examination of Fox River, a considerable tributary of the Illinois, because of complaints of the effects of contamination by sewage from the neighboring cities of Elgin and Aurora, which had together a population of about 60,000, all of whose wastes were emptied into the stream without treatment or dilution. Opposite the sewer outlets and for some distance below in both these towns there were no living creatures in the sediments except the sludge worms and midge larvae of a corrupted bottom, which had completely replaced the native inhabitants of the stream; but the shallow little river was carrying a flow of only 173 second feet as against 8,000 to 9,000 second feet in the Illinois at the mouth of the Fox; and with its shallow depth and hence its freer exposure to air and sunshine, its readier absorption of oxygen from the air and from the green plants which began to reappear in it even within the towns themselves, it was so quickly restored to virtually normal conditions and that only two and one-half miles below each town its plant and animal life differed in no appreciable degree from that of unpolluted water. Between such extremes as these of the Fox and the Illinois, there is abundant room for many gradations, each a problem in itself, to be solved only by separate special study —a point in this discussion to which I shall presently return.

And now it is time to turn to another view of the effects of streams' pollution, *municipal sewage*, for there are two sides to the picture and for a fair and intelligent judgment, we must present them both. When we follow a large contribution of municipal sewage from its entrance into a river of considerable size, downstream to the final disappearance of its effects on the life of both water and bottom, we find its course distinguishable into three clearly contrasted phases—not sharply marked off but shading into each other gradually, widely different, however, in their climax areas. In the earliest of these phases, beginning at the sewer mouth, we find its organic contents little altered as yet, and so continuing downward for a distance varying, of course, with the size and depth of the stream, the rate of its flow, the temperature of its water, the character of its banks, whether abrupt or gradually inclined, and various other features too numerous for rehearsal here. The particles and fragments it contains are still largely edible to many animals, including fishes of scavenger habit, but useless to those of more fastidious tastes and quite so to all the young of every kind of fish. This fresh sewage has little effect at first upon the dissolved oxygen of the water which dilutes it, but further on, in its second phase, a decomposition process, begun perhaps in the sewer itself, reduces the oxygen below a ratio at which fishes can live.

The clean water animals disappear and are succeeded by sludge worms, midge larvae, sewage fungi, and a multitude of other organisms virtually unknown to an unpolluted stream—a new world of life adapted to pollutional conditions.

Still farther down the products of this decomposition process have become organized by oxidation as nitrites and nitrates—compounds fit now for the nutrition of minute plants upon which the animals of a normal plankton can be nourished, and we find the river—the water first and the bottom farther on—*fertilized* in this way for a more abundant crop of its native plants and animals than it could otherwise produce. It begins to swarm with a numberless host of these, one kind feeding upon other kinds and these upon others still until even fishes are reached by a more abundant food supply than could have been offered them by the unpolluted stream.

Comparing the plankton content of the Illinois River in two very similar seasons, one of them two years before the opening of the Sanitary Canal of the Chicago District and the other ten years after that occurrence, we found the river plankton, in a section of the stream 200 miles below Lake Michigan, from three to five times as abundant in the later year as in the earlier—an unmistakable indication that the river had then been immensely enriched in this part of its course, with the foundation materials of aquatic life; and the question at once arose whether this enrichment in the third phase of our series might not have cancelled, or even overbalanced indeed, the injuries done in the second.

But before this question can be answered confidently, we must know the answer to a subordinate and very difficult one. Is the quantity of food in the unpolluted stream a limiting factor in its fish production? It may be that there is something other than the mere abundance of their food supplies which fixes the number of fishes which can live and thrive there and reach maturity and reproduce their kind. If there is, then more food will not make more fishes, and the losses of the second phase of pollution are not replaced by gains in the third.

(Continued on page 58)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

Among those attending the Texas Convention were: T. B. Warden, J. I. Carter, T. E. Willis, Wm. Tucker, Charles W. Folds, Judge Wood, Seth E. Gordon and Judge Floyd.

The Texas State Convention

By Robert Nesmith, *State Secretary*

THE Third Annual Convention of the Texas Division of the Izaak Walton League opened at Marshall, Texas, in the K. C. hall on the morning of July 26.

A three day convention had been planned and every detail had been arranged to take care of the visitors expected. Judge Floyd, the State President, opened the convention, and after the invocation by Reverend S. H. Frazier, addresses of welcome were given by T. B. Owens, mayor; Hobart Key, president of the Chamber of Commerce; and Jesse I. Carter, president of the Marshall Chapter. All of them stressed the fact that it was not necessary to extend a formal welcome to visitors to East Texas because of the well known Southern hospitality that always existed there.

Judge Tom L. McCullough of Dallas responded ably. Judge Escar Floyd then introduced and called upon National President Charles W. Folds, who gave a very interesting address on general conservation work in which the League is interested throughout the United States and Canada.

Judge Floyd then gave the president's report outlining the accomplishments of the Texas Division during the past year and complimenting Mr. Turner E. Hubby, State Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner, on his co-operation during the past year and especially on the fact that Mr. Hubby refused to have the new hatchery at Tyler named in his honor and, instead, insisting that it be called the Izaak Walton League Hatchery.

Mr. Hubby then gave an interesting report of the accomplishments of his department during the last fourteen months stating that they now had thirty-eight game preserves in the state, three new fish hatcheries completed, and two under construction.

The secretary's report was read by myself. This report showed that when Judge Floyd and myself assumed office there were only fifty-two chapters in the State and that now we have a total of one hundred and thirty-six. The membership has been almost tripled during this time and a great deal of this was due to the splendid cooperation of Mr. Hubby.

B. B. Johnston, State Treasurer, then made the treasurer's report, showing the actual financial standing of the Texas Division. After the appointment of the various committees the meeting was adjourned until 2:30.

At 2:30 the convention reassembled and addresses were given by National President Charles W. Folds; Judge George W. Wood, first vice president of the National Izaak Walton League; Mr. Jack R. Cunningham, president of the Missouri Division and a member of the National Executive Committee; Mr. Seth E. Gordon, who is now in charge of the Extension Department of the Izaak Walton League. All of them gave interesting talks along conservation lines, pleading for co-operation by the members and State Divisions and National Headquarters.

The committees then reported. The nominating committee recommended the following officers who were elected unanimously:

President—Judge Escar Floyd, Dallas.

First Vice Pres.—W. J. Tucker, Longview.

Second Vice Pres.—Dr. J. A. Stanfield, Ft. Worth.

Third Vice Pres.—A. D. Jackson, College Station.

Fourth Vice Pres.—R. H. Ames, Amarillo.

Secretary—R. E. Nesmith, Dallas.

Treasurer—B. B. Johnston, Dallas.

Directors—Judge Escar Floyd, Dr. J. A. Stanfield, R. E. Nesmith, A. D. Jackson, B. B. Johnston, R. H. Ames, W. J. Tucker, Joe Bibb, Harry McKay, E. G. Hill, George B Taliferro, Gus Shreiner, E. Z. Crowdus, Otis E. Scales, R. B. Lawrence.

The resolutions committee reported the following resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

1. Recommending that the Texas Division introduce and support a bill in the next session of Legislature creating a State Park of Caddo Lake and such lands adjacent thereto as may be acquired.

2. Commending Mr. Turner E. Hubby and his administration of the

T. E. Willis, of Shreveport, National Director I. W. L. A.

Power Cruiser "Waltonian" on Caddo Lake owned by John M. Lott of Shreveport, La.

Game, Fish, and Oyster Department.

3. Offering sympathy in the deep sorrow which has come to our beloved friend and officer, R. H. Ames of Amarillo, through the untimely death of his daughter.

4. Reaffirming our allegiance and fidelity in the National Organization and to its newly elected officers.

5. Resolution of gratitude and appreciation of the generous hospitality and enjoyable time had by all to the Marshall Chapter, Jefferson Chapter, Chambers of Commerce of Marshall and Jefferson, and the Louisiana Chapter.

6. Instructing the Texas Division to prepare and introduce at the next session of the Legislature a bill making it unlawful to possess a net of illegal size.

At 6:30 a banquet was given in the basement of the First Methodist Church. Mr. Hobart Key was toastmaster and the invocation was given by Reverend Guy H. Wilson. Addresses were given there by Charles W. Folds, George W. Wood, Seth E. Gordon, Jack R. Cunningham, and Judge Escar Floyd. A musical program by Tim Atkins Orchestra was enjoyed during the repast.

Tuesday morning, July 27, the official party, which consisted of the National, State and local officers, was carried to Jefferson in automobiles where they were placed on board a motor boat and taken down the famous Caddo Lake to the Dallas Caddo Club House, arriving there about noon, where a barbecue had been prepared for all delegates and members. After enjoying the barbecue, the like of which only an East Texan can produce, addresses were given by the Hon. T. Whit Davidson, Seth E. Gordon, and Mr. E. H. Ratcliff. While the official party was on its way down the lake in the morning, the fishermen among the members were taken to the best place on the lake by the local members and allowed to fish to their hearts' content. Most of them reported fair success.

After the addresses in the evening a water regatta was held which included boat races, swimming contests, negro watermelon contests, etc., after which supper was served on the ground. Barbecue fried chicken, and other palatable dishes were served. It was with much reluctance that the delegates consented to the departure of Mr. Folds, Judge Wood, and Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Jack R. Cunningham remained over and Wednesday morning was taken down the lake in the famous Caddo Lake boat (Waltonian), which is the property of two loyal Waltonians of Shreveport, Mr. T. E. Willis and John M. Lott. The Waltonian continued down the lake to the dam which impounds the water.

Caddo Lake, in the words of Mr. Cunningham, "were it possible to move it into the neighborhood of Kansas City it would be worth tens of millions of dollars"; and the praise of the National Officers and State visitors and delegates for this great body of water which is approximately sixty-five miles long and covers an area of approximately ninety thousand acres, making the largest lake in the South, was heard on every side. The beautiful scenery in the various portions of this lake cannot be found in any other part of the United States. One particular beauty spot being that which is known as Mossy Break. Another is Carter Lake, and others too numerous to mention.

Upon the arrival of the delegates at Mooringsport, which is close to the dam, a luncheon was served by the Shreveport members of the delegates present. The convention was declared closed and the delegates departed for their various homes all praising the officers and local members and organizations for the wonderful time they had all enjoyed.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—Four thousand young bass were released recently in the major streams of Cape Girardeau county under the direction of Cape Girardeau chapter. The fish were sent by the State Game and Fish Department, at the request of the League.

* * *

St. John, N. Dak.—In a communication from Everett C. Stiles, Secretary, states that the local chapter has adopted the St. John Boy Scouts troop. The Waltonians plan to hold their annual picnic at Fish Lake a beautiful body of water to be opened to the public in 1928.

* * *

Philadelphia, Penna.—A splendid program has been arranged by Philadelphia Waltonians for the annual state convention to be held here September 27 and 28th. The Honorable Herbert Hoover, national honorary president; National President Charles W. Folds, and others of national importance plan to attend.

There will a sportsmen's show, a casting tournament, trap shooting contests, rifle and pistol events, whippet races, archery contests, trapping exhibitions, exhibits of wild life by the State Game Commission, and displays by the Fish Commission and the Department of Forests and Waters. Many other events of interest to sportsmen will later be added to the program.

* * *

Higginsville, Mo.—The local chapter recently stocked a lake of seventy acres with bass, crappies, blue gills and other fish and it is predicted that within two years this lake will produce some of the finest fishing in the county.

* * *

North Baltimore, Ohio—A splendid get-together meeting was held here recently. A. F. Long, state president spoke and with him on the program was the Reverend C. A. Sunberg of Springfield. On August 8th the chapter plans a picnic at Otsego Park on the Maumee River.

* * *

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Local Waltonians are planning the construction of a forty to sixty acre lake with cabin sites for the members. They are securing a number of nesting places for quail, the small areas the farmers agree to fence and keep free from stock. They are now experimenting with quail eggs under bantam hens.

* * *

Rochester, N. Y.—During a recent meeting of the local chapter it was reported that 40,000 steelhead trout, from three to five inches in length, had been brought from Oregon and placed in the surrounding trout streams.

Mrs. Marjorie Kellberg whose splendid photographs and writing are familiar to readers of Outdoor America.

© A. L. Scott

Sunset on the pools.

Kansas Active in Conservation

By A. L. Scott, President Kansas Division

THE first Kansas chapter was organized three years ago at Pittsburg. The movement rapidly spread to other towns and now numbers 155 chapters. Two years ago the League fostered a bill known as the Forestry, Fish and Game law. After a six weeks campaign of education, the measure was placed upon the statute books and approved by the Governor.

The Commission consists of five: the Governor, State Game Warden and three appointive members. Its duties are to acquire title to lands and waters, to impound large bodies of water, plant forest trees on such stated owned properties, police them and make them into recreation grounds and set them aside as Forestry, Fish and Game Preserves.

The Kansas Legislature was induced to do something in the way of recreation for its own people who do not wish to, or who cannot afford to go to Minnesota and Colorado. The Commission has made an extensive survey of the state, traveling nearly 7,000 miles.

One of the sites recently selected is in Neosho County and there will be constructed a lake consisting of about 125 acres and a fish hatchery. Trees will be planted on the site.

Another site selected is in Crawford County where a 400 acre tract of land four miles North of Pittsburg was donated by citizens of that city to the Commission. The site is located on a national highway of concrete construction extending from Canada to the Gulf.

On this tract are nearly 150 acres of long pools of water ranging from ten to thirty feet in depth. Years ago the miners went down into the bowels of the earth and took out the deep vein of coal. Something like a dozen years ago the steam shovels uncovered on the South half of the proposed site, the top vein of coal. It was in this way the pools were made. Through this tract of land there had been a small creek or stream which afforded natural drainage prior to the advent of the big shovels. These steam shovels, some of them the largest in the world, do not usually beautify the landscape. In uncovering the coal the land is turned upside down and piled in rows similar to sweet potato ridges. Everybody is not pleased to see our landscape converted into dumps of clay and shale. The idea of reclaiming this land and conserving it for useful purposes has challenged the thought of progressive citizens. What have been abandoned tracts of ground may thus be converted into places of scenic beauty. The fact that vegetation of various kinds is now growing on the older half of the proposed site indicates that valuable timber may also be grown there. It is claimed with these ridges planted in walnut trees, the land in time would be worth many times its original value from a mineral standpoint.

The State Commission has no idea of leveling the ground on the park site but they wish to see these serrated places adorned with useful forest trees and at the same time retaining their miniature mountain-like appearances. Thus with forest trees growing on these dumps the monotony of the level prairie country is admirably broken. Automobile roads are to be constructed through the tract alongside the many pools of deep blue water. Blackberries, dewberries and even wild plums grow on the banks of these lakes.

Occasionally fishermen take large bass from these lakes. Some are said to weigh better than four pounds. However the stocking of these pools with fingerlings for the past few years has not proved to be a propagation measure and it is claimed not to be in the interest of conservation. There is no cover for the small fish in these pools and the few large bass there, eat up the smaller fish about as fast as the fish hatchery can supply them. But spawning grounds are to be made adjoining these large lakes and with a competent fish culturist in charge, fishing will be as good, acre for acre, as it is in Minnesota. Who knows but in course of time Southeastern Kansas may be the center of a great recreation grounds? Stranger things have happened.

Aside from the reclamation feature of this supposedly ruined land, the state may some time experiment on similar plots of steam-shoveled lands by leveling them down and planting them to vineyards of grapes, peach, apple and cherry orchards. Even the making of produce farms is being strongly urged.

Thus a new and different type of population may be attracted to the steam-shovel lands of Southeastern Kansas which suggest the possibility of great wealth in the way of fruits and produce.

The improvements and upkeep of these Forestry, Fish and Game Preserves and Recreation grounds will not cost the taxpayers of Kansas a penny. All of this comes from the Fish and Game Department which is at present supported by fees from hunting licenses.

The automobile has made tremendous changes in the habits of our people. Over thirty million people annually get out in the great outdoors. Sentiment runs largely to parks, outdoor recreation grounds and to meet this growing sentiment the next Legislature may be induced to require a fishing license and thus provide additional revenue to take care of and establish similar recreation spots throughout Kansas.

Groff Dailey and his cub, Mary.

First Radio Chapter

PITTSBURGH holds the honor of having organized the First Radio Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. Through the cooperation of the famous broadcasting station, KDKA of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and The National Stockman and Farmer, a series of radio meetings of this First Radio Chapter are now being put on the air.

The meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month. They start at 8 p. m. Eastern Standard time and last for one-half hour. Each meeting is devoted to three distinct activities.

First, the outstanding activities of the national organization for the past month are covered.

Second, a special topic is assigned covering some phase of outdoor America.

The third division of the radio meetings is devoted to the definite problem of getting a larger membership into the League. The ideals and aims of the League are emphasized and much attention is given in showing what splendid results the League can accomplish.

Calumet Chapter is alive.

The following officers of the Izaak Walton League of America will act as committees:

General Chairman—Judge Nat. Foote, President Hamburg Chapter.

Vice-Chairman—O. H. Peters, President Buffalo Chapter.

Vice-Chairman — Ned Raymond, President Amherst Chapter.

Vice-Chairman — Sanford Hubbard, President East Aurora Chapter.

Vice-Chairman — H. Buezenburg, President Brant Chapter.

A part of "Scotty" Sparks' ranch.

Hamburg, N. Y.—A special Conservation department has been inaugurated for the Erie County Fair, Aug. 30 to September 4. Splendid exhibits and contests are slated for the gathering.

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION!

The Committee in charge of the conservation exhibit at the Erie County Fair wish to enlist the active support of all sportsmen in Erie County, and make the show representative of all Erie County Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America and Rod and Gun Clubs.

For that purpose, in order to stimulate interest in conservation and create a friendly spirit of competition and try and induce every sportsman to bring out his pet specimen, they offer the prizes, subject to some regulations.

Specimens for competition must be taken and owned by exhibitor, a resident of Erie County, N. Y.

First Canadian Chapter, organized at Newboro, Ontario, by A. P. Lodewick of Pennsylvania.

Grant Injunction Against Pollution

A preliminary injunction restraining A. Fischer, of this city, owner of the abandoned tannery plant at Hillsgrove, from dumping any of the contents of the vats containing tanning liquor into the Loyalsock, or in any other manner polluting the stream, has been granted by Judge Terry, of the Wyoming-Sullivan judicial district.

M. E. Shoemaker, state fish warden, served notice of the injunction on Mr. Fischer here this morning. The papers were issued here by Judge Terry, at Tunkhannock, and the action is returnable some time in the near future at Laporte, Sullivan county.

Action by Judge Arthur C. Dale, former judge of Centre county, now special deputy attorney general in charge of stream pollution investigation and prosecution, in obtaining the injunction, followed a report by the

Waverly Chapter's Outing.

Williamsport chapter of the Izaak Walton League that a large quantity of tanning liquor had escaped from two vats at the tannery and had spread out over a large area of ground, constituting a grave menace to the Loyalsock. Some of the liquor reached the stream, it is reported.

Last Wednesday evening word was brought to Williamsport by two fishermen, to the effect that the valves on two vats were opened and that the fluid was escaping.

Walter E. Wolfe, secretary of the Izaak Walton League, and J. August Beck, vice president; E. S. Greenwood, F. W. Tepel and Charles Snyder went to Hillsgrove to investigate. They found that residents of the village, who had discovered conditions on Sunday, had made ineffectual efforts to plug the vats. The local men drove plugs into the vats, stopping the flow, but they estimate that about 5,000 gallons had escaped. The tanning liquor was of the consistency of soft tar, and tests showed that it was highly soluble.

The next morning Mr. Snyder, who is a state game warden, returned to Hillsgrove and with the aid of local residents, plowed a ditch around the flooded area to prevent the tanning liquor reaching the creek.

Reports were immediately made to Harrisburg and the sanitary water board and fish commission took immediate steps to cope with the situation. Mr. Shoemaker was sent to Hillsgrove at once and has been there almost continuously since. Judge Dale visited the scene last Thursday and made a complete investigation. He then started the injunction proceedings.

Samples of the escaped fluid were brought to Williamsport. A minute quantity placed in a half pint of water colored it so that it resembled coffee, and a chub placed in the water died within a few minutes.

It was learned today that Warden Shoemaker remains in charge of the situation at Hillsgrove and that at the direction of the state officials workmen employed by Mr. Fischer are engaged in cleaning up the escaped fluid and restoring it to the tanks.

The nature of the fluid is such that if it were permitted to remain on the ground a rain would dissolve it and carry it into the creek.

Waterloo, Wis.—The local chapter has planted wild rice in three different localities in the vicinity and put in twenty-five cans of bullhead spawn. They recently planted ten cans of brown trout in five different streams suited to their requirements in a radius of five miles of the village.

* * *

Shickley, Neb.—Shickley Chapter has adopted a portion of the Blue River south of town for the purpose of keeping it clean from pollution.

* * *

Viborn, S. D.—The local chapter recently completed a successful membership drive.

* * *

Tiffin, Ohio—An active campaign is being carried on against the practice of clam digging which ruins bass spawning beds. The Ohio Division is backing the campaign and plans to take it to the state legislature.

* * *

Marysville, Kans.—Local Waltonians are looking forward to the construction of a one hundred acre lake in their vicinity.

* * *

Daytona Beach, Fla.—The chapter recently held a State bait and fly casting tournament. This tournament was in every way successful and it included a 5/8 ounce boys' and women's accuracy; 1/4 ounce men's accuracy; 1/2 ounce men's accuracy; 5/8 ounce men's accuracy, accuracy fly casting. The judges were Al Baker, Roy Miller, N. E. Clark and Mr. Bauer.

* * *

Rock Rapids, Iowa—A splendid meeting was recently held here. Frank Marnette was the principal speaker.

* * *

Pasadena, Cal.—The chapter recently organized and has had several splendid meetings and is continually carrying on a membership campaign.

* * *

Baldwin, Wis.—A busy season has been planned by the local chapter. It is planned to restock and reforest the Rush River and Kinnikinnic.

* * *

Alexandria, Ind.—80,000 yellow perch minnows to be used to restock local quarries have been received by the local chapter from the state fish and game commissioner.

Bruceville, Ind.—H. P. Cramer, secretary of Bruceville Chapter, reports a Rod and Gun Club with twelve miles of timberland and a 5½ acre lake now teeming with bass, blue gills croppie and catfish. The club requires each member to be a member of the Izaak Walton League, but club is operated separately. They plan to placard an appeal throughout this section of the state asking people to join the League in its fight to save Outdoor America.

* * *

Jasper, Tenn.—The local chapter is planning a membership drive and special meeting to be held in the near future according to a communication from Mr. R. G. Goodier.

* * *

Pontiac, Ill.—Pontiac Chapter in connection with the local women's club recently held a bird house exhibition and an essay contest for school children.

* * *

Henryetta, Okla.—A splendid meeting was recently held by Henryetta Chapter, which has made splendid progress in the past year.

* * *

Ardmore, Okla.—Scott Sparks' Chapter, No. 200, is a splendid addition to the Oklahoma Division. President Sparks is making some active plans for its development. The chapter now has a club house situated on the shore of a lake in the heart of Mr. Sparks' ranch. The lake was created in 1911 by J. J. Eaves, a former owner. It is stocked with bass. Five thousand acres have been set aside as a State Game Refuge, stocked this year with several hundred pair of quail and some pheasants. Belgian guineas and deer will be added later.

* * *

South Haven, Minn.—George W. Rudolph, secretary of the local chapter, reports that they have completed a splendid membership drive, and have closed their charter.

* * *

Sunbury, Penna.—Sunbury Chapter plans to hold its second annual picnic August 4th.

* * *

Upland, Cal.—Old Baldy Chapter derives its name from the snow caps of Mt. San Antonio.

* * *

Bentleyville, Penna.—North and South Ten Mile Creek has been adopted by the local chapter which plans to petition the State for black bass with which to stock these streams.

* * *

Birnamwood, Wis.—Three men were recently fined $62.50 each for having small trout and snagging suckers out of a trout stream.

* * *

Scribner, Neb.—The local chapter is planning to lease a lake near town for the purpose of stocking it with fish.

* * *

Sandpoint, Idaho—Local Waltonians are active in making arrangements to lease rearing ponds in the county.

(Continued on page 48)

XPERT'S ON THE JOB!!

Pick up your heels . . . . stretch your legs . . . . show your speed!! . . . . Don't let that hound step on your toes! . . . . R–U–N — you little gray ghost of the grass. . . . . It's your last chance—for *Xpert's* on the job!!!

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Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

The Value of Observing the Flight of Birds

IT was a long time before I appreciated many things that go in to help a sportsman in wing shooting. My own experience is no different from that of many others. Shooting skill is seldom a matter of the development of a natural gift. I personally do not believe, that there is any mystery attached to it. Furthermore, the old credulous assumption that crack shots are divinely blessed creatures will never again have lodgment in my mind. Such an opinion of skill many novices have, and, when it abides with them, it is really nothing more than a mirroring of the conceptions of a tyro just learning and the strange tribute to a human's efforts which he wants most earnestly to be able to duplicate at some period of his career.

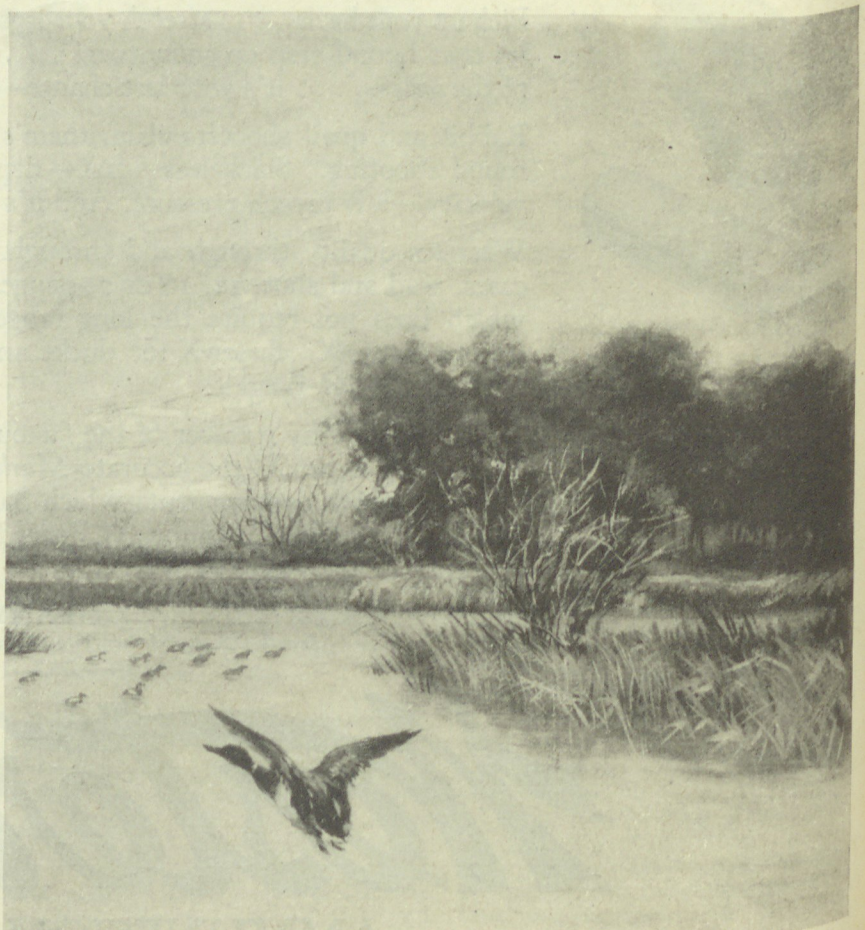
When I think of the number of good shots I have met hunting game I am inclined to classify those supposed to be gifted extraordinarily by Nature as men with a natural fondness for the sport who, from youth, practiced at every possible opportunity. Naturally good eyes, good ears, and good nerves helped much. A man with these organs perfect is better equipped than one without such a desirable trinity; the serious, determined, constant practice overcomes many natural defects. Another thing which ought to be well considered in the making of an expert is opportunity, especially in this spectacular sport of wing shooting.

Personal observations interpose a short paragraph worth mentioning. Bashful people—especially those who cannot stand the jollying of companions when they miss—are seriously handicapped. The best trap and open shooters are of a phlegmatic nature. The most marvelous brush or snap shots I have ever seen are men who are of very nervous temperament. These are some of my own conclusions. But I would not ask any one to accept them as infallible, because every once in a while I see the opposite jump in and knock the props from under a good many of my theories.

All the above is a rather obvious manner of approaching the subject uppermost in my mind, and that is that the studying of the flight of birds is of great help to a tyro and often to men who have shot all their lives.

I recall very well an instance of a very great duck shot from the East who seemingly had little success with me when on either mallards or geese. His superior on canvasbacks on the east coast I have seldom seen. He had done lots of woodcock and grouse shooting in the brush, so he performed fairly well in thickets on quails until he found them in postoak and bull pine thickets. I think he was a good example of a man who studied flight to cure his faults, but not to the extent that his investigations slowed up or hampered his trigger finger in any manner whatever.

It was funny in a blind to see him miss mallards after stopping the faster canvasbacks with ease. At jumpshooting in the timber, he simply missed about eighty percent. He was the kind to whom none would care to make suggestions. So, in a feignedly inadvertent manner, in my cabin I got on the subject of the different flights of ducks, the slower movement of the mallard,



Painted by William Schmedtgen

The Mallard takes wing.

and how numbers missed them when they jumped from the flags or flooded timber. Their trait of springing straight up caused many to miss through undershooting and failing to make anything out of their invariable habit of climbing high on an invisible ladder for their getaway.

My friend said nothing, but he spent two whole days in the once famous ducking grounds, southeast Missouri—before drainage destroyed it—in studying the local flights of the birds; I can almost say he actually devoured their movements with his eyes, and without a gun. When he resumed his shooting, his improvement was marked. He had absorbed things which were of immense value.

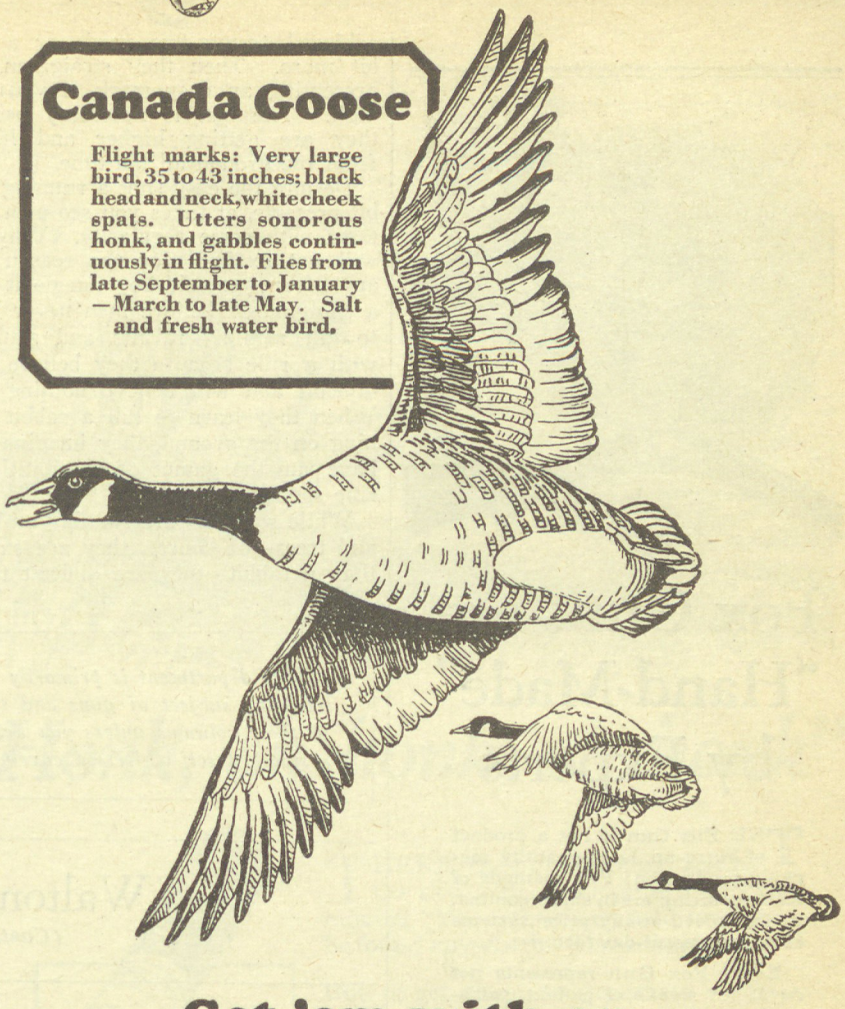
Shooting quails in cover did not come so quickly. Nor did he, until later, devote so much study to their flight. He was too prone to argue his way via woodcock and grouse. Thus the enigmatic deportment of a frightened quail proved his Waterloo many times. It was only after many days' association with goose eggs that he managed to overcome his defects. He tried skipping rocks along a pond and throwing them in the brush. This developed eye and speed of tripper finger only in proportion to the time allotted to it; but it was so unlike the flight of birds it was of little avail when the real thing appeared.

One persistent duck hunter went pretty nicely on wild fowl except when it came to geese. His results with them invariably were poor until he began studying their flight, which, of course, made him learn lots of things about them, especially distance. It takes lots of time to make many gunners learn to estimate distance accurately and the manner whereby it affects shooting. A goose looks big after shooting ducks, even when it is out of range. They are wise, sapient creatures, gifted with more speed than they are credited with. When you are in a boat, if you are a beginner, never shoot the first, nor the second time you see them swing for the decoys. Regard them then as being out of range, whether you think so or not; and, too, that they are just giving you a very careful once-over. When they come in the third time, gamble that they are the proper shooting distance, lead the crossing birds sufficiently, and you are bound to see one or more hit the ground or water with a tremendous thud.

Jacksnipes prove puzzling to many experienced gunners. A little inspection of the flight of Mr. Scalopax shows that after all men who make long straight runs on them know their flight pretty well; when they have that knowledge, shooting goes smoothly. Hunt with the wind at your back, and you can bet your last smacker that you will be presented with an easy side shot, and their speed, in that case, will be neither so baffling, nor as great, as you believed. Later, you will stop straightaways, after you watch them carefully. All the corkscrew disappears from their flight after they have

Canada Goose

Flight marks: Very large bird, 35 to 43 inches; black head and neck, white cheek spats. Utters sonorous honk, and gabbles continuously in flight. Flies from late September to January — March to late May. Salt and fresh water bird.



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THE SUPER-FOX—
America's Greatest Duck Gun
is fully described in an interesting booklet. Ask for your copy.

FOX GUNS

achieved twenty-five yards or a tiny bit more. Then they straighten out, presenting an easy mark if you hold high. The last is necessary because they are getting higher and higher from the ground all the time.

Despite the easy shot a running rabbit presents, at times you see men miss them with some regularity. Why, we will not explain, for the reason that any fifteen-year-old boy can do it with a shotgun. I believe men never learn to kill running rabbits and squirrels with a rifle because they believe it is difficult and will believe nothing else. When they learn to kill a rabbit running on the ground, they imagine they have run the gamut of possibilities in rifle shooting skill.

While squirrels are running on limbs and trees—of course, they are smaller than a rabbit—they are difficult to hit with a .22. They do not run half so fast as they seem to, and when they are running, I believe most men's attention is attracted to their tail, and consequently the body is missed. When jumping from tree to tree they are easy to hit with a rifle in midair. They are not moving fast and most give them credit for speed in greater amount than they are exhibiting and hold too far ahead or too far behind.

Surprising as it may seem, hundreds miss running whitetail deer. A little study of their movements would help a lot. Men even miss them with shotguns. It is all in knowing how, when and exactly where they put daylight between themselves and the ground. They are agile at bounding, but going away from you do not ever forget that they have a way of achieving quite a zigzag course, which frequently causes novices, as well as old timers, to miss.

This department is primarily for the purpose of acquainting our members with the subject of guns and their uses. Your questions will be answered in these columns unless you desire a personal answer; in such case, enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your questions.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 44)

They are also stocking this vicinity with pheasants.

* * *

Calumet, Ill.—Members of Calumet Chapter are active in the construction of the camp club house on Rock Creek.

* * *

Sandusky, Ohio—A large crowd attended the basket picnic held recently under the auspices of the Sandusky Chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

* * *

Wausau, Wis.—Marathon County Chapter is placarding the vicinity with signs warning the people not to violate the game laws.

* * *

Delaware, Ohio—The local chapter recently distributed several cans of fingerling black bass and cat fish, sent by the fish and game department, in the Olentangy River.

* * *

Columbus, Ohio—Marjorie W. Kellberg, whose writings and photographs are well known to readers of Outdoor America, now conducts a daily column in the Ohio State Journal telling of the activities of local Waltonians. The Columbus Chapter is to be congratulated on this.

* * *

Greenwood Lake, N. Y.—The local chapter is working in conjunction with the State Conservation Commission and in the past week thirty cans of walleyed pike fry have been distributed in the lake.

The chapter has also placed notices in this vicinity asking the people to refrain from violating State laws.

The chapter's application for 1,000 pheasant eggs is being filled in installments, in lots of 250 eggs each.

* * *

Evansville, Wis.—Evansville Chapter is breeding pheasant for liberation in the fall.

Good Riddance

(Continued from page 28)

now. But don't kill any. I've seen enough quail killed today."

I go over and flush the birds and shoot in the air, just to let old Bing see I know what to do, but he looks sort of surprised when there don't any drop. However, I call him in and go back and sit down beside Alice.

"Now," I say, "tell me all about it."

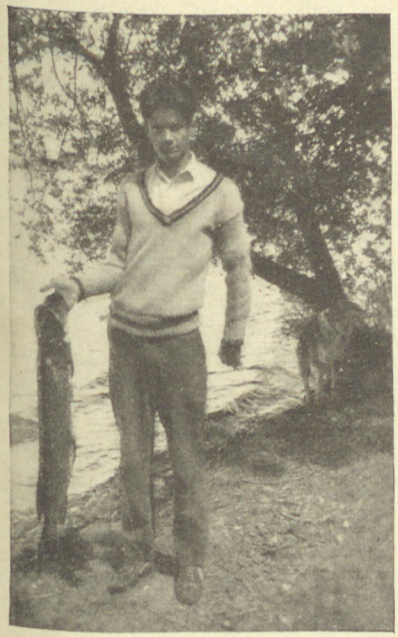
"There—there's nothing to tell, Uncle Tom," she says, not looking at me.

"Well," I come back, "you seem to

(Continued on page 52)

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 34)



Chuck Herter lands a beauty.

out his old age with at least a few more years.

371 Fulton St.,
Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Editor and Boys:

I am sending you a picture to show you what a boy my size can do. You boys have daddy take you where they are and you can do just as good as I did. Get a strong line with a good hook, and then with plenty of juicy worms on the end there isn't anything else to do but just pull them in when the bobber bobs.

If you catch a string like this, I bet you'll be happy and smile too. Anybody is happy when they catch fish like these. I hope I get another string like this in about two weeks, when we're going fishing again, daddy and me. If I do, I'll send you their picture.

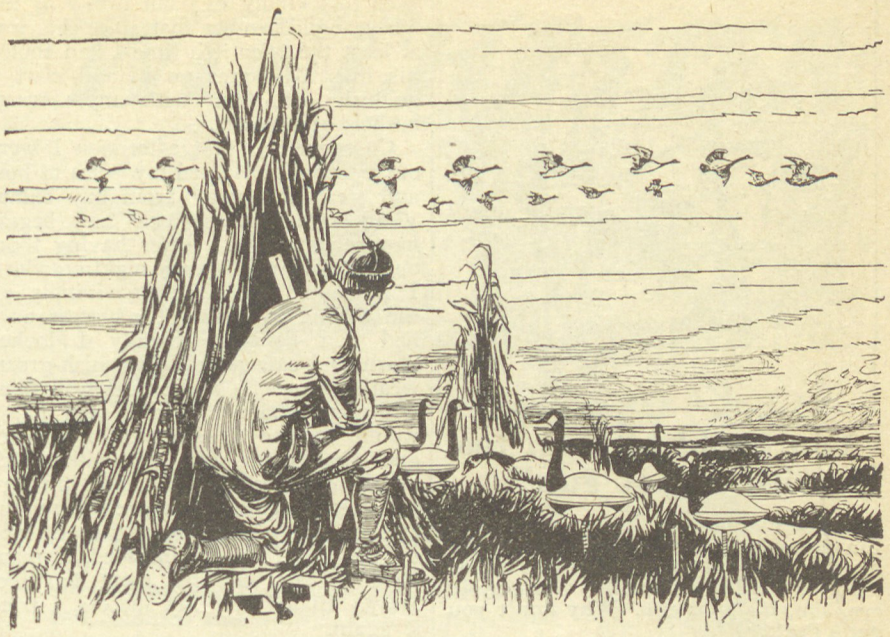
WILBUR ASHMAN.

We hope you got the second string, Wilbur. You certainly did have good luck for a boy your size, but we are sorry that you forgot to tell us how old you were. We couldn't guess very close from your size, but we thought about six or seven. Were we right?

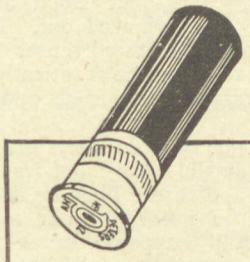
Park View,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Lately I have been reading with great interest your boys' and girls' letters in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Although as a fisherwoman I am a dandy piano mover, nevertheless since my entire family is fishing crazy, I've had quite a few thrilling experiences. Last summer we took a cottage on Lake Champlain. On our last day there I had become disgusted with a certain phase of life, namely fish, worms, flies and everything that has to do with aquatic life. The cause of this was that I had



"Honk, ah honk, ah honk"



"High Velocity" — the most effective "goose" load a man ever put in his gun. Supplied in all the standard sizes.

"Target" packs a fast, hard hitting pattern that brings home the birds and the bunnies. In bulk or dense smokeless powder in all standard combinations.

"Victor" is a mighty sweet trap and field load at a lower price.

For your rifles and revolvers, there's nothing like Peters Metallics. Try them. All sizes from the small .22's to the large .45-90's.

THERE they are outlined against the sky — in an irregular rapidly moving "V" — the finest wild fowl to be found anywhere—Canadian Geese.

But to get them, to penetrate those hides of gray feathers as they flash by you 100 to 120 feet a second, you'll need fast flying, hard hitting patterns — such as can be obtained only in Ⓟeters High Velocity Shells.

Loaded with the correct amount of progressive burning powder and smooth, polished shot by the exclusive Ⓟeters method, wadded with genuine hair felt wadding, head reinforced with steel, and crimped with a firm bevel crimp — these are but a few of the reasons for the superior game getting patterns obtained with these longer range High Velocity Shells.

In the red Ⓟ line are four shells — a superior load for every kind of shooting, and each an acknowledged leader. In addition to "High Velocity", there's "Target" in either bulk or dense powder loads, universally used for field and trap shooting. "Victor," an all smokeless shell of real quality at a lower price. "Referee" for a Semi-smokeless load at black powder shell prices.

Insist on your dealer supplying you the red Ⓟ brand this season — you'll enjoy better shooting. Interesting ammunition literature on request.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY
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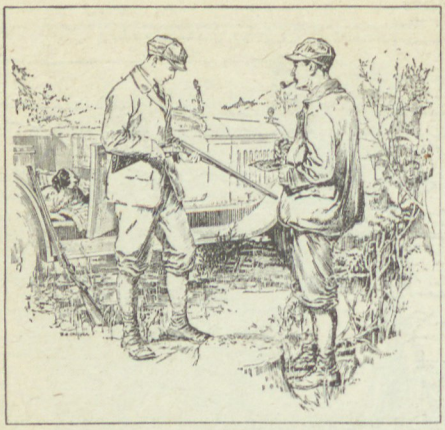
PETERS AMMUNITION



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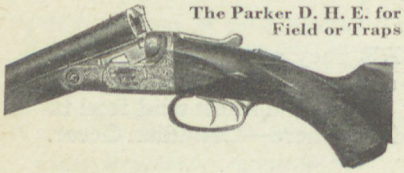

The D. H. E. is used by many of the best known sportsmen the world over. Barrels of Titanic steel. Fancy figured walnut stock finely checkered. Straight, full or half pistol grip, mounted with silver shield.

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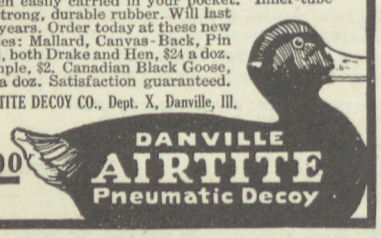
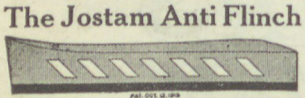
AIRTITE DECOY CO., Dept. X, Danville, Ill.



The Jostam Anti Flinch Recoil Pad



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Largest Mfgrs. of recoil pads in the world

been told kindly (?) but firmly by my ten year old brother that since this was at least the twentieth time I had fouled his line, I'd better go in and start a goldfish aquarium with my several bushels of seaweed.

Consequently, that afternoon I went out by myself, planted my poles at bow and stern far away from any entangling reeds or seaweed, and began, morosely, to fish. After having thoroughly drowned half my night crawlers, I attempted to carve my initials on the thwart with as little success as I had had fishing. Finally I looked down and saw an old brownish-green, weather-worn fly and a reel well filled with line under the seat. Ah ha, I would become a champion fly caster and fool them all. So with much puzzling I threaded the line through my pole, and tied with great care, the leader to it. After hooking every inch of the boat, myself included, I managed to land the fly about ten feet away. Elated with my success, I tried it again.

Everything palls sometime, so I gave one last graceful (?) cast before admitting defeat. Suddenly something went swish through the water, and my fly disappeared. I didn't have sense enough to jerk, but stood astounded while my line whizzed out. Recovering my badly scattered senses finally, I began to reel the line frantically. Then the perverse fish turned and started back.

Why, oh why do they make those reels so small! My hand was already cramped and sore. Then he shot under the boat. I needed no one to tell me what would happen. In desperation, holding my pole and trying to check the line with one hand, I grabbed a knife lying on the stern seat, and cut the anchor rope, leaving the boat tied only at the bow. Of course it swung downstream, leaving my line clear.

By this time I had about three yards of line left. Again my aching muscles were called into play upon that thrice accursed reel. Thank heaven the pole was a heavy steel rod, and my line stout silk. for there was no artistic playing shown. When my fingers became too cramped to turn the reel any longer I threw the pole in the bottom of the boat and pulled him in hand over hand. He made a game fight, but I'm afraid I was in no mood to appreciate it. At last he came alongside, still threshing, and I got the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. I had caught a real whopper.

Going home I rowed so fast that no bass could have kept up with me. When my family's very obvious astonishment had abated the three and a half pound bass, for such I learned my catch to be, had his stomach operated on by a well known surgeon who lived next door, to extract my fly.

Yours for fool's luck,

MARY GIBBEN.

Sometimes fool's luck, as you call it, or better still, beginner's luck, is better than the luck of old timers, Mary. Take your case for instance. It was a dandy battle, and you told us a crackerjack yarn about it. Come again.

Forest City, Missouri.

Hello Everybody:

I am not coming with a story this time. I just want to talk with you. I live within a mile of the Missouri River, and there is a lot of timber on this place. There would be birds and animals of all kinds on this place if they were let alone, but town people come out and kill them off. There seem to be two persons with guns for every rabbit, squirrel or other kind of game. There are very few quail left, and they are afraid to show their heads for fear of being shot. There is also a slough on the edge of this farm, where there would be good fishing, as fish overflow from the river into it. But people are so thick along the banks of the slough in the summer that you can hardly see the water, and in the winter when it freezes over they pump fish out by the wagonload and leave the small ones on the ice to die.

In summer they throw the little ones away or put them on a string for a kid to beat to death. When I was in the second and third grade at school our teacher had life size bird pictures, and records for the victrola with all kind of bird calls and whistles. All of us knew the calls and pictures by heart, but I have never seen one-third of the birds we studied, and that has been nearly nine years ago. It makes me wonder if there is any birds or animals at all left for the next generation. I am afraid there won't. Will somebody

Syd and Bob Dewey coax 'em out of the rushes.

write me and tell me if they think I am right or wrong.

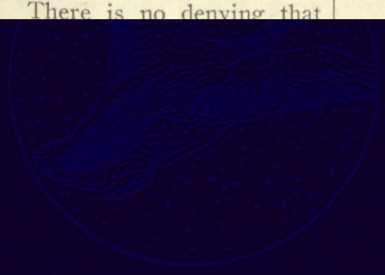
Sincerely,

BESSIE M. COMBS.

Well, Bessie, I hardly think things are as bad as you fear, although if it were not for our League and other organizations of a like kind, I am not sure what the fate of our wild life would be. There is no denying that

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK



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Made in France, 8-power lenses, 27 m.m. objective, 119-yard field at distance of 1000 yards; fine achromatic prisms, beautifully finished, entirely dust proof, accurate adjustments, each glass engraved with our name and serial number; furnished with black sole leather plush lined case including shoulder and neck straps.

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1026 BROADWAY Denver Colorado

ers, the largest measuring twenty-seven inches long.

I strung up my catch and started for home, walking on air. I passed some of the boys again, but they didn't laugh at me this time. The next day my father and I went fishing together. It was Saturday, and when we got to the creek it was lined on both sides with men and boys. Dad and I caught eleven suckers between us.

I started the ball rolling, for the fishing season here, and I have caught the biggest suckers up to date. Also I got the material for my story.

Yours for fishing,

HUGHES A. RATCHFORD.

How it does get a fellow, long about the time the first robin comes back, doesn't it, Hughes? Seems like you just have to go fishing. Suckers or trout, it's all alike, so long as you get out on a stream and fish. We are glad you caught the suckers, and glad you wrote us the story.

Good Riddance

(Continued from page 48)

be powerful cut up about something or other, and mebbe, just mebbe now, your old Uncle Tom can help you out."

"No you couldn't, Uncle Tom," she sobs. "It's about John."

"Sure it's about John. I knew that all the time."

"How did you know it?" she asks, looking up quick.

"How did I know it? Why, child alive, how could I help knowing it? But come now," I go on putting my arm around her and she putting her head down on my shoulder. "Come now and tell me your troubles."

"Well," she begins with a big sigh, "it was this way. When Cousin Percy came here and opened an office, of course on Daddy's account I had to be nice to him. I had dates with him a lot and I handed him more or less of a line. John didn't like him from the very first."

"I can't blame him for that," I interrupt, but she doesn't pay any attention to what I say, just goes right on as if I haven't spoken.

(To be concluded)

Reckless Trout

(Continued from page 7)

size, kind of fly, or manner of presenting made the slightest difference. They rose to them all.

Standing at the foot of a little falls on the Chippewa, we took a dozen trout from the one pool. Our shadows stretched across the pool in a most menacing manner, and we could see the bottom and all the fish therein. The first cast rose a fish, and nearly every cast thereafter. One fifteen inch fellow, interested in the gymnastics of the hooked fish, followed each one almost up to the mouth of the net. His interest was very great and he seemed to hold us in contempt. Finally, having decided that such sport was not alone for his smaller fellows, he attacked a bucktail with a bravado that would have done credit to a shark. Had he tired of the pool? Did he yearn for a trip in a wicker basket, garnished with fern and water weed plucked from the side of his pool? Who can say? But—yearning or no—it happened to him. His monument is fifty feet of silvered film that for years will retell his glory. Reckless? Mayhap not. Ambitious, perhaps.

Some day, some writer fancying himself schooled in trout lore, will journey into Algoma to put his theories into practice. He will come back and deluge his publisher and the public with a series of new volumes dealing with reckless trout—fine, stout-hearted, riotous living fellows with no fear nor malice in their hearts, with no dogmas of thou shalt and thou shalt not, with a fine determination to uphold the word of the men who write the blurbs for the railway folders, a numerous tribe of speckled trout who are trying to see how dangerously they can live, how recklessly they can die.

Deserts

(Continued from page 22)

more or less degree, the only difference being that it is hotter on a hot summer day than it is on a clear winter day, but the difference between the desert temperature and the temperature of surrounding country is always as great in proportion as it is in summer, therefore the desert is always warmer, when the sun shines, than the country that surrounds it.

Going back to that flowing, visible heat that "runs with the wind" like a clear syrup, we find, if we watch it, and study it, that it differs decidedly from water, or any other liquid, because it is flowing with the wind, but it is also *flowing up hill!*

Now why should it do that?

"Heat expands; cold contracts. Heat

rises; cold descends." You remember how you learned that in school now, don't you? That's the answer.

"Heat rises." On the desert the sun generates an immense quantity of heat which radiates from the dry, sun beaten land, the rocks, the sands—every part of the whole area of desert surface that has baked for centuries under the beating, blazing sun waves, until the whole earth seems ready to burst into flame!

"Heat rises." Every bit of this heat *goes up;* up, up, up it travels like a great air river flowing *up* instead of horizontally—and it *pulls more air in to the center from every side, upward, to warm the higher regions above the earth.*

That, brother, answers the question "why is a desert?" and it shows you, plainly enough, that nature needs that desert as a warming place for a great volume of air that must be used later as a vehicle to transport moisture, for, you remember, this *hot* air is *dry* air therefore *capable of absorbing a vast quantity of moisture* (which it does absorb), at the first possible moment.

Not only that but, by using the desert to warm this immense quantity of air, nature has created *air circulation* by moving the hot air upward out of the way and rushing cooler air along the earth's surface to take the place of the hot air that is rising all the time, and thereby, nature has produced a wind which *blows toward the center of the desert from all quarters* unless a pressure area interferes to change the flow of air to some other direction.

This is the normal, logical action of the natural forces that are constantly at work, though it does not cover every wind that blows by any means. This is only one phase of "winds."

Winds are caused and regulated by changes in atmospheric pressure to a large extent, therefore the deserts do not directly create all winds by long odds, but in this connection please remember also that other fact about heat that we learned in school—"Heat expands."

If "heat expands" it must push cold out of the way before it expands, therefore the hot air rising from a desert is one of the causes of increased atmospheric pressure in the higher altitude and this, in turn, has its influence on weather miles away from the desert.

Weather is flexible, therefore subject to change from pressure, heat, cold, changing winds, altitude and many other things all co-related and all working together along fixed lines that are governed by natural laws. These do not deviate one hair's breadth because they are part, and an absolutely inflexible part, of the whole cosmic plan, beside which the finest piece of machinery ever devised by man becomes as crude as the first stone axe!

The desert is part of this plan; it is laid down where it is on the earth's surface to fulfill a mission—to produce heat—a commodity necessary for the welfare of the world and its inhabitants, all of whom are as much a part

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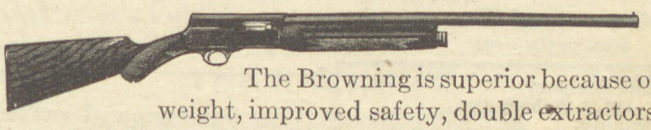

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of the Cosmic Plan as the desert is—and no more!

So, brother, I think you will agree with me that the hot, burnt up, waiting, lonely, time-old desert is not, after all, a "waste" and that nothing "ought to be done about it," in spite of my Boston friend's verdict when he looked at it!

We can't raise corn, or roses, or even sunflowers, on its burning surface, except in little spots here and there, but it is home for a great population of living things such as Scorpions, Centipedes, Rattlesnakes, Coyotes, Gophers, Roadrunners, Cactus, Creosote bushes; and a list of other things long as your arm, including a Grasshopper that grunts like a pig and wears the colors of Mexico, and a little frog that would be scared pink if you should drop him in the water!

Swept by fierce sand storms, warped by millions of years of sun, unpitying, grim, it is a place where men go mad from loneliness at times, and rave and curse the universe, from sheer heartbreak; it is a land of unreality, where the lying mirage paints lakes and rivers, forests and green things, where nothing exists but heat—just flowing, liquid heat, that beats down on one and makes him think hell would be cool beside this black inferno! A place where the stark "Joshua Tree," the snaky Octilla and the poison Cholla wait to rend and tear one's flesh; where poison snakes and poison insects lurk—a hellish, demoniacal land that—if you survive and live there long enough, you get so attached to it that you'll come back to it from the ends of earth, for it "gets" you, as nothing else ever does.

But, brother, don't let's ever call the desert a "waste" again just because we can't use it to wear out a plow in, or to make a foundation for a great industrial city, or put it to any other "use" that man may devise, or think of, for the desert has its work laid out for it in the Cosmic Scheme, and, like all other things designed and operated by nature, it is continually on the job—just working as a heating plant, so the winds will blow and the rains will fall on those places where we can raise wheat and corn, and kine, nor forget that there is enough land above the sea to make both the desert and the cornfield; so after all the age-old desert is not a "waste" in the slightest degree.

If you like these stories, write and tell me about it.
If you don't like them, write me your kicks.

El Comancho

Tarpon Tournaments

(Continued from page 15)

every time I look at him I have a backache!

First prize in the tournament was taken by Mr. Russell Thompson with a one hundred and eighteen pound minnow that turned him old and grey before the fight was o'er. Mr. Thompson had a difficult time keeping his fish away from a big shark. Second prize was taken by one hundred and eleven pounds, and third by one hundred and five. None of these were large fish. I do not mean that they could have been kept in the front parlor in a goldfish bowl, but as tarpon go, they are not considered exceptionally big fish. But records are rarely broken when every one is trying to break records. I once sat in a box at Navin Field and saw Ty make two errors and strike out—on *Cobb day*—if you see what I mean. Lines were broken, rods were broken, but no records were broken.

I expect the tarpon tournament to be an annual event of growing importance to fishermen. Perhaps I should say that I expect big things of it! The big things are there, and along about the middle of next June they'll be savage and hungry. Nowhere will you find finer fishing conditions nor more congenial company. The Venice Tarpon Club has started something. More power to it!

She Bagged a Moose

(Continued from page 31)

The last day out, I awakened with a feeling of wanting news from home, and as Dogima says, "When I awaken with a 'feeling' you might just as well agree with me that the house is in ashes and the kids in bed with double pneumonia"—they decided to get me in quick.

It turned out to be an excuse though, for what they really wanted was for Jim and John Henry to go in light, while they made the last two portages,

and bring the launch back from Holst's for the last lap, a good stiff fourteen mile paddle.

We had one experience in sailing, which ended our sailing career. Dogima made a sail out of a ground cloth, really too large for the strong wind that day. It was fastened on the cook's canoe and we were all tied on behind. For an hour we poked along like a freight train. Jim saw that we were rather discouraged and kept saying, "It will hit us in a minute." And it did.

The cook's canoe went from first into high without any warning and the faster it went, the tighter Charlie held the sail. It was a drunken freight train running wild. That ended the sailing.

When Jim and John Henry had made the last portage and we were all set for that fourteen mile paddle, they disappeared into the brush. Out they came holding something in back of them which Jim smilingly said was a surprise for me. They had brought rope and a small piece of canvas for a sail. John Henry was to sit in back and steer, with Jim on his knees in front, holding the sail. When the wind died down between the islands, John Henry paddled.

Jim, unaccustomed to this leisure, grew very sleepy. He had just scientifically placed half a box of "snuss" under his lower lip, and I asked him no questions.

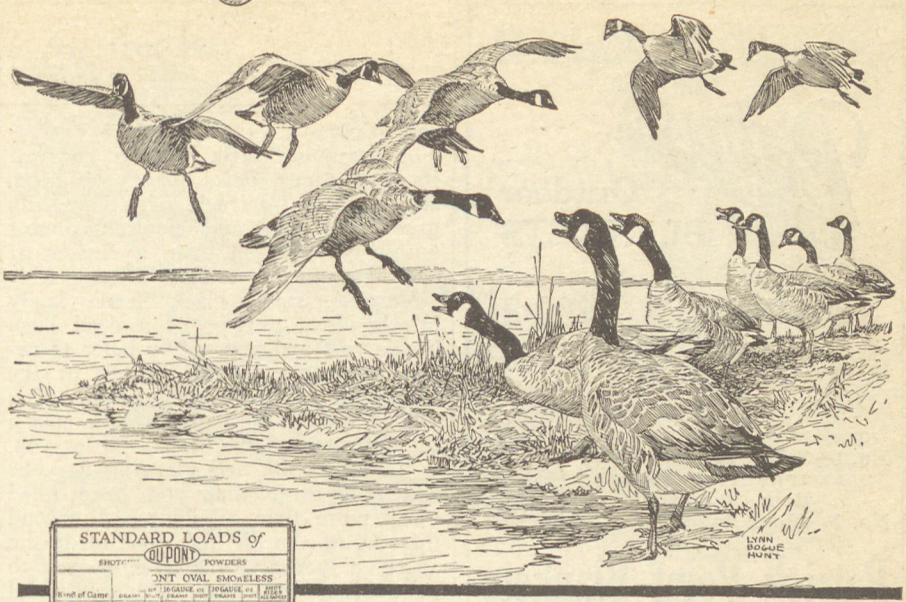
I took keen delight in getting him to talk in this embarrassing predicament until one day a superfluous question caused him to swallow this dainty morsel and we missed our early morning hunt.

Jim's head was nodding as we hit the open water. A "wah" from John Henry. The canoe almost shot from under us as the sail turned completely around. Poor old Jim had a rude awakening, but we were thankful that it wasn't a wet one. Whether he swallowed that "snuss" or not, I never knew.

I was sitting on the pier reading the good news from home, when the launch returned with them. They were greatly excited because Nuweesin had gotten a brush wolf on the way down. Both talking at once but from what I gathered from the conversation, a wolf certainly has great tenacity of life, for they had to trail him for a mile into the brush, looking like a machine gun had hit him.

That night we all sat in the Skipper's little room, where the chairs and tables are made of horns and a gun rack of hoofs full of perfect guns, telling him each little incident of the trip or holding our glasses high in the air, singing "Four and Twenty Yankees."

The next day as the train pulls out from the little station of Minaki, they solemnly follow it down the track. Myja and the good old skipper, Jim and "My dear," for that is what he calls his pretty young wife, John Henry, Alf and Charlie with all their families. "Ponjou" we call, and wave until the bright reds and yellows of the dresses mingle with the gay autumn coloring.



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Turkey Geese	VELOCITY IN EXCESS OF									2&4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	3¼		2¾	3¼		2½	1		

DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of	12 GAUGE oz.	DRAMS	SHOT	16 GAUGE oz.	DRAMS	SHOT	20 GAUGE oz.	DRAMS	SHOT	SHOT ALL GAUGES
Mallard, Pintail, Canvasback, Pheasant	3¼	1¼		2½	1		2¼	⅞		6
Squirrels, Rabbits	3	⅞		2½	1		2¼	⅞		6
Small Ducks, Ringneck, Golden Plover	3¼	1⅛		2½	1		2¼	⅞		7½
Quail, Snipe, Woodcock, Shore Birds	3	1 oz.	1½	2½	1		2¼	⅞		8
Rail, Gallinule	3	1		2½	1		2¼	⅞		10
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3¼	82	3½	92
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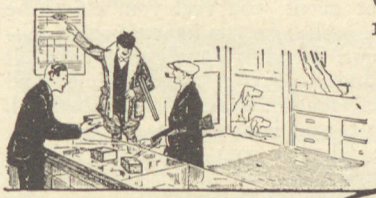

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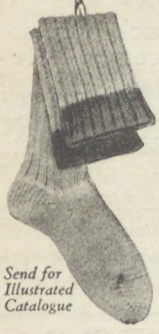

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Fishing and Fishin'

(Continued from page 12)

you to climb it at all.

A humming bird, with a buzz of its tiny wings, darts past your head, and hovers, a miracle of shimmering green and gold and crimson, almost within your reach over a cluster of wild flowers. In another instant it is gone. A small black beetle lazily crawls along a twig of a dead bush beside you, and you vainly labor to recall the name of the variety of the coleoptera to which he belongs. You can almost say the name, when a splash in the water of the brook startles you.

You start up, and glancing at your watch discover that you have idled away more than an hour. A second thought of the big fish that made the splash a moment before brings you to your feet. You see a gaudy fly and strike it down with your hat. You impale it upon your hook and hasten to the bank.

Your hook hardly touches the water, when down, down goes the cork.

You jerk as usual, but that fish declines to take a flight over your head as the small fry have been accustomed to do. On the contrary, he bends your rod, or pole, into a half circle, and the tip is almost touching the water.

You are not a sophisticated fisherman, and your bump of combativeness is abnormally developed. Moreover, you are excited, and if you have a reel you forget to use it. You set your teeth and say to yourself, that "No dratted, water-soaked, worm-eating fish ever walked that can pull me into the water!" You give a mighty tug. The next instant you are probably sitting upon the ground looking at the end of your broken line, and saying naughty, naughty words.

But it is possible that your rod and line and hook proved equal to the strain, and that the fish, disgusted by your methods, yielded to your brute force. In that event, you feel yourself to be a hero. Already you hear yourself telling your friends just what a "fight" it was, and how you "played" him, and how, at length, when half exhausted, yourself, you landed him.

But whether you lose that fish or not, you have had the priceless sensation of hooking him; and that sensation is the true fisherman's reward. The fish itself is but a perishable thing, but the remembrance of the thrill, the hope, the struggle of those brief moments while fortune was deciding which should conquer, is an abiding pleasure, and will linger with you for many, many days of sunshine and of shadow.

Moreover, the fact that you hooked that fish restores your confidence; and you catch another fly. In catching it, you run, and tear your trousers upon a thorn; but rents are trifles when one goes a-fishin'.

Again your hook is in the water, and every moment you expect another big fish, perhaps a little bigger than the one you hooked, to take that fly. Moments lengthen and multiply, but no big fish ventures to test your strength.

You conclude to abandon flies and try another grub. This time, you land a fine crimson perch. That is more encouragement, and so, with now and then a pause to light your pipe, you loiter along the stretches of the brook, and as you stop to try each pool in turn, the blue, pedagogue birds, a-fishin' from dead limbs above the water, watch you with their little, curious eyes, and dart away at your approach; and the dragon flies, with iridescent wings, skimming along above the top of the tall marsh grass, pause inquisitively to observe you from safe distances.

At intervals, you take a fish, which goes upon your string; and by the time the sun rests on the hilltops, you have, in number, the basis of a wondrous tale.

That unfamiliar feeling of hunger again assails you, and your watch admonishes you that the day is almost done.

Reluctantly you disengage your line; for the last time you count your string of fish; and with a parting glance at the scenes around you, you turn toward home.

But even then, as you proceed upon your way, the glorious sunset, the deepening shadows, the twinkle of distant light, and the low music of the evening woods retard your footsteps. You pause to look and listen; and when the dewy twilight has effaced the landscape, and you press on through the starlight, you feel that those stars are very near.

Better Photography

(Continued from page 35)

sake with the camera gradually crowded out the other hobby.

About this time, I drifted into the Salon Club of America, an organization of about twenty-five people scattered across the continent and banded together for mutual help and criticism. Each member contributed a print to a portfolio which travelled around the circle and received the individual criticisms and suggestions from the other members. This was very interesting and instructive, especially in a pictorial sense.

I have been asked to relate how I became interested in photography and how I came to make it my means of livelihood. The answer to the latter reverts to the above mentioned portfolios of prints, one of which came to the notice of an official in a great steel company, at a time when photographs were a valued aid in advancing the "Safety First" movement in that industry. Much to my delight I was invited to install and operate a depart-

ment of photography in the steel company's general offices. This gave me a chance to make my avocation also my vocation. I have thoroughly enjoyed this work, the nature of which is rather matter-of-fact in contrast to my hobby of pictorial fancy.

It seems to me quite natural for lovers of the outdoors to take up photography as a hobby and the camera as a valuable part of their outing equipment, to preserve graphically for reference at future times, incidents of days of pleasure, hardship, sportsmanship, friendships, explorations, camp scenes and the host of things that enter into our lives, is certainly worth while, a privilege and valuable record.

And now if we are going to attempt to do this thing, let us not go about it in a careless, haphazard way, satisfied to show perhaps one picture out of a dozen exposures, wasting time and material on the others and always missing the best thing of the day. Nothing could be more discouraging. Of course the first requirement is a camera; and there are cameras and cameras. We wish to select one that will best meet the conditions under which we expect to use it. If our knowledge of cameras is too limited to do this intelligently, we should seek the advice of an experienced camera man.

Having a camera, let us become thoroughly familiar with its operation—so familiar that the details of using it become routine and do not divert too much of our attention from the object to be photographed. If it happens to be a wild animal suddenly disturbed by our intrusion, it is not likely to pose for us while we get out an exposure meter and make an elaborate calculation to determine what shutter speed and what diaphragm opening to use. If we are expecting to meet such a subject it will help greatly to be as well prepared as possible in advance—at least have our minds made up as to what to do if the opportunity offers.

Perhaps we have chosen a camera that requires to be focused to scale for distance. Then we should train our eyes to gauge distances up to a hundred feet accurately and quickly. The inability to do this, I believe, accounts for a very large percentage of amateur failures—and if this fault has a rival, it is that of *underexposure*.

We must allow enough light to reach the sensitive film long enough to record the whole image—the lower tones as well as the highlights if we desire a full scale of tones in our prints. The many grades of sensitive paper at our disposal these days help us greatly in getting a fairly good print from a negative which is not too wide of the mark, but no paper will supply the details in the shadows unless the negative has had enough exposure to record something in its shadows. The old rule to expose "for the shadows" is not a bad rule.

I wish all of us snapshooters could develop our own films, at least for a

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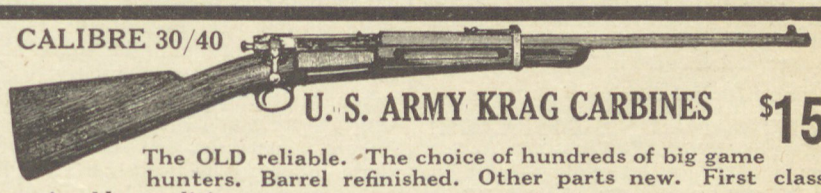

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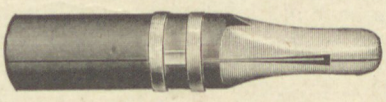

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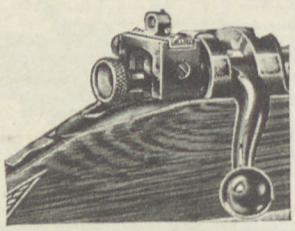

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while, and by observing the action of the developing solution on them be able to check our own exposure faults.

The manufacturers of sensitive surfaces furnish directions, formulae and general information in regard to the use of their products, and it is now comparatively easy for anyone to develop and print his own pictures. Personally, I have always enjoyed this part of the work, or play if you please, but I realize that there are many who either do not care to do it or have not time for it. Anyway, let us try to improve our pictures and if we ourselves cannot see how to bring about the improvement, the other fellow who may be more experienced or technical than we are is nearly always a good booster and will gladly look over our negatives and prints, and have some useful advice to offer. It helps him as well as us. If we are in the novice class or have not spoiled enough otherwise good negatives by way of experience, or have poor judgment of active light values, one of the good exposure meters obtainable at the camera stores will be a valuable companion and at least furnish a foundation for better guessing at proper exposures.

You see, I am harping on plate or film exposure, because we want first of all a good negative and to get it we must adjust the lens, diaphragm and shutter speed to suit the conditions and the subject. Once having a good negative we may fiddle around and spoil all the printing paper in the house, well knowing that we may spoil some more on that negative tomorrow, or until we have the best print we think we can make from it.

As OUTDOOR AMERICA is to have other articles for the purpose of helping its contributors in their camera work, the present writer has avoided technicalities but hopes to impress on the mind of the beginner and to remind those who may have become careless, that correct exposures and careful focusing are of high importance in making good photographs.

There are times when the pictorial worker purposely misses his focus and exposure for a particular pictorial effect, but let us first learn not to miss.

Some Dangers of Pollution

(Continued from page 39)

To answer this last question directly and completely, requires a full knowledge of the whole economy of the life of fishes in the stream under the conditions prevailing—a demand which cannot be now fulfilled by anyone anywhere so far as I know—but there are sometimes possible short cuts to an answer, and one of these we seem to have found in Rock River and another in the Illinois. The upper part of the Illinois Rock receives a large quantity of sewage from several cities along its banks, but this runs through all its phases before the middle course of the stream is reached, and farther down beyond this point sewage pollution is practically negligible. In this lower, virtually unpolluted part, the fishery yield, as our field men tell us, is comparatively scanty and the more abundant kinds of fishes are relatively thin, while in the upper polluted part they are notably numerous and fat.

If our more detailed studies confirm these observations, we shall have here an instance of the usefulness of municipal sewage as an aquatic fertilizer. From the Illinois on the other hand, we have quantitative chemical determinations of the supplies of food materials in the river before the period of high pollution and since that time; and we have also worked out a fairly definite knowledge of the basal food requirements of the fish populations of the stream; and by comparison of these data we have lately reached a conclusion to the effect that there has been in the Illinois River, for a very long time at least, an abundance of food for a larger stock of fishes than it carried—that the food supply, in other words, has not been the limiting factor in the river fisheries and that an increase of it consequently could not have increased their yield. If this is the case, we must conclude that so far as fisheries are concerned, the pollution of the upper stream, increasing steadily as it does and reaching farther downward year after year as the population of its basis multiplies, is an unqualified injury and loss to the stream taken as a whole, with no compensating sequel. Even if this were not so, we should have at best one part of the stream benefited at the expense of another part—an unequal and hence unfair distribution of the consequences of pollution.

Furthermore, what I have just said of the stream considered as an undivided unit, assumes that it is long enough to carry its sewage contributions through all the phases of their transformation and thus to assimilate and utilize the products of their oxidation before they escape from it at the river mouth; but in the Illinois we find that this is not now true and that an immense quantity of surplus food materials is being steadily poured by it into the Mississippi, with what effects upon the inhabitants and values of that stream we do not yet know, although for a sure solution of our problem we ought eventually to find out.

I must by this time certainly have carried the discussion of my subject far enough to show you the complexity and variety of the problems involved in it, and the necessity of a comprehensive, thorough study of each case of stream pollution by and for itself

—a study which must take account of the whole system of life in its waters from bacteria to fishes if we would understand the various and changing actions and interactions going on within it and their final effect on the various interests concerned.

We have now made a beginning on such a study of the river systems of Illinois, and our plans and programs have been fully and finally approved by the Board of Natural Resources and Conservation which represents the State in its control of our operations.

As we proceed we shall be reaching general conclusions as to certain kinds and classes of situation and condition —conclusions which will be applicable wherever such facts and conditions actually exist; and we should thus build up a body of tested and dependable doctrine in this field, scientifically valid and permanently useful as a guide to action in each important case. Our progress has been slow because there are but few of us at work in it and we have had hitherto no really strong and independent support outside our own small number. That time is passing, however, and we have reason to look to the great and powerful Izaak Walton League for approval and effective aid in our determination to make the natural resources of the waters of our state and country—their values and the possibilities and methods of their improvement and better utilization as fully and as clearly understood as those of our land areas have become under the skillful and prolonged researches of the agricultural experiment stations of the country.

Fortunately we are no longer altogether isolated and alone in this work, but measures are on foot for organized cooperation between all the agencies engaged in it. I have, in fact, the honor to belong to a recently formed committee of the National Research Council of America, which has for its field the general subject of aquiculture, that is, a culture of the waters of the country comparable to that of its lands. It is a part of the plan of this committee to make itself acquainted with the facilities and personnel in this country available for research in aquiculture, to promote a greater degree of cooperation or coordination of work in it than now prevails, and to ascertain if additional facilities or means are desirable and obtainable.

The committee has lately held its first meeting and has outlined a broad program of preliminary inquiry involving the sending of one of its members to Europe for some months of study of institutions and operations there. Under its influence and with its aid we can look to see all operations such as I have been describing, stimulated, enlarged and unified. It bids fair to open for occupation and systematic, unified development a broad area of research inhabited now only by little isolated groups of pioneers like ours in Illinois, and it deserves and undoubtedly will have the hearty endorsement and active assistance of the Izaak Walton League.

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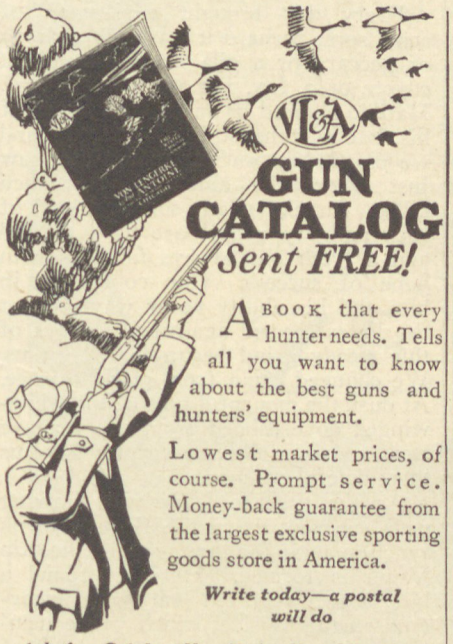

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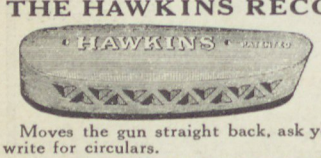

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White Water

(Continued from page 19)

mass past the upright cedars and the kneeling alders. Below them, free from the trees, it widened into open ranks, shouting, leaping, jostling and thinning as a crowd poured into a wide street from a narrow gate.

"Another half hour, Old Timer," said Larry, "and we'll be at the club."

Milton merely nodded.

"And—and—no answer yet?" queried Larry.

Slowly Milton shook his head.

"Well—at least we have a glorious stretch of white water to fish yet."

Milton looked up.

"Do you like white water, Larry?" he asked.

Larry grinned. "Of course; don't you?"

Against the edge of his basket Milton knocked the ashes from his pipe. Slowly he gazed down the turbulent stretch—and smiled. But he was not smiling when he turned to Larry.

"White water—I might have guessed it.

"White water—listen Larry. In that stretch below us, in that white water of yours there is beauty. There is beauty of an iridescent, rainbow, opal like effect. Its beauty is never twice the same—its colors come and go as the sunlight through a whirling crystal. In that white water there is music—music of the little bells—of the smashing of tiny crystals—the chafe of rolling pebbles—the impatience of little waters with small rocks. In that white water there is strength—but it is the strength of the scattered—the faltering strength of the disagreeing. In its waters are many fish—but, Larry—they are small fish. Through the tiny currents, through the flickering eddies and shallow back washes they dart, they twist, and they flash—small fish. In the shallower parts the heron stands, motionless as the blue above him—waiting for small fish. Over the white water the kingfisher swoops and sweeps looking for fish he can handle—and long after dark the big fish move up from the quiet holes to wage their cannibalistic war. There is magic in the name—White Water—but it is undeserved. In it there is none of the certain beauty of the pools—none of the vibrant repetition of the psalm of heavy waters—none of the quiet unworried strength of the holes—and none of the majestic fish that live in waters of depth. No preying vermin live in the pools, Larry, they are the homes of the kings, regal and befitting. White water—Larry, boy, it is the home of little fish—the show place of the stream—the shallows of water—and of life—the big cities of our river. Larry, we won't fish the white water tonight."

"No," said Larry, quietly, "neither for fish, nor for happiness."

Hunting the Jaguar

(Continued from page 9)

like paper comb suspended in the shelter of overhanging cliffs. The flavor was new and delicious.

Every day brought excitement of some sort; perhaps it was only a drove of peccary or a gila monster, again a coyote or a fox, but we wanted tigri. Matildo showed us caves with bones of his late victims still lying about, and we crawled in on our bellies and saw just where the animals were when killed. Tracks of any sort in a land of rock and dry gravel are hard to find and a fresh one always filled us with hope of success. Our confidence in him and his ability never wavered but the Fates seemed against us. Days of this steady grind began to tell on us. We changed camp from place to place. At dusk the mournful note of the white-winged dove echoed from every agave stem and by night the coyotes gave us their doleful serenade.

As the time to leave was drawing near we went down the Babispe to its junction with the Aroz where the Rio Yaqui is formed. Here we found a kill; a two year old bull lying uncovered on the hillside, which was conclusive evidence that it was the work of a tigri and not of a puma. The moon was full and we made an early start next morning. Even Matildo seemed somewhat hopeful and his stolid face took on a new look of determination. At daybreak, stealthily nearing the kill, noiseless, deliberate, eye and ear strained to the utmost, we approached to try a shot in the open if the chance should offer. The dogs seemed to comprehend the situation and were watching every move their master made. Cautiously raising our eyes above the last ridge we gazed across the canyon, but all was still at the carcass. Matildo carefully scanned the slope and then uttered that magic word which none of us could imitate, but which the dogs knew so well. Off they went like sprinters from the scratch headlong down the hill. At the body of the bull Capitan hesitated, then ran about trying to pick up the scent as we came up. Some brute had eaten a large hole into one hind leg and dragged the heavy carcass ten feet or more.

The trail dog finally unwound the puzzle and was off over the ridge followed by the yelping pack. The scent seemed quite fresh and the dogs faster than usual. Matildo waited impatiently several times that we might keep him in sight, cursing us gently in his euphonious tongue and telling us to hurry lest the tigri kill his best dog. All felt sure of the quarry and did their utmost. Puffing up a ridge we gained the crest and from a clump of cottonwoods in

the canyon below we heard the dogs. "They have stopped him in the open," said Matildo, and we followed as best we could down the side of the gorge. At the edge of the grove Matildo stopped with an exclamation of disgust, "Leon," was all he said. Yes, there on a low limb, intently watching the dogs, stood a fine large lion. A well placed shot and he fell in the midst of the curs—a spread eagle and finished in a moment; the bullet had done its work quickly. Matildo had seen one lone tigri track at the kill, but the puma came later in the night after the king had departed and naturally the dogs took the fresh trail. Capitan refused to try again, having had his fun and we sorrowfully returned to camp. Lions were old stories and had no charms for us.

After much talk among ourselves and consultation with the guide on the habits of the game, we decided to make one more run. Matildo examined the ground around the carcass for tracks but found none and no more meat had been eaten, yet the dogs took a fresh trail of some sort and we followed. Could it be that we had been lucky enough to have interrupted the tigri as he was about to begin his meal? Was the Goddess of the Chase to finally crown our efforts with success? Yes, the trail was leading for the roughest country in the vicinity; we were sure of stopping our game in such a place. The run was short and brought up abruptly in a box-canyon, where the dogs had surrounded a pile of huge boulders and fallen slabs of rock. Matildo cautiously approached and looked into the various openings, the rest standing with rifles ready. Nothing could be seen. The hunter to have the first shot, having been previously chosen, produced a pocket "sparker" and peered within. A long way down an eye was plainly visible. The slayer took his position, the guide manipulating the light and beating off the over-anxious dogs, and we breathlessly awaited the shot. It came and all was still! When the smoke had cleared away a further search with the light failed to show an eye, and Matildo and one dog entered the cave and shortly appeared dragging out the remains of a poor, little, gray opossum! Our cup was too full for words, even curses, and we tramped homeward.

Seated at the remains of our morning campfire, we found a typical Mexican vaquero wearing silver trimmed chaps and sombrero, rowels as large as saucers, and the regulation cigarette. His horse and a miserable pup were standing hard by, and—tied behind his saddle was a magnificent jaguar in the flesh! It was a fine, large male in the prime of life; his head was immense and the forearm and shoulder muscles were wonderfully developed. The hair was short, but in perfect condition. The pup had found it in a cave about a mile above our camp as the cowboy came down the trail an hour before.

We got our "tigri," but will always regret that we cannot truthfully say we shot it.

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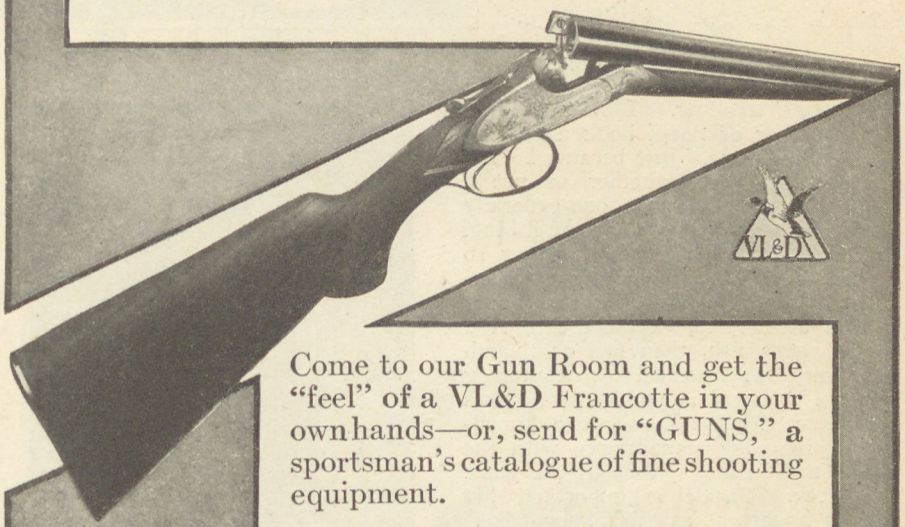

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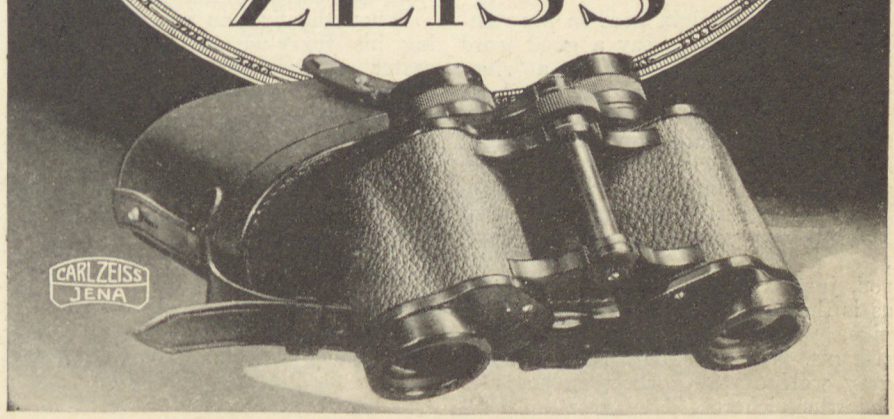


The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

by O. W. Smith

I *LOVE* trolling. I love trolling whether or not I hook a fish. I generally do. Just because I don't give a hang whether or not a "pickerel" takes my lure, one generally does. Fish are a by-product of fishing. Did you get that? And when you so regard them, they tumble over one another to take your offering. The proper mental attitude is, "I don't care if I never get a fish, then fish as though your very life depended upon capturing a mess." There is nothing that takes the place of what I call "fish knowledge," intimate acquaintance with the habits and lurking places of the game you seek. Tackle is important, but not as important as "fish knowledge." The reason the bare-foot boy with cane pole and twisted cotton line takes more fish than the accomplished angler with his expensive outfit, is because the former knows fish. Give your bare-foot boy the sportsman's outfit and casting skill and he will double his catch.

"What's all that got to do with trolling?" Nothing, maybe, but is this not "The Angler's Note-Book"? Just a word about the fish for which we generally troll. In the former paragraph I used the term "pickerel" though, in the Middle West at least, few real pickerel are taken by trolling. The pickerel is a small and unimportant member of the pike family, seldom going above a pound in weight. East of the Allegheny Mountains there is a pickerel which may be classed as a real fish. Elsewhere the fish generally so denominated is a great pike, or as the books have it, "Great Lakes Pike." In my volume on the family I advocated calling the fish generally trolled for, great pike; more convenient, and has a high sound. The average angler would rather catch great pike than pickerel.

Let me pause right here in my rambling note-jotting to say a good word for the great pike. He is not a "river snake" in any sense of the word, in at all suitable water being every whit the equal of the lordly and much sought muskellunge. Take a great pike from a northern Minnesota or Wisconsin lake, cool, sweet water, and see if what I am telling you is not absolute fact. Such a fish is just as gamy on the rod, just as sweet in the pan or baker as is the 'lunge. So there! The great pike, "pickerel" of most lakes and streams, is more closely related to the gray wolf of the north than he is to the true pickerel. The great pike always shows cheek fully scaled, while the gill-cover is so decorated on the upper half only. He may be a large fish too. I have taken one or two that rubbed 20 pounds, and specimens weighing anywhere between 10 and 18 pounds are not rare. A friend of mine once took a 40 pounder in a bay opening off Lake Superior, which even Thomas over there, will admit is some fish. And it is the great pike for which we generally troll. So we are back to our starting point. (This Note-Book is something like Dickens' famous "Circumlocution office.")

© William Angert

"Sandy" Ervine, Conservationist of Great Falls, Montana.

When the fly-man wearies of flecking his fuzzy-wuzzie lures, the plug caster of throwing his multi-colored contraptions, the live-bait enthusiast of sitting still, all can turn to trolling for rest and relaxation. Not much rest say you in rowing a heavy boat? Oh, I don't know about that. Why use a heavy boat? All you need is one stable enough to make moving about reasonably safe. I don't advise the use of a canoe, by the way. A good, stable craft, provided with a pair of easy-working oars, is the right thing. Oh, I have used blunt-nosed scows and a half-board paddle, had a good time, and caught fish. By the same token I have gone out in a nice white and gold craft, to the stern of which an out-board motor was attached, and in supreme luxury let the engine do all the paddling.

In some states the out-board and in-board motor is illegal as an adjunct to trolling or fishing, the angler finding himself "in Dutch" if he fishes from such a craft when the motor is running. I am not just sure that the motor-driven craft is an enemy to fish, but if so I am all for the law which makes fishing from them when in motion illegal. Just the same, I'll take my little skiff and sneak around in bays and along the edges of marshy shores, trolling a lure well behind, and get more fish than will the fellows in power-driven craft. When you don't have to propel the boat yourself, and often when you do, you move too fast for good fishing. Get this, the slower the boat moves, so long as the lure does not snag the bottom, the better.

This matter of speed is the most important thing in successful trolling. My attention was called to it by the fact that when trolling with 150 feet of line out, I generally took a fish when coming about. I figured it out that during the maneuver the lure slowed up—I know it did, for once or twice I got a snag—so I proceeded to investigate the possibilities of a slower speed out in the open. Result, more fish, larger fish. What I said in the last paragraph I repeat here, troll deep, just free of the bottom, which means row slow, very slow.

Which brings me to another discovery of mine. The more line you have out the better. I have found that a lure following along 150 or 200 feet behind the boat is more alluring than the one only 50 feet to the rear. I tested the thing out this way, I placed two rods in holders, one on either side the boat, but one used only 50 feet of thread, while the other had out 50 yards. The latter took three great pike to the former's one. Whether or not the same average would be constant of course I don't know, but it gives food for thought. You see, the lure trailing well behind, is beyond all commotion; perhaps the fish forget the menacing shadow of the craft, for I believe a shadow always spells danger to fish. They learned in babyhood that the shadow of a king fisher's wing spelled danger, and their fear of the intangible thing grows with each passing year.

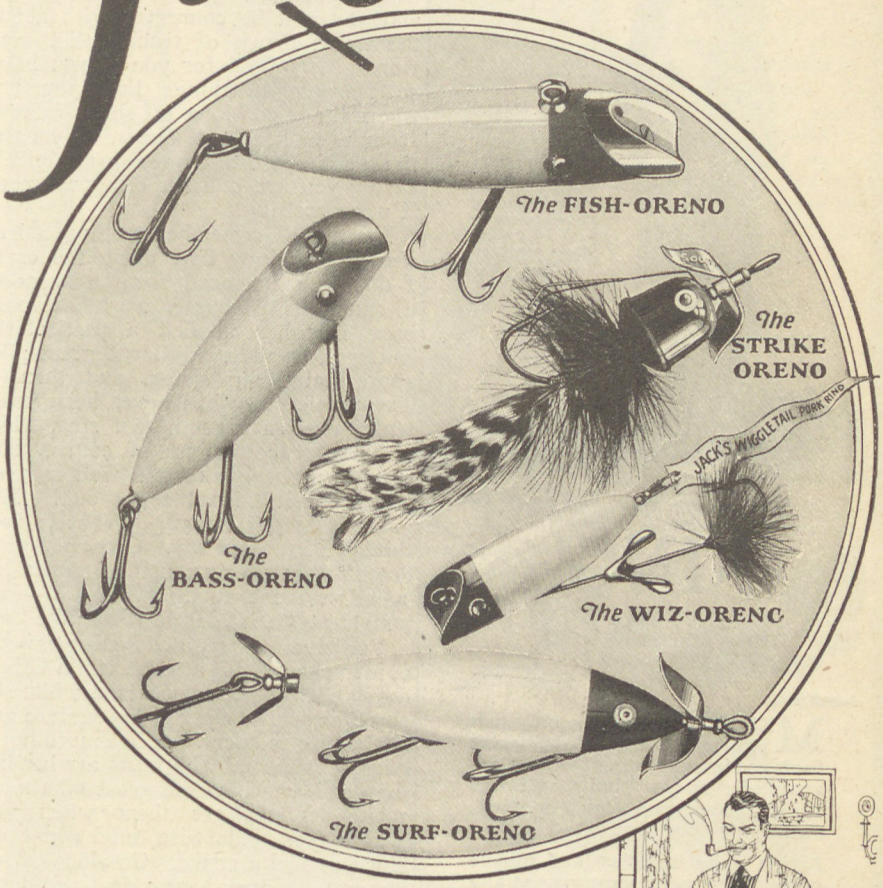
I remember one old gray pike that had its home in a bed of water-lilies, and he was wary beyond imagining. I have seen his gray length lying half concealed in the weeds, where he lay in wait for a small fish or frog; but when I would bring up my rod to cast, the sun glinting on its brightly polished surface, he would just naturally fade away. That's the word. No commotion, splashing and crashing such as we generally attribute to frightened fish, just a fade-away. He'd be there, then he wouldn't. I'd rub my eyes, scarcely believing their evidence. "How'd he do it?" I don't know, I only know he did. Time and again I visited his hang-out, but for weeks he refused to have anything to do with my offerings. Then one morning, while the gray mists hung close to the surface, as silently as possible I forced my boat along the edge of the lily-bed, an 8 inch chub attached to a big spoon some 200 feet in the rear. He fell for it. Rather he *fell upon it.* Ah, brethren, what a battle 'was there! Your 18 pound great pike hooked 200 feet behind your boat is not captured until he is. There is much of thrill and excitement, of hope and fear, between the hooking and gaffing. There is the same distance between hooking and gaffing a great pike that there is between sparking a girl and standing before the minister.

While I don't like to talk tackle, there being so many fellows ready to do so, I must add a paragraph or two upon that important topic, for I'll grant its importance. While there are a goodly portion of good anglers who still insist that a long cane pole with a line of equal length is the proper outfit, I am strong for the regular casting rod 5½ to 6½ feet long, as you prefer, with a good large level wind reel, line of 18 lbs. test, 6 or 8 inch gimp or trace, and a No. 6 or 7 spoon. With such an outfit I will promise more fish than the cane-pole user gets. Stands to reason, too, granted I know the habits of my fish, for I can troll the water away behind the boat, back where even the wavelets have forgotten what made 'em.

I want a rod-holder, clamped to the seat in front of me, in which my rod rests safely, but always get-at-able. Simply reach over and take it out when I get a strike, no danger of its being broken, or that some sudden attack of fish or snag will take it hence. If there is anything that wrenches an angler's soul, it is to see his outfit flashed by the board before he can raise a hand to prevent. Always he will believe some monster of the deep filched it, though the chances are if he succeeds in recovering it he will find the hook fast to a sunken log or huge lily root. I'd just about as soon hook onto a pine stump as to have the steel thrust home in a lily root. The rod-holder is a great convenience and preserver of morality. By all means add one to your outfit if you want to enjoy trolling to the full.

The sport, as I have outlined it, is very enjoyable. The proper pike day is slightly windy, yes, even with white-

Five Sure fish-getters
For September and October Fall Fishing



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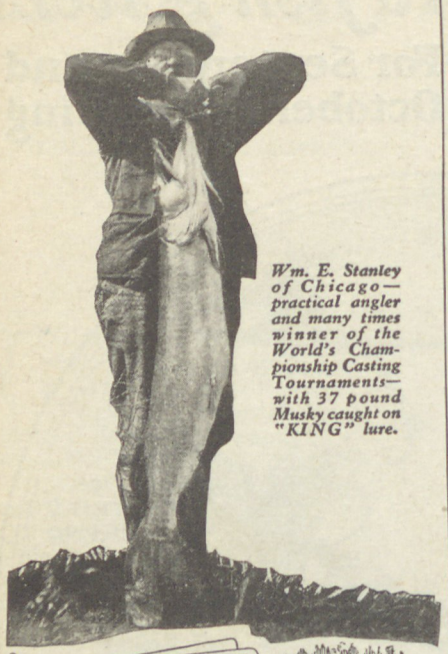

Wm. E. Stanley of Chicago—practical angler and many times winner of the World's Championship Casting Tournaments—with 37 pound Musky caught on "KING" lure.

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"KING"

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3 inch blade.

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caps showing a bit where the waves curl over. Don't know why, but your old, big, sly denizen is foraging around in such weather. Seems almost as though the spirit of the unquiet water enters the soul of him, and sends him out on food and adventure bent. There is rare fun in heading into the waves, not knowing what instant your craft will be stopped with a jar and jolt, and you will be connected with about the worst bunch of trouble that ever wore gills. Well for you if you have so maneuvered things that you are where the wind blows off shore or away from weed-beds and snags, otherwise, the odds are all in the great pike's favor; you are due for disappointment if not a wetting.

I can well remember trolling a lee-shore one windy day, using the craft I do not recommend for the purpose, a canoe. Of course, as luck would have it, when abreast a particularly bad spot, an unusually large great pike appropriated my spoon, and then—! The whole story has never been written, for when I get here I stop. The craft went bottom up of course, and naturally, obeying certain well remembered physical laws, I got out! The great pike got away. "What a fool thing," I hear you say. Granted, but it doesn't help overly much to emphasize a self-evident fact. "Now, if—had you, but—" Aw, Heck, what's the use?

For true mystery and soul-satisfying enjoyment, get up a great while before day, and investigate the lake while the shrouding mists cling to the surface and all Nature is silent. A hot morning in August is ideal. The mists are heavier then and somehow the great pike more rabid. You'll get them when and where you otherwise might not so much as feel a strike. Go alone, by all means, unless you have a deaf-and-dumb companion, or a friend who appreciates the creative qualities of Quiet. Maybe fish can't hear a sound unless communicated to the water by vibrations, and I guess it's so; but just the same, I don't want talking, its profanation if it doesn't actually scare fish.

I remember being out with a good friend in the long ago, a man who could keep his mouth shut in English, German, French and Ojibwa. Some man, what? Well, we were trolling a northern lake in blueberry time and blueberry country, long before the early worm had manifested himself, much less the hungry bird. Whether or not you credit it, I hooked a monster great pike in the darkness and fog, my companion being at the oars. What I had hooked I didn't know, but out there somewhere in the shrouding mists was a galvanic battery sending constant charges along my line. I forgot my love for silence and said things. It was a most wonderful battle, most wonderful, and the thing was not brought to an issue until day dawned. Then we discovered our difficulty, the great pike was wearing a coronal of weeds as large as a bushel basket.

When I brought him alongside, I shouted to Bill,—"Now shoot him in the head!"

Would you believe it? Can you credit it? He pointed the stem of his pipe at the malevolent head crowned in sea-weed, not realizing he had mistaken it for the .22 Stevens! But he says he wasn't excited. No, one should never allow himself to become in the least excited, it's bad for the digestion. I never do. Oh, no, I never do.

In conclusion, in trolling always remember the landing tools. Perhaps nothing is better than a 22 or 32 pistol or revolver, for the lead pill has a very quieting effect if placed between the eyes. Don't do as a friend of mine once did, he shot off his line. But he wasn't a good shot. Lacking the "gun," carry a good thick club, and strike only when the fish is "all in" and strike with care. Look where you are going to hit, then hit where you look. A big fish better be run in shore before landing if you lack proper tools. A gaff is a good thing, but never undertake to gaff a great pike unless you are absolutely certain he is exhausted. Let me warn you that even an apparently vanquished fish will find an atom or two of kicking power somewhere at the prick of the gaff-hook, and it is hard to have things smashed then.

Now I have not told it all, or begun to tell it, in these rambling notes, but trolling for great pike is wonderfully satisfactory, great sport. You can always congratulate yourself when you gaff one weighing over 8 pounds, remembering how many smaller fish are required to keep the machinery of such a fish going. But it isn't the fishing, nor yet the fish; it's you that counts. It's great to troll in a fog—physical not metaphysical, all by your lonesome, whether you hook a fish or not.

* * *

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Waltonian (to little boy with pole and line): "Are you going fishing, my boy?"

Lad: "Naw, huntin'!"

Waltonian: "Hunting?"

Lad: "Yeah, huntin' for a place to fish."

* * *

HOW HIGH DO BASS LEAP?

There is one subject concerning which there is no great unanimity of opinion, and that is regarding the height of a fighting bass's leap. It is not how high can a bass leap, but how high do they leap on a slack line? In my opinion there is considerable exaggeration. One fellow angler writes to assert that he has seen small mouth reach a height of three feet, while another insists he has had the same species jump clean over his row-boat. Understand, I am not saying they can't, I'm only saying, in my experience I have never seen them do it. A two-foot leap, two feet clear above water, would be a high jump. Seldom is the whole body twelve inches above the surface, more often the leap does not entirely clear the surface. It is true that moving pictures show the fish high in air, and you know, "Cameras can't lie." No, neither can figures nor scales, but the men who figure and hold the balances can. I am not trying to steal one bit of honor from America's

greatest sporting asset, the black bass; I am simply giving my own findings. How high has your bass jumped?

* * *

TOO BAD!

First Angler: "Where's all your luggage?"

Second Angler: "Lost it."

First Angler: "What, lost it? What on earth happened?"

Second Angler: "Cork came out."

* * *

RAINBOW TROUT

I am a great lover of this western fish, which, introduced into the East and Middle West, has made himself at home most remarkably. I know of no fish more satisfactory to the fly fisherman. While the rainbow is not adverse to worms, and abnormally fond of grasshoppers, it is as a fly fish that he is supreme. I honestly think he will do more with a fly in a few seconds than any other fish. He rises, touches and rejects, before the laggard angler can possibly strike. In swift water he will hook himself; never, or seldom, in a quiet pool. It is all up to the angler as to whether or not his counterfeit presentments are to do their work. I have come to say that one can't strike too quickly, though perhaps that may be an exaggeration; still I am not so sure, thinking back over my experience on northern rivers the past several years. How swiftly he comes, like a silver streak through the water, and how gingerly he touches the feathers, almost mouths them, though the fact is that he takes them in his lips, perhaps *feels* them, so discovering their fraud. What a picture he makes, at the end of a taut line, leaping, shooting, cavorting! Here's to you, Mr. Rainbow, full of life and vigor; may you long inhabit our streams and rivers, to test tackle and try the skill of Ike Waltons.

* * *

HEARD IN CAMP

"Bill, these biscuits are hard as stone."

"I know, Henry, but didn't you hear the cook say, 'Take your pick,' when he handed them around?"

* * *

FROM AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

"I remember the stream where we
fished with a pin,
And the spot Willy Jones from the
bank tumbled in—
He swallowed his gum and got wet to
the skin,
But we laughed at the poor little chap,
you and I.
Then home in the dusk with our fish
on a string,
A song in the heart and the stars in
the sky,—
When you were the girl in the red
pinafore,
And I was the freckled-faced boy."

* * *

HIS ALIBI

Onlooker: "Surely, Mose, you don't expect to catch fish in that stream?"

Mose: "No, sah, I don't expect to catch no fish. I'se just showin' my ole woman I has no time to turn de wringer."

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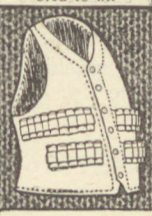

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THE VEST POCKET CAMERA

Every angler knows how cumbersome a full-grown camera is, how much of a nuisance on the stream; but there are little machines on the market nowadays, while not exactly vest-pocket in size, yet small enough to be of no trouble whatever. What wonderful pictures they take too. Not expensive, as I remember, the best sells at something like $15.00. Nothing will add more to the joy of a fishing trip than to have a pictorial record, showing bits of water, perhaps the pool from which you lifted leviathan, or, *where leviathan got away.* If you care to have enlargements made, you can do so, but the word of my experience for it, you will find the little picture plenty good enough. By the way, there are some good photographers who are using the small machines to secure the pictures with which some of our outdoor magazines are embellished. So, fishermen all, invest in a little machine and you will thank me for the tip.

* * *

DIPLOMATIC

Billy (aged six): "Daddie, I know what I'm going to give you for Christmas. A nice new Leonnard rod!"

Father: "But I have one, son."

Billy: "Yes, I know, but—I've just broken it, playing with Rover."

* * *

OWNING TACKLE

Was it Confucius who said, "the secret of life is in the possessive pronouns?" Anyway, there is something in it. Never could quite understand the man who borrows tackle. I mean, makes a business of *not* owning tackle. There are few delights like possessing a fine rod, line or reel. So these days I am urging my fellow anglers to invest—that's the word, "invest"—in the best tackle possible. A fellow is more apt to take good care of a rod that cost upwards of twenty-five dollars, say, than one secured at the department store for 99 cents. As between a rod costing $25, and one priced at $30, I think I would wait until I had saved the other five dollars. I am speaking of better tackle, you understand. There is just as much real joy in possessing a fine rod or reel, as there is in owning a high-class shotgun or rifle, and I know something of that pleasure, too.

Of course I am not advising that the tyro start out by investing in a fifty or sixty-dollar rod, rather I am thinking of the second purchase. It would be very foolish indeed to begin fly-fishing with a fine rod. Better experiment with a medium priced outfit, then when you have learned how to use without abusing, how to care for and cherish, you are in a position to acquire a really fine outfit. So again I say, get the best you can afford, indeed, go a bit beyond that point if you must. Buy a rod so expensive that you will be afraid to tell just how much you paid for it when you have an understanding with friend wife. I know of no possession which will bring the angler greater satisfaction than a perfect rod or reel.

EVERYTHING WENT OVERBOARD

"I just found this little bottle of pellets!" exclaimed a small boy on the sand near the fishing pier.

"Throw it back into the water!" shouted the mother. "Someone who was seasick must have lost them."

* * *

LADY ANGLERS

You remember Van Dyke's inimitable tale of the man who induced his wife into the fishing game, and she ran away with it. Wonderful touch, where the author makes the erstwhile angler confess that he has about decided upon going in for croquet. Now I doubt that many husbands would have that fatal success. Just the same, fly-fishing should and does appeal to the ladies. Why not? Is there a game anywhere to compare with it for nicety and understanding? It is to be expected that the fine points of the science will appeal to the ladies. There is a delicacy of touch, an understanding of real art called for, both of which are possessed to a degree by the "female of the species." I watched a lady at work with the fuzzy wuzzies the other afternoon, and for sheer grace and perfect action, she had many good male casters pushed clean off the water. Of course, grace and skill are not *all* there is to fly-fishing by a good deal; just the same, with fish-knowledge and tackle understanding, anyone possessed of skill and grace can do wonders. I confidently expect that sisters of the open are going to make great and successful fly-fishers. Then there are the natty outdoor clothes displayed so entrancingly these days, they alone should convert our better two-thirds to the game. So, man, if you are not afraid of a "fatal success," get "her" a rod, reel, line and creel, and hit the stream together. Welcome to the game, sisters, all.

* * *

AND WE AGREE

The angler had laid aside his fishing-rod, journeying to the Eternal City, and finding entrance of course. For a time he wandered about the golden streets in supreme content, but at last, weary of the continuous music, he asked if he might be allowed to visit the nether regions. His request being granted, he knocked at the gates of hades and was admitted. A guide was provided to show him about, and what he beheld pleased him mightily. Everywhere were running streams and lambent lakes, alive with leaping bass and sporting trout. Then he accosted his guide:

"I don't understand this," said he, "everywhere are fish and wonderful opportunities for angling, but no tackle: neither hint nor sign of rod, reel or line."

"That," muttered the guide, "that is the hell of it."

O. WARREN SMITH is acknowledged to be one of the greatest fishing authorities in the country. He will gladly assist you with your angling troubles. Write him, care of Outdoor America

Tons of Fish Killed

(Continued from page 33)

paign sanitary district, gave a sketch of his work in cleaning up pollution in that area and an interesting description of the Imhoff sewage disposal system by means of which both from the chemical and bacteriological standpoint an effluent is returned to a stream purer than the water originally used.

Before adjournment in the late afternoon the following officers were named for the new association: A. C. Willford and A. L. Lommel of Waterloo, respectively, president and secretary; directors—C. R. Thompson, Shell Rock; D. M. Evans, Mason City; Theo. Menges, Waterloo; R. S. Sherwood, Parkersburg; F. E. Trigg, Rockford; J. Q. Lauer, Waverly; J. M. Ramsey, Clarksville; Geo. H. Sawyer, Osage; E. L. Hoadley, Marble Rock; E. H. Boller, Greene; A. B. C. Dodd, Charles City; Dr. Geo. Hearst, Cedar Falls; John Tobin, Vinton; Publicity Manager, F. E. Trigg.

The new organization which will be known as the Cedar-Shell Rock Association No. 2 of the Izaak Walton River Associations of Iowa, consists of the following towns to date: Northwood, Clear Lake, Mason City, Nora Springs, Charles City, St. Ansgar, Carpenter, Rockford, Riceville, Greene, Nashua, Parkersburg, Waverly, Janesville, Cedar Falls, Waterloo, Vinton, Cedar Rapids, Mt. Vernon, Stanwood, Marble Rock, Muscatine, Davenport, Clarksville, Shell Rock, LaPorte City and Osage.

At a meeting of the newly-elected board of directors, held just after the general session, the situation was discussed from a number of practical angles and before adjournment a motion was adopted instructing Secretary Erwin to obtain a written opinion from a qualified attorney outlining the proper form of legal procedure to put an effective stop to the further pollution of these streams and giving the time limit within which actions for damages must be started so as not to be invalidated by the statute of limitations.

It is a matter of much favorable comment that the Izaak Walton organization of the state has thus put itself definitely behind this campaign to stop stream pollution in Iowa. Other river associations which Secretary Erwin intends to organize will have this definite objective in view.

It is further to the credit of the Izaak Walton movement, state and national, that its attitude towards individuals, corporations and municipalities that have been guilty of stream pollution in the past, is not one of hostility, recrimination and obstruction, but rather one which is characterized by a spirit of fair play and an honest desire to help those who have been offending to work out a solution of the problems which they have on their hands. This willingness to co-operate, however, will not obscure the firm determination of Izaak Walton members to put a stop to further stream pollution.

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6—**Fruit Trees** of all kinds, strong, 4 years. **$2 each.**

7—**Privet,** strong, 3 years, **$10 per 100. Jap Barberry,** strong, 2 ft., branchy. **$3.50 doz. $25 per 100.**

8—**Shade Trees,** all ordinary deciduous, **$2 to $3 each,** according to size. **Evergreens** in all best sorts, **$1 to $25** according to size and variety.

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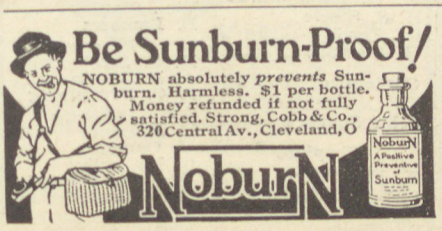
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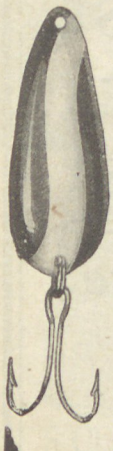

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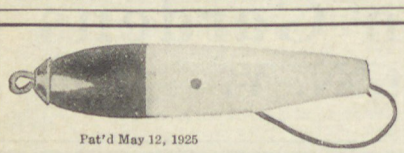

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Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the N. A. S. A. C. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

1926 NATIONAL BAIT AND FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT

Owing to difficult complications, the 18th Annual National Tournament of the N. A. S. A. C. will be held at Chicago in place of Philadelphia as announced in the July number of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The officers of the Association will have charge, assisted by the members of the affiliated casting clubs. The dates decided upon are September 3-4-5-6 and all events will be played at the pool of the Chicago Fly Casting Club at Garfield Park.

The program of events listed below may be changed, is necessary.

Friday, Sept. 3

¼ oz. Distance Bait
½ oz. Distance Bait
One of the Accuracy Fly Events or Distance Fly

Saturday, Sept. 4

⅝ oz. Distance Bait
One of the Accuracy Fly Events or Distance Fly
¼ oz. Accuracy Bait

Sunday, Sept. 5

Salmon Fly or Distance Fly
One of the Accuracy Fly Events
½ oz. Accuracy Bait

Monday, Sept. 6

Salmon or Distance Fly
⅝ oz. Accuracy Bait

Note—While the Bait Events can have a fixed time on the schedule it was thought by the committee that conditions could govern which of the Accuracy Fly Events (Accuracy, Dry, or Dry at unknown distances) and which of the Distance Fly events would be most suitable. The selection will be announced at the beginning of each day's casting.

Committees have been selected as follows:—

Tournament

E. F. Sutter, Chairman
F. S. Leach, Secretary
Carl McCarthy
A. D. Arado
John Sbarbro
Geo. Case
W. Stanley
C. Mathie
G. G. Chatt
F. J. Lane
W. G. Kromphardt
H. S. Steele
Dr. Davis
H. Sigwald

Captain of Tournament

John Sbarbro

Trophies

E. F. Sutter
Carl McCarthy
C. Mathie
Dr. Davis

Flies, Weights, Events

E. F. Sutter
Arthur J. Neu
Goodwin Granger
A. A. Trimble
Carlos G. Young
G. G. Chatt
F. S. Leach
J. S. Schwinn

Hotel and Arrangements

G. G. Chatt
F. S. Leach
W. G. Kromphardt
Wm. Stanley
E. Lambert

Program

H. S. Steele
A. D. Arado
J. C. Fridenberg

Publicity

F. J. Lane
H. Ogden
C. McCarthy
Wm. H. Stewart
Bob Becker
Ed Taylor
Ewart H. Ross

Merchandise Trophies will be awarded similar and equal to those given last year at Chicago.

The Annual Business Meeting will be held Saturday evening after the casting. Each affiliated club is entitled to send one representative and one delegate (two members) to represent it at the business meeting. They must be active members of the club they represent and should bring credentials. Each representative and each delegate and each of the elected officers of the Association is entitled to one vote. Other members of clubs are invited to the meeting; they will have the privilege of speaking from the floor but are not entitled to vote, make motions or nominations.

During the past year considerable discussion has been taking the attention of the casters in regard to the method of scoring the All-Round Championship. Some years ago a method of scoring by points was devised by R. D. Heetfield in an attempt to arrive at a fair valuation of the scores made in all the events.

For a time it worked exceedingly well until the records began to climb. Under the present system there is no limit to the points a Distance caster can pile up while the Accuracy caster can go just so far, being limited to a perfect score.

In fact, a caster making a perfect score in all six of the Accuracy Events to be cast at the coming Tournament can score just an extra 175 points while all a Distance caster has to do to offset that unheard of performance will be to cast thirty feet beyond any of the records. This is liable to happen in the quarter ounce. Some remedy should be presented to reconcile this apparently unequal situation. Some are enthusiastic over a plan to award two championships, Distance and Accuracy, as no plan can be devised to average dissimilar scores as those of distance expressed in feet and those expressed in percentages, as in the Accuracy Events. In addition, it is claimed that a caster winning both championships is, regardless of any method of scoring, the All-Round Champion. Another idea is to change the points in the distance scoring making them less than 12 and 6 as is now for each foot, but this penalizes the distance man and no one wants to do that. A committee will report at the next annual meeting

on a modification of the system of scoring points and the president of the Association has asked through these columns that delegates bring to the meeting the sentiment of their clubs in regard to any change.

CHATT BREAKS NATIONAL RECORD

World's records mean nothing nowadays—Geo. Chatt smashed one record by averaging 162⅓ feet with a long cast of 164 in salmon fly. Chatt took four firsts at a tournament, while H. B. Eberman and Stanley came in for first in ⅝ ounce plug and ½ ounce accuracy, respectively.

Scores are given below:

ILLINOIS STATE TOURNAMENT

The Lincoln Park Casting Club of Chicago sponsored a very lively State Tournament at their pool July 3rd, 4th and 5th. It was very successful owing to careful preparation and activity on the part of the Lincoln Park members. The trophies were gold, silver and bronze medals, with an unusually fine assortment of merchandise prizes.

Walter Willman, of the Illinois Club, won the All Round, taking the honors from E. F. Sutter of the Chicago Fly Club, the runner-up, who had led up to the last week. Willman won two firsts; Cook, of the Illinois, two firsts; Sutter and McCandless, one each. From the Lincoln Park Club, Lambert won the cast-off in the Accuracy Fly from Howard Chatt, and Wickland, a new caster, won the cast-off in the ⅝ oz. Bait from Willman and Saloga.

The 1927 State Tournament will be given at Garfield Park by the Chicago Fly Casting Club, with Carl McCarthy as Chairman; Geo. Case, Vice-Chairman; F. J. Leach, Secretary; and L. Hodges, Treasurer.

Scores in detail follow:

Names	Accuracy Baits ⅝	¼	½
Wicklund	99.4	99.3	....
Willman	99.4	98.6	99.5
Saloga	99.4	....	....
Sigwalt	99.3	98.3	98.4
Cook	99.3	99.8	97.3
Burlingame	99.3	99.2	99.2
Zeesler	99.3	....	98.8
E. Davis	99.3	99.2	98.6
Leach	99.3	98.5	99.2
C. Nordholm	99.3	99.3	98.8
Gera'l	99.3	97.6	98.6
Dr. Davis	99.2	98.4	98.1
Sutter	99.2	99.5	99.0
Lynn	99.2	98.1	98.4
McCandless	99.1	98.9	98.2
Mason	99.1	....	....
Hillstrom	99.1	....	....
C. Nordholm, Jr.	99.0	99.0	98.3
Lambert	99.0	98.2	98.8
McCarthy	99.0	99.3	99.0
Kleinfeldt	99.0	98.8	98.5
Eberman	99.0	98.5	98.5
Kretschman	98.9	98.7	98.3
Naugle	98.9	98.5	98.5
Fridenberg	98.8	....	....
Yong	98.8	99.1	98.9
Mathie	98.7	98.4	97.7
DeGarmo	98.7	99.6	98.7
Bennington	98.6	96.9	97.9
H. Chatt	98.5	98.8	98.8
Kuester	98.5	....	....
Armstrong	98.4	....	....
Anderson	98.3	....	....
McCarthy, Jr.	98.3	....	....
Steel	98.1	97.6	97.2
Hodges	98.0	....	....
Lane	98.0	98.7	97.9
McCombs	97.9	97.4	97.5
Miller	97.7	98.7	....
DeLamity	97.2	98.4	99.3
Ericson	97.1	....	....
Case	97.0	....	97.1
H. Anderson	....	97.8	....
Dever	....	98.3	98.7
James	....	94.9	97.5
Williams	....	....	99.2
Mrs. Klein	....	....	98.0

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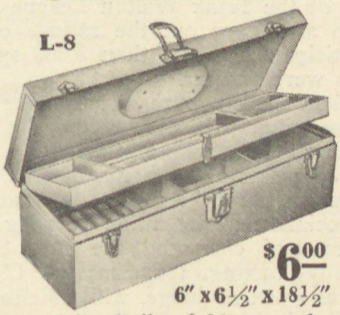

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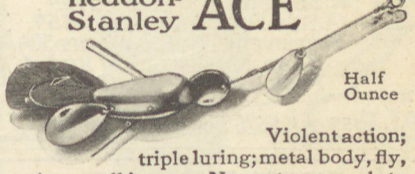

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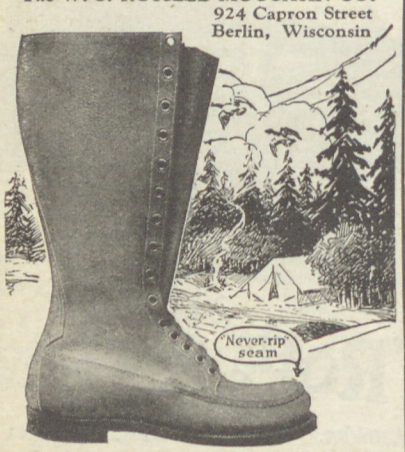

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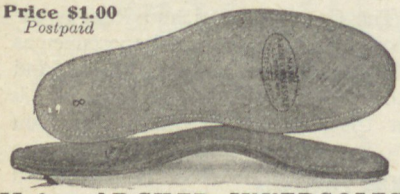

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Accuracy Fly

Name	Dry Fly	D. F. Unk.	Accy. Fly
Cook	99.9	98.6	98.13
Willman	99.5	99.2	99.1
Sutter	99.4	99.5	99.10
McCandless	99.3	99.6	99.2
Anderson	99.2	98.6	....
Kretschman	99.1	98.4	99.4
Kleinfeldt	99.1	99.4	99.9
H. Chatt	99.0	98.8	99.12
Steel	99.0	98.8	99.1
Lambert	98.14	98.8	99.12
DeGarmo	98.13	98.9	98.7
Dr. Davis	98.11	98.3	99.8
Naugle	98.11	98.0	99.7
Eberman	98.10	98.7	99.11
Fridenberg	98.9	98.6	....
Mathie	98.8	98.8	99.5
Vong	98.11	99.1	98.14
Case	98.8	98.5	99.7
Lane	98.7	99.1	99.0
Lynn	98.7	99.0	98.11
Leach	98.5	97.7	99.4
E. Davis	98.3	98.7	99.6
Burlingame	98.2	98.7	98.0
C. Nordholm	97.12	98.3	99.1
Leisler	....	....	98.5
McCombs	....	....	96.7

½ oz. Distance Bait

Name	Average feet	Longest Cast, feet
Willman	252.1	264
Kleinfeldt	222.7	235
Sutter	209	242
Bornholt	200.8	229
Cook	196	208
Leach	178.6	188
Mathie	176.2	227
Bennington	166.6	181
De Garmo	164.6	211
Nordholm	146.4	237
Naugle	143.4	200
Dr. Davis	134.8	182
E. Davis	117.6	202
Steel	116.2	159
McCombs	107.4	161
Kretschman	78.6	122
Vong	71.8	210
Burlingame	102.4	168
H. Chatt	47.6	238
McCarthy	39.4	197
Fridenberg	39.2	196

Ladies' Event, ½ oz. Bait

	Average feet
Mrs. Willman	98.2
Mrs. Williams	97.7
Mrs. Klein	96.4

ST. PAUL CASTERS AT OWATONNA CHAPTER, I. W. L. A.

What has been termed the largest crowd ever to witness a fly and bait casting tournament was present here July 5 to see ten members of the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting club take part in distance and accuracy events, which were a part of Owatonna's huge Fourth of July celebration. Announcement that Paul Schilling and H. A. Gillette won first places in the accuracy and distance contests was made this morning by Nelson H. LaGreide, clerk of the contests, and prominent member of the Izaak Walton League here, who also gave out the ratings of all participants. More than 3,000 spectators were present.

Gold medals were awarded the first prize winners in each contest by local business firms, who also donated a total of 34 prizes for other winners. The events were held under the National Association of Scientific Angling club rules, and composed the first Steele county casting tournament. C. W. Treat acted as judge, while Nelson H. LaGreide was clerk.

The longest cast in the distance program was made by Ben Wittick, who, but for a broken line, would have won first place. F. W. Kuesel acted as team captain of the St. Paul casters, and coach of the contestants. Harry Hedlund is a director of the organization; Paul W. Feist is first vice president, William Sinclair, captain, and H. A. Gillette, one of the Minneapolis club to take part.

SEATTLE CASTING CLUB SCORES

As I look over OUTDOOR AMERICA and see the difficulty that the casters in the East have in getting their casting started due to ice and snow, I can't help but feel how fortunate we are here from a weather standpoint. There were no Sundays last winter in Seattle that it would not be possible to cast, barring some rain once in a while. However, we do not, as a rule, start our casting until about March 1st, when we average about two Sundays a month at the pool, and these meetings our dyed-in-the-wool members attend religiously in spite of the fine fishing we have here.

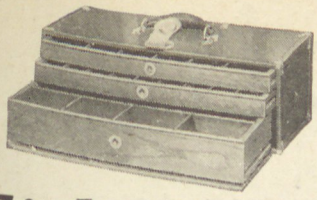
Perhaps the eastern casters would like to hear something of our fishing.

I will start in by saying that a number of our casters made a trip to the bass fisherman's paradise (Silver Lake), April 15th. Those who made this trip were: Dave Bryant, Herbert Beeler, Ray Croson, Weir Edholm, Ed Fredrich, Henry Kirk, Ralph Lyttaker, Ferdinand Nist, George Shaefer, Sig. Thorlakson, J. VanOsterhaut, A. Wisner, all of whom made fine catches. Dave Bryant had the pleasure of putting a net under a seven and one-quarter pound bass caught by his fishing partner. This was the largest bass caught by any of the party, although nearly all of the others caught bass ranging from four and one-half to five pounds.

Deskin Reid, Ray Croson, John Archer, made a trip to the Cowlitz River for salmon, soon afterwards landing four or five fine fish ranging from 24 lbs. to 43 lbs. Duke Wellington has been busy trying to catch all of the black mouth salmon in Puget Sound, but has been troubled by dog fish; but now dog biscuits form a part of his regular equipment, and he expects no further trouble. George Shaefer has trained dog fish, so he tells the writer, to bark for Copenhagen. The black mouth salmon, running from 6 lbs. up, may be caught on a fly rod or casting rod in various ways.

B. B. Farr made a trip on the sound for cut-throat trout and made a very good catch. Loyal Drew made a trip east of the Cascades and caught some wonderful cut-throat trout as well as an eight pound Dolly Varden. Past President O. L. Stout has made some successful catches of cut-throat trout in nearby lakes. The writer has had fine success all winter fishing with a Drake and Scarlet fly for cut-throat trout in Lake Washington. I am generally content to stop fishing after taking from two to five trout, which run from twelve to eighteen inches in length. Also since April 1st have landed four bass ranging from four and one-quarter to five and one-quarter pounds.

In addition to the above activities



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One side a pure wool 22 oz. flannel, the reverse a material that feels and looks like a soft chamois leather and is waterproof. Colors are Blue, Brown, Green, Red and Gray Plaids in the flannel, and Brown and Gray in the Leth'R'Like. Price only $7.00. Order yours to-day. Guaranteed to satisfy, or money back.
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$15 8-Power Prism Binocular
(Case and Straps)

Philip Pope, U.S. Vet. Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., says: "Comparing it with an $80 glass, with the exception of better finish, cannot see any superiority in the more expensive glass." French 10-power, 30 m m., 22 oz. Prism Binocular, $25.75. After 5 days' trial, if not satisfied, money will be refunded.
Send for price list of other bargains.
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the club has held six tournaments, beginning March 21st.

OHIO STATE HOLDS TOURNAMENT AT YOUNGSTOWN.

A. C. Trimble, Vice President of the N. A. S. A. C., won the All-Around at the recent State Tournament of the Ohio Association of Scientific Angling Clubs with Braddon 128 points below him in 2nd place. The points are:—

Trimble	7448
Braddon	7320
Connelly	7128
Palmer	6621
Arbogast	6278

Following are the scores in detail:—

	¼ oz. Distance		½ oz. Distance		⅝ oz. Distance	
Caster	Av.	L. C.	Av.	L. C.	Av.	L. C.
Foss	172.4	192	234.2	254	174.	218
Connelly	166.2	175	172.6	234	177.8	185
Palmer	155.8	163	209.6	217	178.	184
Braddon	143.4	190	218.2	225	44.6	188
Trimble	140.6	184	130.6	225	216.2	235
Davidson	134.	163	36.6	183	135.8	188
Arbogast	133.6	235	51.2	256	222.8	235
Buckwalter	117.2	170	209.6	226	116.6	179
Bolton	100.6	177	46.2	231	146.6	200
Evans	96.6	107	....	....	51.8	129
Lockwood	94.8	135	125.8	170	112.6	157
Hurst	79.	175	215.6	226	163.	199
Moulton	....	....	....	....	161.8	175

	Salmon Fly		Distance Fly	
Caster	Av.	L. C.	Av.	L. C.
Braddon	144	146	98⅔	100
Connelly	133	133	104	106
Schrum	130⅓	131	92⅔	94
Trimble	124	126	94⅔	95
Bolton	122⅓	125	81⅔	83
Arbogast	117⅔	122	85⅓	86
Lockwood	114⅔	119	87	87
Hurst	110⅔	115	88⅓	89
Buckwalter	102⅔	107	82⅓	83
Palmer	99⅔	100	74	75
Foss	....	...	87⅓	90
Marriott	....	...	80	85

Caster	Acc. Fly*	Dry Fly*	Dry Fly, W. D.†
Braddon	99-12	99-8	99.4
Trimble	99-11	99-4	98.7
Bolton	99-7	98-14	94.6
Hurst	99-6	99-0	99.0
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Marriott	99-5	99-3	98.9
Schrum	99-3	99-2	99.4
Arbogast	99-1	97-9	98.0
Lockwood	99-0	98-14	98.4
Buckwalter	98-12	98-4	98.3
Palmer	98-9	98-14	97.8
Foss	98-3	98-7	97.7

* Scored in 15th. † Scored in 10th.

	¼ oz. Accy.	½ oz. Accy.	⅝ oz. Accy.
Braddon	99.2*	98.4	99.3
Arbogast	99.2	97.8	99.5*
Trimble	99.2	99.1	99.3
Moulton	98.6	98.4	97.9
Buckwalter	98.5	96.3	97.6
Bolton	98.4	97.7	98.3
Hurst	98.4	98.	98.7
Davidson	98.3	98.1	99.5
Schrum	98.2	98.2	99.1
Palmer	98.	98.4	99.2
Kinnear	98.	95.2	98.8
Marriott	98.	97.4	99.1
Connelly	98.	98.2	98.9
Lockwood	97.9	97.2	97.7
Caldwell, R.	97.8	97.5	98.3
Gilmore	97.8	98.4	97.4
Caldwell, W. D.	97.4	97.9	97.8
Wheatland	97.	98.6	99.2
Evans	96.7	96.6	97.9
Trigg	96.6	98.1	98.4
Noyes	...	96.6	....
Winfield	...	97.4	97.9
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Real Camping

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Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

IF there is anything more delightful than "a day in June" it is a week in September. Most of the pests that detract from the pleasure of earlier outings have vanished and the cold, rough weather, that sometimes mars later trips, is not yet due. Glorious days of bright sunshine and mellow warmth are followed by clear, crisp nights during which there may be just a hint of frost. It is then that the campfire comes into its own and surpasses what the most fervidly romantic scribes have written of its charm. Fortunate indeed are those who can spend September camping in the northern wilderness.

Without the campfire, wilderness life would be unattractive to most of us. It is the center around which all camp activities revolve and the forest camp without a fire resembles the real thing no more than the lifeless dummy in a shop window resembles a human being.

Woodsmen differ widely in their ideas of personal comfort. Conditions that mean real hardship to some are considered luxurious by others. The relative importance of all items of camping equipment is the subject of endless controversy and the only thing all of us deem absolutely necessary to physical and mental well being, in the woods, is A FIRE. There is, however, as much diversity of opinion about what constitutes a *good* fire as there is about "proper" food, clothing and fishing tackle. My own definition of a good fire is, one that does what is required of it and *no more*.

For a small party using a single tent, the "Nessmuk" fireplace is deservedly popular. As it was pictured and described in a former number of this magazine we will take it for granted that our readers are familiar with its many advantages.

Fig. 1 shows a form of campfire that is as practical as it is simple. When large logs are used it gives sufficient light and heat for a small shelter and it requires comparatively little attention between meals. The dry fuel is placed crosswise near the closed end of the V and the burned embers allowed to fall between the bed logs. Boiling is done in a kettle suspended over the blaze, frying at either side and baking at the open end. The fact that all these operations can be carried on simultaneously, without altering the arrangement, entitles the "snowplough" to high rank among campfires.

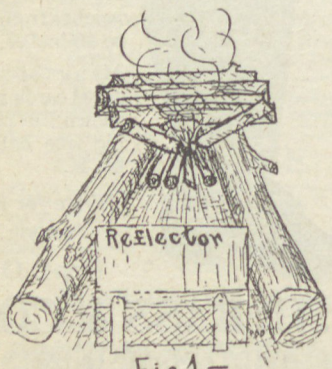

Fig. 1—
"Snowplough" Fireplace.

When two tents are pitched facing each other a single fire will do for both. The one shown in Fig. 2 is commonly used by survey and other working parties that may be camping without stoves. Baking is done in reflector ovens set on either side of the fire, or in a beanhole, dug in the form of a trench, parallel to the upper logs. Frying pans for use at a fire of this sort should be fitted with sockets in which a long stick acts as an extension handle.

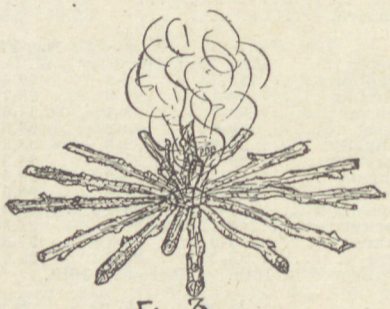

Fig. 3—
Social, or Bon Fire—
A gallon of gasoline in hole at centre will assure good blaze.

Fig. 4—
Slow Burning summer fire.

To do good work this kind of fire must be kept high enough from the ground to insure clean combustion and prompt smoke disposal. The "dogs" should not be less than eight inches thick.

Fig. 3 shows a good way to build the purely social fire, around which a large number of persons can share equally its warmth and glow. Bed logs, arranged like the spokes of a wheel, should be high enough to give the free draft that prevents lazy, low circling smoke. The more inflammable fuel is arranged "crib fashion" at the center and, when the supply of this material has been consumed, the fire can be maintained for hours by keeping the charred ends of the bed logs in close contact with each other.

A slow fire that needs but slight attention and very little additional fuel is often desirable. Fig. 4 shows one what is frequently seen at the summer camps of north woods Indians. Two good sized, half dry logs are laid on the ground, side by side and touching each other. A small fire is then started between them. When thoroughly ignited the logs will smoulder quietly for a long time and give enough heat to keep a stew simmering and the beanhole warm. At meal times a few dry twigs are added to boil the tea water and furnish a quick heat for frying. This sort of fire is made self-feeding by placing one log a trifle higher than the other so that the charring away of the edges will be compensated by the tendency of the upper log to roll against the lower one.

An open-front tent adds to the enjoyment of September campfires. It acts as a windbreak, reflects light and heat

© Kenneth M. Wright

The cook gets busy.

and permits the camper to lounge at ease during inclement weather. A makeshift shed can be arranged by pitching an ordinary wedge tent on its side. Head room is increased by attaching the ridge pole to the tent in the usual way and elevating it about two feet. This forms a vertical rear wall and eliminates considerable waste space. A single-door tent may have to be ripped down the back to make it conform perfectly to the shed pattern, but with reasonable care the middle seam can be opened without causing any real damage. For mid-winter use, one door may be enough, but at all other times I prefer my wall and wedge tents to open at both ends.

WEATHER FORECASTERS

I think it reasonable to assume that many insects, birds and animals can sense the approach of a storm long before most humans become aware of any change in atmospheric conditions. Weather is an all important consideration in the life of every conscious thing that lives in the open; small wonder if it be the object of their almost continuous observation and a major topic of their conversation.

About thirty years ago a cruising companion told me that the cackling of the Great Red Headed Woodpecker was an almost infallible warning that rain would fall in that vicinity within twenty-four hours. Ever since then I have been particular to note the weather that followed my hearing of this strident cry that seems as startlingly out of place in the silence of the forest as would the explosion of fire crackers during vesper prayers in a church.

Fig. 2.

Getting Warm!

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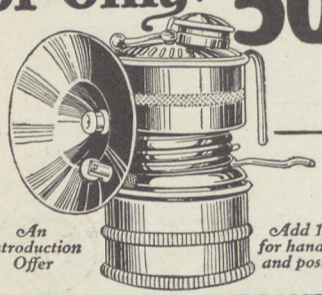

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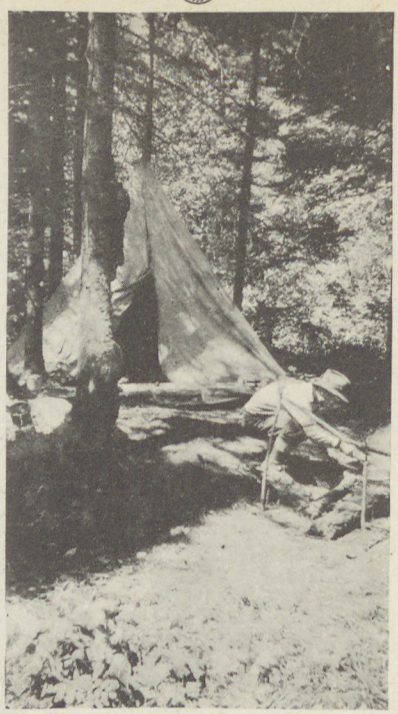

© Kenneth M. Wright

Making the fire.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that, for prophetic accuracy, this bird grades about ninety-nine per cent and that the apparent error might be due to my own limited knowledge of woodpecker language rather than to any mistake on the part of the bird.

Another weather prophet that I have found reliable, is the "hoot owl." Whenever I hear their "Whoo hoo hoo-ooo, hoo hoo," repeated at regular intervals and answered from a distance, I feel certain that rain or snow is on the way and will arrive within thirty hours. Thirty hours is the longest time I have known to elapse between this owl's warning and the precipitation. Of course, owls have other calls, for other purposes, but I think the "Whoo hoo hoo-ooo, hoo hoo" is used only for forecasting rain, snow or thaw. Numbers of these owls and woodpeckers remain in the north all winter so our woodsmen have expert weather service, night and day, the year round.

As a broadcaster of bad weather bulletins, the loon, or Great Northern Diver, deserves honorable mention. Before the first of June, loons do a lot of yelling and shrieking that has no meteorological significance, but after that date, when the responsibilities that follow matrimony weigh more heavily, any unusually vociferous yodelling is likely to mean that the morrow will be nice and wet, and probably windy.

Loons seem to love bad weather. During periods of clear skies and unruffled waters their conversations are carried on in comparatively subdued tones, but, when change threatens and storm clouds gather for mass attack, then the loons shrill the tidings joyously, exultantly. If their calliopic solos are suggestive of wailing, as some think, it is not a wail of sorrow, or mourning, but a glad, triumphant wail, like the skirl of bagpipes, when kilted pipers, in conscious superiority, march proudly at the head of a Highland regiment.

Most northern birds can express their principal emotions audibly. It is easy to distinguish between their cries of welcome and dread, terror and admonition, love and anger, but the finer shades of meaning require prolonged observation of their habits. How anyone, not deaf and blind, can become bored in the wilderness is beyond my comprehension.

A SUGGESTION FROM JUDGE WOOD

About a year ago Judge George W. Wood, who is a member of the National Executive Committee and President of the Iowa State Division, suggested that we devote a column in this department to items of general interest to campers; these to be contributed by our readers. He expressed the opinion that every out-of-doors person has learned, from his own experience, some things that every camper doesn't know and that Waltonians everywhere would be glad to tell us about them.

If you are pleased with this suggestion, show it by sending in your contribution promptly. Items on camp handicraft, outdoor cooking, meeting an emergency, habits and actions of fish, birds and animals, anything that you think would be informative and interesting to those who read this "Real Camping" department.

I have just thought of a name for the proposed column. It will do until a better one is suggested. It came to me when reading over the next to the last paragraph and is properly descriptive of what we are asking you for. How do you like it? "Every Camper Does Not Know That."—This department welcomes criticism, favorable or adverse. We want to make it interesting and instructive to the greatest possible number of Waltonians. In order to know how we are succeeding in doing this we would like more expressions of opinion. This means YOU.

© Bert Bean

Come an' get it.

WHO WROTE THIS LETTER?

While in hospital last spring I received a long, carefully written letter from an ex-timber cruiser. In it he described a unique method of using cat-tail fluff in lieu of eider down. It also contained some valuable hints on winter clothing and personal experiences in cold weather camping. This communication has mysteriously disappeared and I do not know either name or address of the writer. It was my intention to ask his permission to use parts from it in these columns and I feel sure that it would have been granted. If this man is of a forgiving nature and will make himself known to me I will apologize and promise to be more careful in future. This, I think, is the only "Real Camping" department letter which has not been answered promptly. Who wrote it?

EVERY CAMPER DOES NOT KNOW THAT—

Spruce roots are often used as a substitute for thread, string and rope. For binding edges of birch bark baskets, basins and other articles of rustic craftsmanship, they are both efficient and appropriate.

Long roots of slight taper can usually be found where a rotting tree trunk lies buried in moss. The roots follow along, and through, the decayed wood for surprising distances and can be pulled loose without difficulty.

To remove the bark without injuring or soiling the glossy inner surface, I pull the roots back and forth against a smoothly rounded stake driven in water. The ease with which this outer skin can be cleanly peeled depends on the time of year, but from late spring until early fall it can be stripped without difficulty.

For making the holes, through which the roots are to be drawn, most Indians use a sharp cornered awl, but, where it will reach, I have found that a leather punch does quicker, stronger and neater work than either awl or knife. To prevent the roots from breaking on very short bends, try soaking them for a few moments in boiling water. But there is no need for pulling the stitches very tight because the roots shrink as they dry and a moderate tension, while sewing, will soon develop into considerable strain.

We solicit your inquiries and helpful suggestions for publication in this department on all camping questions, such as where to go, what equipment to take along and how to use it. Address your contributed camping kinks and inquiries to the camping editor and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you desire a personal answer. Help us make this department help you—write in.

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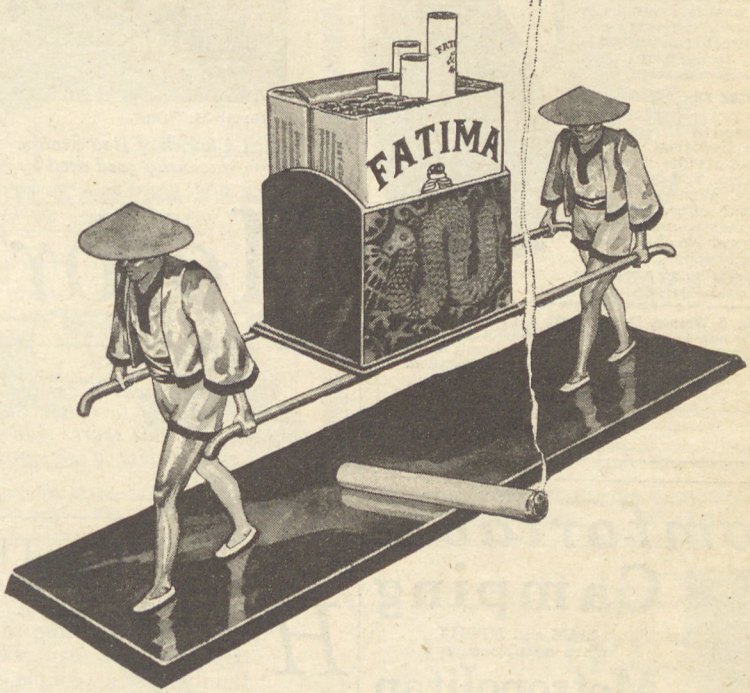

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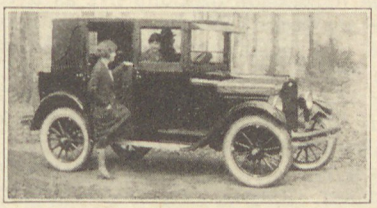

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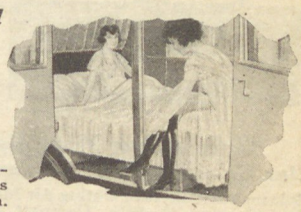

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Just a bunch of Boy Scouts. The studious gentleman at the right has just done his daily good deed by getting out to give the perambulator a chance.

Motor Camping

This department is conducted for the sole purpose of assisting you in anything pertaining to motor camping and we earnestly solicit your inquiries on any phase of this sport. Address your inquiries to the Motor Camping Department and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you desire a personal reply.

Edited by DUSTY RHODES

HAVEN'T you often thought that you would like to make a trip in your car with your family or a couple of real friends to the place that you often dream about when the congestion of the city and the duties of the office become heavy and irksome? Just to get away from the works of man for a little while and absorb the quieting and restful influence of natural things via the most beautiful and scenic route, our national and state highways?

Is it your inexperience with camp life that dictates "no" to your undecided self, and do you still have the same impression of camp life as it existed ten years ago when only the hardened and experienced woodsman could live comfortably in camp? It is quite practical to assume that these suppositions are correct, judging that few of us have the time and opportunity to learn how easy and how comfortable a motor camping trip may be taken.

If you are inexperienced in motor camping and feel that you would like to make a trip, avoiding mankind as much as possible, being your own engineer, dressed in comfortable clothes and traveling on your own schedule with priority over the whole limitless rightaway direct to your destination, then have patience enough to read on a little further and this department will endeavor to tell you what you should have and do to get the most out of every mile and minute in camp. We can not however recommend any particular manufacturer's make of equipment in open form, but advice from your local sporting goods dealer or a letter to this department will enable you to choose the proper equipment.

For value received as compared with the ordinary vacation costs, you will find that motor camping offers the greatest enjoyment for the least money expended, especially if you prorate the cost of your equipment over several trips. The equipment necessary to camp comfortably consists of about eight principal items, which should be a tent, stove, dishes, beds or cots, canteen or water-bag, canvas laundry bag, folding canvas water pail, and lantern. A folding table and chairs might be added to this list for a long trip, as mother earth does not serve as a good dining table for us bipeds. If you will allow your sporting goods dealer to explain the meaning of the above necessary camping items to you, you will be surprised at the compactness and efficiency that may be packed in so little space. Do not construe the household meaning to the above articles; for while they will do practically as much, their bulk is a small percentage of what we are use to in the home. The stove for example, as perfected (by several manufacturers), can be generated in about one minute, giving a one or two burner flame that is as hot as your gas range and it is smaller than a small packed suitcase and does not weigh as much including one of several collapsible ovens.

TENTS

Particular attention should be given to the choice of a tent because a trip that is well planned can be easily ruined by encountering disagreeable weather in a flimsy and poorly designed tent. The number in the party will govern the size of the tent to be used. A 7 ft. by 9 ft. or an eight by eight tent will provide sleeping room for two persons and a 10 ft. by 12 ft. or a twelve by twelve is large enough for four people on two double cots or four singles. A canvas partition that is suspened from the roof with snaps will provide dressing quarters. The tent should have sufficient headroom for comfort and be provided with screened windows and a good detachable ground floor with side walls. If the tent and guy ropes are not waterproofed, be careful not to rub against the inside of the tent while it is raining as it will start leaking. Untreated canvas and rope will shrink while wet and for this reason it is wise to slacken the ropes if rainy weather is expected otherwise the tent pegs may be pulled out by the shrinking strain and you will find yourself crawling out from under a wet canvas.

Be sure that your traveling companions are agreeable and can stand the wear of constant association. Your car and its tires should be in good condition. If you are going to travel in sparsely settled parts of the country it would be well to carry along with you a reserve supply of gasoline, water and oil.

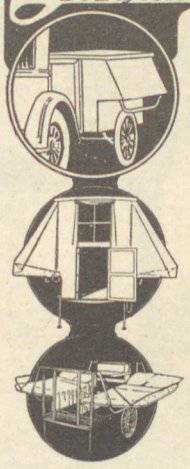
COOKING

Grill irons for cooking over open wood fires are sometimes preferred by more experienced campers. Meats and fish can be prepared in a tasty manner over an open wood fire but for boiling, baking and frying, the gasoline or kerosene burner is more efficient, quicker and cleaner and can be used in the tent in case of rainy weather. If you desire a little heat or a fire for cooking a small meal, without unpacking your stove, we would refer you to another article in this number under the heading of camp-fires. Other than pastries you should be able to prepare a meal equal to the home table and as well balanced. Do not make the mistake of hurrying in travel or eating. Do not limit your diet to the easily and quickly prepared foods. Outdoors with nature will do you a whole lot of good but do not overindulge in eating, especially too much fried food. An inexperienced and uninstructed camper can usually be marked by frying most of his food and the uncleanliness of his camp site both when and after camping. When breaking camp, burn all refuse and bury what will not burn. You owe this to yourself, to the fellow who will follow you and to the owner of the camp site.

BEDS

A good day is spoiled by a bad night.

Zagelmeyer
De Luxe Auto Camp Trailers



Above view with canvas covering cut away shows interior arrangement.

Once you camp in a Zagelmeyer de luxe Camp Trailer you will regard tents and all other outfits as makeshifts. No other camping outfit offers such comfort, convenience or equal luxury. Complete with everything built-in—two double berths up off the ground, with good springs and mattresses, kitchenette, ice box, food compartments, tables, electric lights, etc. Canvas covering permanently attached makes trailer absolutely mosquito, dust and storm proof. It is the lightest, most comfortable and most convenient camp trailer on the market. Opens or closes in less than ONE MINUTE. No poles or ropes required. Ample loading space for all equipment, leaving car free for comfortable travel. Trails behind any car, over any road, as fast as car can travel. Takes the work and hardship out of camping.

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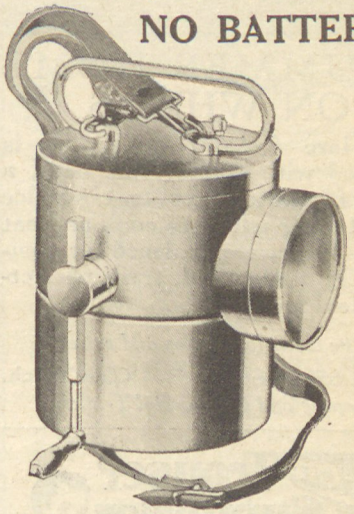

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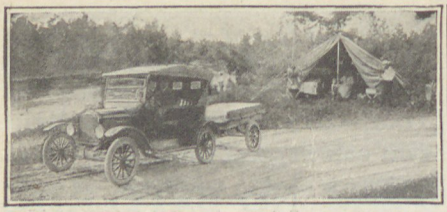
Write for details of a plan by which you can co-operate with your local picture house to make this a big profit event for your Chapter.



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Holds your shirt down, too; and trousers hang trimly at the waist and instep.

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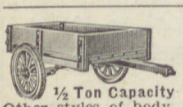

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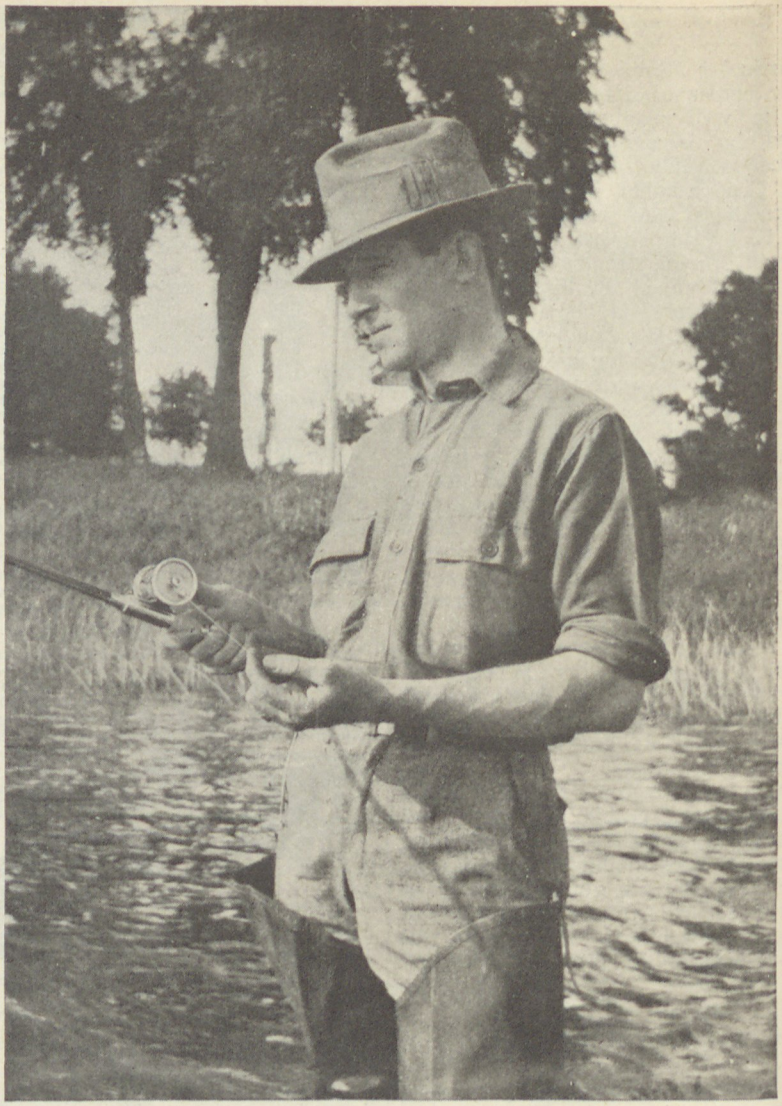


Paul D. Burress.

For the purpose of giving readers of Outdoor America *an accurate and complete service, we have added Mr. Paul D. Burress, of Joliet, to the editorial staff as national field representative and department editor.*

Mr. Burress is an authority on sports afield and astream and will personally answer all correspondence pertaining to the various phases of outdoor sport, including what to wear, what to buy, where to go, and how to best enjoy a life in the open.

This splendid new addition, coupled with Outdoor America's *unlimited facilities for obtaining first hand information on all branches of sport, is without charge of any kind and readers are urged to write Mr. Burress concerning their various wants.*

If you want a personal reply include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, otherwise your questions will be answered through the magazine.

There is no rest equal to good undisturbed sleep and here lies one of the secrets of a successful camping trip. Have plenty of bed clothes and you had better plan to sleep on a folding cot unless you have had experience in making a good bed on the ground with nature's facilities. Three medium weight wool blankets should be sufficient for this time of the year in the northern states or higher altitudes. It would be well to have a couple of extra blankets for coldblooded members of the party or in case of someone's bedding being wet. There are many sleeping accessories on the market which you might inspect to decide whether they should be of service to your party, such as pneumatic mattress, auto beds and sleeping bags. Circumstances of course would govern the need of such equipment. Try to give your bedding a daily sunning and airing.

CLOTHING

You are the best judge as to what clothing you should wear as much depends upon the kind of sport that you will follow, where you are going and the season of the year. This department will be glad to answer your questions in this respect if you will write. Generally we would recommend khaki and wool materials. A complete change of clothing for each member of the party. Pay attention to comfortable foot wear and leg protection if knickerbockers are worn. Leave your

silk and cotton socks or stockings at home as light weight wool stockings are very much better under any outdoor conditions. If you expect to trout fish you should have waders but an old pair of pants and rubber sole shoes will suffice if the water is not too cold. If you are going to do some hiking through brush or wooded country, you should provide yourself with leggins, puttees or high topped light weight boots. One good raincoat or poncho should be included.

INCIDENTALS

Under this heading you will find many items listed from which you may choose those that you think will best fit your needs. Some of them are unnecessary but convenient and add to the pleasure of the trip: Compass (floating dial), small shovel, playing cards, towels, nails, collapsible boat, flashlight, insect lotion, camera, first aid kit, good handy axe, soap, cleansing powder, portable radio. A long extension cord or trouble light which may be connected to your automobile lighting circuit will serve fine as an emergency camp light in permanent camp quarters. While enroute this light may safely be used, for you will drive enough to keep the storage battery in good condition.

CAMPING SUGGESTIONS

Be careful of fire, especially in heavily wooded areas.

Do not eat herbs, plants or mushrooms unless you are sure they are good.

During electric storms keep away from the water, fences and large trees.

Carry a corked bottle of matches. They will not get wet.

Clean or draw your game or fish as soon as it is killed.

Pick good camp sites. Slight slope avoiding too sandy or marshy places.

Be careful about the water unless you are a good swimmer.

Be extremely cautious about drinking water. If there is doubt, boil twenty minutes and add a little lemon or orange juice if it tastes flat.

Dig a trench around your tent to carry away rain water.

A good first aid kit contains first aid instructions. It is time well spent to familiarize yourself with what to do and not to do in case of accident. Do not hesitate to let this department know if we can be of any assistance to you in planning your trip. We would also like to have pictures and the story of your trip. Your experiences may help others and we will enjoy being in touch with you.

The table utensils aside from the containers for condiments and knives, forks and spoons, should consist of aluminum or porcelain dishes that will nest together, thereby requiring very little space. Don't forget the flapjack turner and the can and bottle opener. A piece of oilcloth will make a good table cover that can be easily cleaned. If you are going in a vicinity where ice may be had, it would be well to make or buy a provision box, metal lined and insulated that could be used for ice and which would serve to keep your foodstuff away from ants.

Cumberland Falls

(Continued from page 13)

Should Cumberland Falls be destroyed the lesson that would be taught, to other States, at great cost to Kentucky—would be little realized in Kentucky at present because so many Kentuckians are ignorant of the value of the cataract and of the nature of its surroundings—would be that every State should take stock of its scenic resources before it is too late to save them.

After rapacious private interests have set to work the almighty machinery their financial resources command it is difficult to effect salvage.

A bill of eminent domain, introduced at Frankfort with the backing of Governor Fields, at the last session of the Legislature, to reserve the Cumberland Falls area, and other suitable sites for State parks, was killed quickly, and easily, by paid lobbyists, according to the Secretary of the State Park Association.

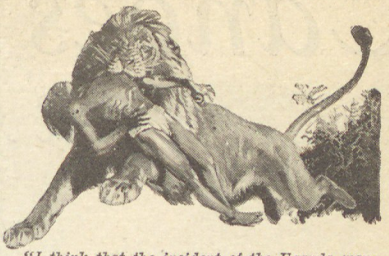
It could have been passed without division had it been presented before the clutches of power grabbers had begun to close upon Cumberland Falls.

It is not yet too late for a national protest to save a national asset—and Cumberland Falls is more than a Kentucky asset merely—but the protest must be quick, and widespread, and vigorous, if it is to be of service to the Governor of Kentucky, and to the State.

Write to Outdoor America for Motor Camping Information

The Izaak Walton League chapters in all parts of the country will furnish definite data on camps and camping facilities

Don't miss this!!



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—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

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Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

Canoe Cruising

CANOE TENTS

THERE are some folks who say they do not need a tent, but I believe that most of us when cruising enjoy having a good tent and in most cases the mosquito netting will be welcome.

The wall tent is one of the most comfortable types for the permanent camper who sets up his headquarters and only makes short trips of a day or two, returning after each trip or perhaps returning each night. On the short trips mentioned the traveler will undoubtedly leave his wall tent set at headquarters, as for the usual cruising the wall tent requires too much time and trouble to pitch every night and pack up each morning and in its place many use the tiny "pup" tent which does very well for sleeping at night, but in the event the weather forces one to lay over any length of time this type of tent is too cramped for comfort.

From the above it would seem that the requirements of a suitable tent for the canoeist for general travel are, waterproof, fair room, light in weight and easy to pitch and pack. A light weight waterproofed cloth such as balloon silk is the most suitable material for tents. This material will not soak water, is very light, and the complete tent packs in a very small space. I have seen a wall tent made of this material, size 10 feet by 10 feet, that would hardly weigh six pounds and pack in a space two foot long and a half foot high, that is, of course, without poles or tent pegs. I might add also, that the tent was twenty years old, and though considerably patched it was still serviceable, which seems to prove my contention that while silk tents are expensive they are well worth the price.

The style of tents, like the canoe, varies with the individual. Some make their own tents and others buy all the different types and sizes, according to the size of the party it is to be used for. The wedge tent is one that is comfortable and is easy to pitch and pack. When set up it has the appearance of a large wedge, having a pole at the front and back which in turn supports the ridge pole. For two people a wedge tent having floor space seven by seven feet and a height of seven feet will be very suitable, and should weigh, depending on what light material it is made of, from five to eight pounds and pack in a very small space. Another style tent is the "miner" or pyramidal tent similar to the Indian tepee in looks, which is supported by a center ridge pole or two outside poles set up to resemble shears if an inside pole is not desired. For two this should be the same size as the wedge tent.

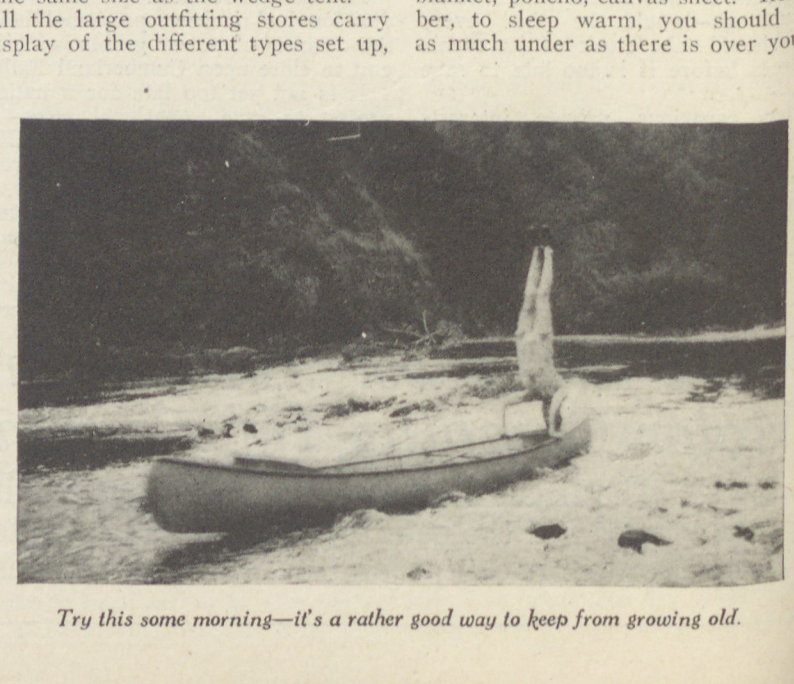
All the large outfitting stores carry a display of the different types set up, and one can easily select the type that seems best suited to his needs. When buying a cruising tent it will be a means of added comfort if you also get a ground or sod cloth, that is, provided there is not one sewed into the tent. This cloth will be the means of keeping bugs and insects out of your tent as well as considerable dampness and is a good investment.

The Canoes and Small Boats Department will endeavor to assist you in all matters pertaining to small boats, such as sail boats, row boats, canoes and hunting boats. To serve all in the best possible manner, we earnestly solicit your co-operation in submitting little kinks in the operation and care of boats that will be helpful to our readers. Your questions will be answered in these columns unless you enclose an addressed stamped envelope for a personal reply. Don't hesitate to address the boat department if we can help you.

EQUIPMENT FOR CRUISING

The average canoeist at night sleeps on the ground, and of all ground beds, those made of pine boughs or balsam, if obtainable, are considered the best. The preparation of such a bed takes time and some practice, but it is well worth both. In many cases one travels through a country where the pine or balsam bed is not available and as substitute for it we may consider the wool pad or light weight mattress kapoc pad and the air mattress. While as a whole these are bulky, the air mattress seems to be finding much favor and is, I believe, the easiest of them to carry.

Always take wool blankets, never cotton, as the latter absorb and hold moisture. When sleeping without a mattress or bed of any sort, be sure there is an under protection between the body and ground—that is, rubber blanket, poncho, canvas sheet. Remember, to sleep warm, you should have as much under as there is over you.



Try this some morning—it's a rather good way to keep from growing old.

When cruising one should do a little figuring and systematize your mode of living. The old woodsman does it through habits gained by experience, and does it so easily and with so little apparent effort, that all you see him do is throw a few things in a pack and he is ready; but, he could tell you that a large part of his life has been spent learning just what should go into those few things. All camping equipment, besides being useful, should fit snug and comfortable into a packing arrangement, so that even though there may be many individual pieces of the equipment there will be few bunches.

This applies to cooking utensils especially, which at the best, are more or less bulky. Get ones that will fold or nest. Such as folding handles on frying pans, buckets, kettles, or pails that fit inside of one another. Aluminum pans and kettles combine service and lightness, but do not use aluminum frying pans or cups. A reflector oven and folding grate are very suitable additions to any cooking equipment.

In traveling by canoe the matter of wetting your duffle or food supplies is one thing to prepare against with care as in addition to the hazard of rain, you will find that splashing from the paddles or water dripping in from changing sides, with a paddle spray from waves or rapids, and also the chance of an upset are all things possible.

Therefore, we again come to figuring and method when preparing the trip. All foods should be placed in separate waterproofed bags or some prefer what are known as friction top tins and labeled. If bags are used be sure they are tied at the mouth. These packages are then packed in large waterproofed duffle bags or packs. When packing up in the morning you will save much time if you figure what will be used at noon, and place it where it can be reached easily and without disturbing the balance of your equipment.

When packing a canoe, as a general rule see that the heavy articles are next to the floor, packs and duffle bags on their sides, not ends, and everything as low in the boat as possible. Unless necessary for certain conditions to do otherwise, would suggest that you have the canoe so that with the paddlers aboard it rides on an even keel or with the bow a trifle higher than the stern; this can easily be changed if needed by shifting the load.

There are certain items that while not always used on a trip, but when needed are very important, and the lack of which may cause much unnecessary discomfort such as an extra paddle, mending material for the canoe, compass, first-aid kit, mosquito ointment, waterproof match box, a length of rope, adhesive tape, and cheesecloth. A folding candle lantern for camp and also a pocket flashlight, short thick wax candles are the best.

The problem of drinking water is one that in this day and age must be considered, as while far back in the wilderness this is automatically taken

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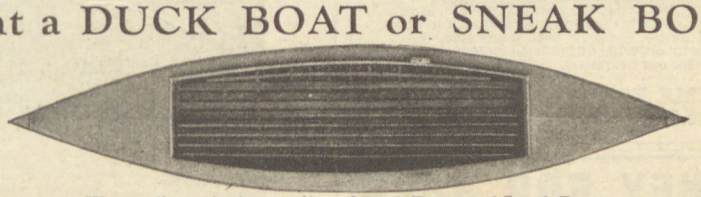

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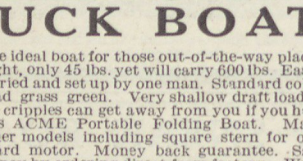

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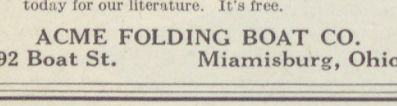

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Z. T. Nichols & Sons, Decatur, Indiana

care of, many streams wander through the haunts of man and invariably in spite of the wonderful work of the Walton League you will find pollution. To equip your outfit with a water carrier is therefore very necessary. Either a canvas water bag or pail that has a draw string at its top will be a help. If in doubt about the water, boil it for about twenty minutes.

In gathering information for a trip, and the more you get the better able to arrive properly equipped you will be, a good map will be of great assistance to you in locating settlements and points to replenish supplies and giving you detail of the stream. The United States government topographical maps, which may be secured by addressing the Director, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., and for a Canadian trip address Director, Canadian Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada, are among the best canoe maps as they are large scale and have quite an amount of detail. There are, of course, certain canoe sections that are commercialized as such, where the State Bureaus or Outfitters will have very complete maps for use, such as Maine, Adirondacks and Superior National Forest, but for the many places there are, one has to go to the U. S. Government for maps.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What place are leeboards fastened to the best advantage?—E. R. L.

Inasmuch as you do not state what type of sailing rig you are using, that is, double sails or single sails, will try to give you some idea of both. On the single sail the leeboards should be fastened about 2½ feet back from the mast. Unless you state just where the mast is stepped that will be the only answer. Some sailors have the mast well up forward of the bow seat, while others use the regular combination bow seat and mast support which brings the mast right back of the bow seat. If your canoe with the sail well filled with wind will come right into the wind when you cease to use good paddle for steering, the leeboards are about right, at the same time there should not be too great a pressure necessary to keep it off. It is the fine adjustments of this nature that enable men to win races. When the double rig or one using two sails are used, the leeboards are placed about three feet forward of the rear sail. The best way to test for correct position is to leave the rudder ashore and try sailing the boat, using the sails to steer by. When the main or forward sail is pulled in the canoe lays away from the windward center or when the jigger or rear sail is slacked, the action should be the same. Of course, if the jigger is pulled in tighter or the main is slacked off, the craft should head right into the wind. If the canoe completes each of these maneuvers equally prompt, the leeboards may be considered in the right position. If the canoe will not head up promptly under use of sail steering, move the leeboards a bit forward, and if the tendency is to stay in the wind move the boards towards the rear.

Where is the best place to set a mast on a single rig?—M. E. N.

This will depend on size of canoe and sail, also what the boat will be used for.

The ordinary position is back of the bow seat, and for seventeen and eighteen foot boats will do very well, although it may be moved forward a little if desired. On a sixteen foot or smaller size, would suggest your placing the mast up toward where the gunwales start to curve up for the bow. This position will not only leave the middle of the craft free for freight and passengers, but will also enable you to sail closer to the wind than the position back of bow seat.

Can you tell me why the jaw attached to the boom of my single latteen rig pulls off the mast?—R. N. F.

The fault will be found that the jaw on the boom is not bent in enough, strain will often spread this or your sheet line, that is the line you use to tighten or slack the sail when sailing,

Not Mercury—just a good canoe trick.

is too far forward or the one who operates is too far back in the canoe. When using the main sheet line the pull should be from the outer end of the boom or lower spar of the sail towards the mast, rather than away from it. In the event it is necessary for you to occupy a position in the rear of the boat, too far in the stern to make the proper pull direct from the boom to your hand, fasten a pulley to either the leeboard brace on thwart and then run it back to your position. This latter method will also tend to lessen the strain for the one handling the sail.

What is the proper position to leave a canoe for some time, such as all winter?—K. R. N.

The best way is turn the canoe bottom up, and lay over the support, set well to the bow and stern. If the craft is left on supports or on a level place in the same position as when in the water the sides will have a tendency to bulge, spoiling the lines and shape of it.

What is the proper way to load a canoe for the trail?—T. C. P.

The whole load should be low in the craft with the heaviest part on the bottom of the load. If possible, do not have any part above the gunwales as it will make the canoe top heavy and also tend to catch any wind, making it harder to handle. At times it will be necessary to have the bow of your boat deeper than the stern. This can be done by shifting the load forward, and when the opposite is desired, that is, the low riding higher than the stern, shift the load to the stern of the craft. By checking your maps you can often tell the type of water you will travel through during the day, and arrange the duffle when packing up for the start.

In sailing with a single sail, would it be better to use a rudder or a paddle?—R. N. F.

The rudder will be the easiest to handle, and will enable you to move your position well towards the center of the craft which will tend to make it point much better. This position can be taken when using a paddle and is invariably used when racing. But owing to the fact that it is much less work to handle the paddle and is often more comfortable to use the stern seat, many sail from that position. Be sure that your rudder sets well down in the water, as when using the craft alone all the weight is rather well forward and with any great amount of running, the rudder unless rather deep will not be much help. Even if you use a rudder at all times, leave it ashore once in a while and learn to sail with a paddle, as the time may come when you will not be able to use a rudder.

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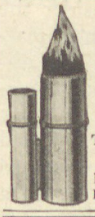

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Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

Me an' my pal—Clare Thomas

OUTDOOR AMERICA'S *kennel service department is devoted exclusively to dog lovers. We desire to assist you in obtaining the kind of a dog you want and to advise you how to care for him. We are in direct touch with the best of dog fanciers and breeders. Let us know the kind of a dog you desire and the amount of money you want to pay for it. Send us your dog pictures and questions, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want a personal answer.*

"Le' me alone!" says Tom Chesapeake.

IN buying a dog, the first thing to consider is the particular use you intend to make of the animal. Much may be said on this subject if the characteristics of all the breeds could be described and therefore we will give you only general information on the various groups. Probably the ideal dog would be one that possesses the good traits of all dogs, but since this is almost impossible we must be satisfied with the dog that fulfills our greatest requirement.

Mixing breeds to obtain qualities from two classes of dogs is generally unsatisfactory as the offspring is usually a jack-of-all-trade species without possessing near equal qualities of either sire or dam. We strongly recommend the purchase of pure bred healthy dogs for the purpose they are intended.

Dogs used for sporting purposes are highly trained and come under the groups of hounds, setters, pointers, and spaniels and are specialists in their particular kind of game. For one hundred per cent protection you should have a dog that has been trained for this purpose and of course you know that there are several breeds that possess a predominating instinct to guard and obey one master.

The groups of dogs desired for pets and all around companions are numerous. Some breeds are better companions for children. Others are inclined to roam and fight while many display a quiet and tolerant nature. We cannot recommend any particular breed of dog but will be glad to advise you of the outstanding qualifications of any breed in which you may be interested. We can assist you in caring for your dog and help you get the most enjoyment with him, but cannot very well choose him for you, not knowing the environment and purpose for which he is to be used.

City dog owners should consider the sex, size, and coat when contemplating purchase. Much trouble and annoyance can be averted if your housing and neighborhood conditions are not favorable to a female dog. Small female dogs are more easily managed than large ones and this sex is, as a rule, more gentle and companionable for children. If they are not desired for breeding purposes and are spayed early, they are often more satisfactory. Short haired dogs have some advantages over the beautifully coated long haired dogs by being easily kept clean and their shedding periods are less noticeable. Frequent combing will lessen and in fact will almost eliminate the objections to shedding and furthermore we must consider the beauty of the long marcelled coat of many breeds. You must consider the temperament of a dog to determine whether its qualities in this respect are what you desire.

In making a physical examination with the usual facilities we must base our judgment almost entirely upon external marks and symptoms. A large percentage of confined dogs such as city dogs and house pets have symptoms of gingivitis, which is a disease of the gums. Bad tartar covered teeth and receding, pale gums are an indication of this disease which generally is an indication of internal irregularities due to lack of exercise.

The nose should be moist and cold

Sometimes dogs run well into four figures, like this Llewellyn of C. W. Campbell, President of the Oklahoma Division.

The Dalmatian is a good steady breed. Edna S. Sheckler owns this one.

to the touch. A dry nose is, as a rule, an indication of digestive troubles. Often a good cathartic and proper regular feedings will correct this condition. There should not be any indication of mucous discharge from the nose or eyes. The inside of the nose should be clean and a bright pink color. A slight watery nasal discharge does not indicate trouble as a rule. Examine the ears carefully and be sure there is no secretion.

A glossy flat coat is to be desired. Make sure there is no skin disease which is evidenced by redness, dandruff or hairless spots. With proper care the skin and coat conditions, if existent, can usually be cleared up and we would suggest, if the dog suits you in the more important details that you do not hesitate to buy him as usually a little care and proper application of a good skin remedy will overcome these defects. Exhibition and stock dogs, breeding and sporting dogs should necessarily stand a very thorough examination. It is best if possible to arrange a trial when purchasing a dog. Usually the owner is agreeable to a trial but they have often been taken advantage of by seemingly prospective purchasers who ask trial merely to have the opportunity of using the dog on a hunting trip for a few days and then returning him with the report that the dog is not suitable.

Remember that it does not cost any more to keep and enjoy a good dog than a cur. You usually get just what you pay for in buying a bargain. Intelligence and health are the paramount considerations and they can best be judged by your personal inspection. It requires time and money to raise and train a dog. Figure it out for yourself and then you will realize that you cannot expect very much of a trained dog for a little money. In return for the money expended, we believe that a good dog will give you more satisfaction than anything else you can buy. He will teach you qualities that you cannot acquire in any other way. Your children will be better children if they have a good dog companion, and you will learn the true meaning of friendship, loyalty, and devotion.

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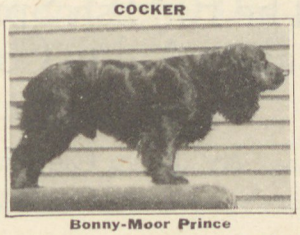

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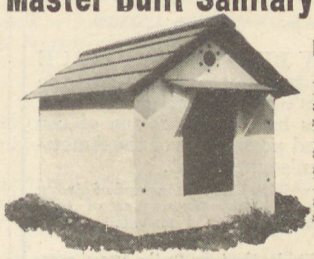

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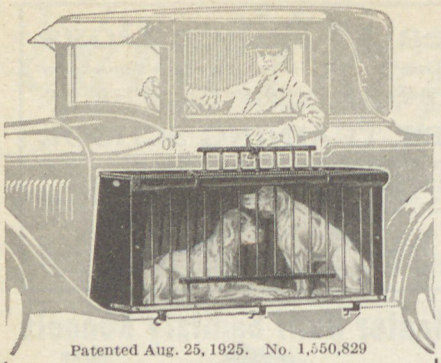

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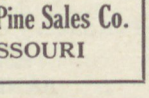

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in a physical sense, before we take unto ourself a canine pal of woods, field, or fireside, we should give due consideration to his intelligence and health. It is to this end that our Kennel Department is striving so that eventually every Waltonian will be an owner of a good dog and every good dog will be faithful to a good Waltonian.

The English Springer as an Aid to Conservation of Game

By H. E. Cleveland

The writer has been asked many times, what dog do you think would prove himself the ideal retriever? After naming several different dogs, asked if in my opinion the Springer would really prove to be the all-around dog for the sportsman of today.

For a number of years I have made a special study of retrievers, and during that time I have handled, trained, and bred many kinds of the so-called retrievers. There are certain times of the year when I see as much game shot as the average sportsman of this country, so have had wonderful opportunities to judge the different kinds of retrievers' work under most all conditions.

In the first place, what are the requirements of an ideal retriever? The answer is, a dog that is equally as good on land as in water. A dog that possesses a keen nose, tender mouth, the courage to follow the trail of wounded birds, obedience, and the faculty of working to and from the gun.

In no other breed of dogs can one find such a combination of the above as in the English Springer. Having been bred for the past 100 years as close hunters and retrievers, the Springer is born with the above qualities, and crop out very early in life. I know of no other breed of dogs that are so matured in their work or so advanced in their training. Their early developments are surprising, and I have known of puppies retrieving ducks at the age of six and seven months.

From a duck hunter's viewpoint the English Springer is ideal, as he is comparatively small in size, and easy to carry in a car or boat, and will gladly retrieve all the ducks that the law allows us to shoot. I have one now that I have shot over for the past two seasons at Leech Lake during the months of October and November, and I think I can truthfully say that in all of my experience I have never owned a dog that would compare with him as an all-around retriever. I have known of him following a duck for a mile through water and wild rice, but he always returns with the bird. He is a powerful dog weighing 45 pounds with a large chest and limbs.

While there are larger breeds of dogs that make ideal retrievers on ducks,

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still I think they leave much to be desired as retrievers from both land and bush, and do not possess the ability to follow the difficult trail of a winged bird or a crippled rabbit. Here is where the Springer Excels. As far as being flushers from the heavy brush or undergrowth, none of the strictly water dogs are of use. When these facts are taken into consideration I think you will agree with me that the Springer will defeat all other kinds of dogs in an all-day's shoot.

One could discourse for hours the ability of the Springer for land work. First of all, they are fast workers and retrievers, and it is a pleasure to see them go out to retrieve (when ordered), returning at full speed. There is no puttering around for these dogs, and such tender mouths. This is a thing that has been bred into them for years, and when properly trained they never leave a mark on their game.

And now for the most important part of the argument from the sportsman's viewpoint. How is the English Springer a conservationist? He has a wonderful nose—almost human intelligence in marking dead and wounded birds—is always willing to go through the worst kind of cover in order to find his game—this perseverance in following the difficult line of a winged partridge or grouse. My friends, find me another breed of dogs, if you can, that show all these qualities.

I think I can safely say, that a good Springer will find and retrieve 95% of the game now lost by the average sportsman. Valuable game is now left on the field or in the lakes for hawks, owls, crows, and other vermin to feed on. This means that less than one-half of the game that is shot today is brought home.

And as surely as the game resources gradually vanish, just so surely will the use of the English Springer become more general. It is simply a matter of educating the sportsman of today as to the many and varied uses of this valuable breed. Even now they are becoming widely known, and no other hunting dog has ever been brought before the public with such rapidity as has the Springer.

Last but not least, his loving disposition endears him to every member of the family; even the smallest child is safe in his care. So fellow sportsman, I hope some day to see every one of you go out with a Springer, and will be happy to know that you have done your share in bringing this noble breed to its deserved position among the sportsmen of this country.

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On the results obtained from the regular use of prepared dog food. Letters not over 200 words. Better if accompanied by good photographs. Send in your letter today.

3,000,000 POUNDS
SOLD LAST YEAR
MILLER'S A-1 PRODUCTS
The Puppy Dog Food

They like its marvelous flavor. Easily digested, because it's wholesome. Healthful. Palatable. Body building. Muscle developing. Grows glossy coats.

Write for FREE SAMPLE
Ask Your Dealer for Particulars—Send Dealer's Name

BATTLE CREEK DOG FOOD CO.
52 STATE ST. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Battle Creek Health Food *for* Dogs

VERMEX

Keeps your dogs and cats free from fleas, lice and other pests. It is harmless to the smallest kitten's or puppy's eyes and stomach. Is soapy, still needs no rinsing. Smooth and bland. **Beautifies the coat as no other preparation does.** Ask for complete descriptive circular.
Highly concentrated. Used with from 10 to 40 times as much water.

RETAIL PRICES

¼ pt. trial can	$ .80	By mail	$1.00
1 pint	2.50	" "	2.70
1 quart	4.00	" "	4.25
4½ pts.	8.00	" "	8.35

Vermex Company of America
The Evening Post Building
75 WEST STREET NEW YORK CITY
Write for Distributor's Proposition

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

THOMAS J. REED
CHINCOTEAGUE, VA.

7–26–26.

Outdoor America
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Please enter my ad in your September issue of Outdoor America, to occupy one inch space.

Please be sure to get this ad in your September issue, and if it requires more than one inch space to make it look attractive, use as much as needed and send bill to me as usual and I will remit at once. I wish to run this advertisement for three issues at least and longer if my stock lasts.

I got wonderful results from the ad I ran with you last fall. Thanking you for all past favors,

Yours truly,

(Signed) Thos. J. Reed.

Tarnedge Foxes!

(Established 1910.)

The Prize Winning Ranch

35 Pairs of Breeders,
31 Pairs of Prize Winners.

Grand Show Champions!
Sweepstakes Winners!
Blue Ribbon Winners!

The Oldest Ranch in the U. S.

Catalogue SABATTIS, N.Y.

Fox Raising
—a business for you

The demand for Silver Fox furs has never been greater—large profits have never been surer. Warren Rayner's splendid heavily furred, robust and prolific Silvers are your guarantee of success. In the woods, on the farm, or at home, Silver Fox Farming is the business for you.

Let us tell you more!

WARREN RAYNER SILVER FOX CO.
1315 Warren Rayner Bldg.
Warren Pennsylvania

BLUE FOXES

High Quality, Reasonably Priced. Buy direct from one of the largest producers in America. Free illustrated talks to interested groups. Banking references. Free Booklet. Shipments made from Rome, N. Y.

BOLD ISLAND FUR FARM, Inc.
107 W. Court St. ROME, N. Y.
Farms at Kasaan, Alaska, Ketchikan, Alaska, & Rome, N.Y.

Buyers of Silver Foxes

Should insist on registration in the American National Fox Breeders Association.

The only recognition of breeding value in Silver Foxes is that given by the official recording association thru inspection and registration. A copy of the Year Book of the Silver Fox Industry will be sent those contemplating purchase of foxes.

American National Fox Breeders Association
424 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis
Official Registration Organization of the Fox Industry

BIG PROFITS

in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of our Registered Grade 1 foxes and make big money. Our foxes won 10 prizes with 12 entries at the Buffalo Show. Write for prices and terms. Ask for our booklet "The Silver Fox, What It Is". It is free.

Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.
Cass Lake, Minn.

GREATEST PROFITS
IN FUR FARMING

The greatest future. All fur is advancing rapidly in price Fascinating, light and healthy work. 500 Registered Guaranteed Silver Foxes, also Mink, Marten, Chinchilla Rabbits. Tame Female Wolf. Write for special prices and information.

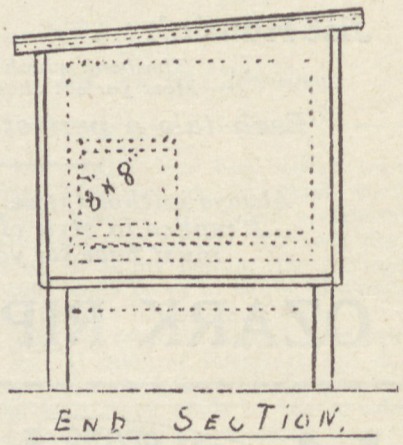
OREGON SILVER FOX AND FUR FARMS, Hood River, Oregon

Fur Farming

By THOMAS G. ALVORD, Sr.

SUMMER in fur farming is called the silly season, particularly on a silver fox ranch. Fun begins with the arrival of auto-tourists. Their ever welcomed visits break the monotony of the shut-up months of mating and breeding, and the stored-up questions they ask enliven the days of the next winter.

These queries run from that of the kind hearted old lady who wants to



know if it hurts a fox to skin him, to, "how many pelts do you get from a fox?" both of which inquiries are among others quite as amusing. But summer is not one long holiday on any fur farm. The season has its duties and these are imperative. Work must be done, but daily contact with the outer world is a distinct relief from humdrum winter, and the glorious weather and warm sunshine make fur farming a delightful outdoor occupation.

First the separating of all parents from their weaned pups must be finished by the time the youngsters have reached eight to ten weeks of age. This is not so sad an operation as it sounds. Mother fox wants her offspring to fend for and by themselves just as soon as she thinks she has supported them long enough. In helping her out in this desire the rancher must not crowd too many of the new pups into a pen—they won't get along well. There'll be too much scrapping for food, which mostly will go to the big and strong, and the weaker will suffer.

There should be separate pens for the weaklings, and not too many put in those inclosures. Nor should one pup be kept alone if it can be given a mate. It's funny but 'tis true that domesticated foxes, particularly very young ones, are apt to get lonesome and pine away to near-skeletons if shut

IF YOU WANT TO BUY A DOG

Write for our Kennel Service. *It's FREE.*

I. W. L. A.
536 Lake Shore Drive CHICAGO

The Mackensen Game Park

Bob White
Pheasants
Partridges
Quail
Wild Turkeys
Deer
Rabbits

Peafowl
Cranes
Swan
Ornamental Geese and Ducks
Foxes
Raccoons

Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

Wm. J. Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

"Vermont" "SILVER FOXES" Highest—Quality Registered

PRIZE WINNING STRAIN
Descriptive Catalog
Vermont Silver Fox Co., Inc.
Chittenden, Vt.

RED CUBAN GAMES

The gamest and fastest fighting of all pit games, and the most beautiful. Send for catalogue.

Eggs, $4. per 13 until June 15th
Young Trios, $10.00

GEORGE B. MEANS
Successor to
GEORGE W. MEANS
275 S. Union St., Concord, N. Carolina

47 Years in the Lead

World's Famous Fighting Fowls

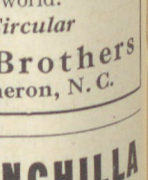
They have measured steel with the best in the world.

Send for Free Circular

The Graham Brothers
Poultry Farm, Cameron, N. C.

RAISE CHINCHILLA AND BEVEREN FUR RABBITS

WE SUPPLY STOCK AND PAY $4.00 EACH FOR ALL YOU RAISE.
Fortunes Made Yearly



raising Silver Fox, Mink, Skunk and other Fur Animals. Our Fur Rabbit Book, also copy of Fur Animal Magazine gives all information 10c. Magazine Monthly for one year $1.00.

STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE COMPANY
1116 Outdoor Building Holmes Park, Missouri

DECOY CALLERS (PURE BRED)

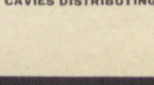
Gray English Callers	$ 6.00 per pair
Black English Callers	8.00 per pair
Black Mallards (wild stock)	7.00 per pair
Gray Mallards (wild stock)	5.00 per pair
Canada Geese (hand reared)	15.00 per pair

Other varieties of wild ducks and geese for sale, also pheasants. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.

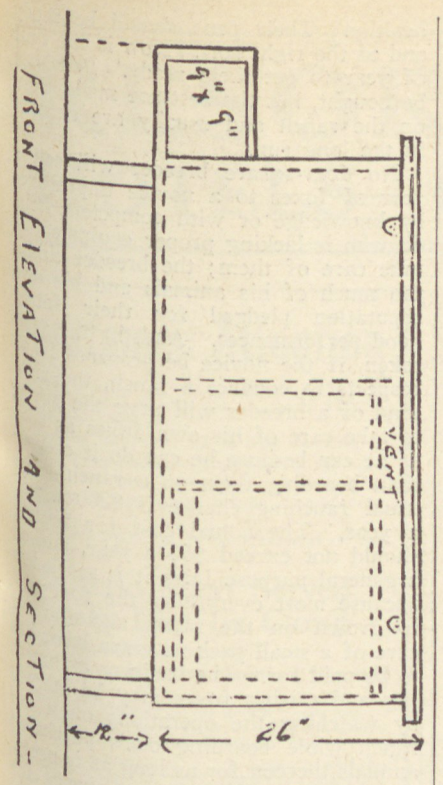
THOS. J. REED Chincoteague, Virginia

HOW A BOY BUILT UP A GREAT SQUAB FARM is the title of a book which everybody should read. This boy started small in backyard when at school with no money, now has $30,000 plant, ships to N. Y. 150 barrels squabs yearly, paid $75-$100 bbl. You can do the same. Price of book is 50c but we will mail it free to you for names and addresses of four of your friends and only ten cents silver or U. S. stamps. Write today. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216 A St., Melrose Highlands, Mass. Established 26 years.

RAISE GUINEA PIGS For Us Easy way to make extra money in spare time. We buy all you raise. Big profits—easily raised anywhere. Write for FREE book how to start.



CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO., 3105 C. C. Sta., Kansas City, Mo.



off from their kind. It's not love of home and mother as one tourist declared, but just the lack of play-fellow, for a baby fox is more full of tricks than a kitten. However the puppies are penned see that their quarters are kept clean and make a good job of it. Dip them and the adults frequently for fleas in hot weather and use plenty of powder.

Then is the time, too, to turn over the ground of all the pens of the older foxes, or else to move them to new soil. Look them over carefully and comb out their fur if it be matted together. Celebrate "Clean-up Day" in early summer by going over the whole ranch if the celebration lasts a week. Give the sun, greatest of purifiers, every chance to help you, but if your ranch be entirely bald provide each pen with some point of shade for the shut-ins to seek in the top heat of the day.

A large number of beginners who have been boarding their foundation stock on the home ranch are going to set up their own this fall. The shipping season on a big breeding ranch is a busy one. It begins in late autumn and lasts into January as a rule. Beginners expecting shipments should have their pens ready by October first, and have their consignments scheduled for that month, as should those already established who are increasing their pack.

When the consignments arrive, do not put the newly acquired animals into pens adjoining those already in your colony. First look them over carefully for travel-sores or scratches and powder them well for bugs. Keep them in detention pens, removed from the other foxes for a couple of weeks, until you're sure they have contracted no disease en route and are sound and

Recommendation for Membership-at-large

(Applicants for Membership-at-large not accepted if living in a community where the League has a local chapter.)

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE,
536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

_____ 1926.

Without financial obligation to myself I propose the following for Membership-at-large:

Name Address

Sign here_____

Annual dues for Membership-at-large, including Membership Card, bronze Membership Emblem and a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA, $3.00.

3½ inch Radiator Emblem $1.50

Watch Charm or Pendant $2.50

Please send check with order.

Order from National Headquarters

These emblems are real bargains and are just the things for Chapter Membership Contests and Casting prizes.

Send your order TODAY

Izaak Walton League 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

The First Day's Hunt at KA-WIG-A-MOG LODGE And Out-Post Cabins, Canada

FOR big bucks and bear, our Lodge leads all Canadian Camps. Excellent Fall Bass Fishing. Avoid disappointment. Ask for copy of guest letters and map before deciding. Owned and operated by American business men.

Address: C. C. Courtney,
Pakesley, Ontario, Canada.

The Valley Ranch, Valley, Wyoming
via Cody

Old established Ranch in the Buffalo Bill country extending hospitality to discriminating families. Homelike atmosphere with unexcelled table. Horseback riding, fishing, etc.
Outfitters for Private Pack Trips and Big-Game Hunting.
16 years established summer Saddle Trips for both Boys and Girls through Yellowstone Park and the Rockies.
Boys' Winter Ranch School featuring College Preparation.
For illustrated booklets write
VALLEY RANCH
EASTERN HEADQUARTERS
LAZY J, D **70 East 45th St., New York**

Black-tail Deer!

A limited number of small exclusive parties are outfitted each season for the trip into the Big Bend Country after Black-tail, the aristocrat of them all.
The hunting is reached by Pack trail and is excellent. The minimum rate per day for each person is Ten Dollars (covering everything except your sleeping bag, arms, and license.)
Correspondence invited.
PETE CRAWFORD
Guide and Outfitter ALPINE, TEXAS
(Outfitters for Scientific Expeditions)

BIG GAME?
Then come to the Rocky Mountains and let a real guide show you some he-man sport. No end of thrills—no end of game. The place you will visit again with sport you will remember as long as you live. Make your reservations *now*. Write me today.
M. BROCK - Boles, Idaho

DEER—DEER—DEER
Northern Ontario, Canada, Deer, Bear, Duck, Partridge, Rabbit aplenty. Hunting dogs at your service. No extra charge. Count and satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Either batch it in one of our cabins or board at main camp. Try us and you will come again.
Write for booklet, rate, etc.
E. L. HUGHES, CAMP Champlain, Trout Mills, Ont.

BIG GAME HUNTERS
The game is here, boys. Come and get it. Lots of Deer, some Moose and Bear, also lots of small game and birds. Finest country in eastern Canada, in the heart of the Laurentians. Camp open for parties from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15. For further particulars, write
THE PONTIAC HUNT CLUB,
Old Fort William, Quebec, Canada
F. A. MILLER, Prop.

CANADA'S WILDS—NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI **Wabi-Kon Camp LAKE TIMAGAMI Ontario, Canada**
A real North Woods **BUNGALOW CAMP** with every comfort, in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest —**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
Address MISS S. ORR, Wabi-Kon P. O., Northern Ontario

healthy. Their pens should be ready and of the right sort. Now is the time of year to get them ready. Pens can be bought, but the best are made right on the ranch and usually are cheaper in the long run.

No four-square breeder will sell a pair of foxes to a novice unprepared by knowledge or with competent help, or who is lacking proper equipment to take care of them; the breeder thinks too much of his animals and his own reputation pledged for their future good performances. And, by the same token, if the novice be prepared in all respects to conduct a ranch, the right kind of a breeder will urge the novice to take care of his own foxes as soon as he can because he can do it cheaper than boarding them on a ranch. The usual ranching charge is $200 a pair a year. The actual cost for feeding should not exceed $60 a year, and on a general purpose farm it is much less because most everything the foxes eat is grown on the farm, and for the care of a small pack no extra labor has to be paid for. The business of breeding and raising foxes may be learned by watching the operations on a big ranch while boarding one's purchased animals thereon for as long as is necessary. There rarely is any charge for instruction and experience. Board runs from $8 to $10 a week. It is not difficult for anyone who loves animals to learn how to raise them; breeding them successfully depends on aptitude, patience, study, and constant effort to improve.

Some of the larger silver fox breeding plants supply complete plans for single pens up to entire ranches, as well as handbooks on maintenance, care, feeding, pelting, practices and ranch routine. Portable pens and nest boxes also should be provided, and this is a good season of the year to construct them. They, too, can be bought but they, also, can be built better and cheaper on the ranch when work is slack and material can be more easily carted. One of the most sanitary dens with a removable nest box is in use at Windswept Farms and has a number of advantages. One is a removable partition which makes cleaning comparatively easy. The detailed construction of this den is shown in the accompaning drawings.

Mr. Alvord will be glad to answer questions concerning the fur raising industry. Write to him, care of Outdoor America

CORRECTION

In a recent advertisement of the "Jiffy" National Outdoor Stove, made by the Excelsior Stove & Mfg. Co., Quincy, Illinois, the barbecue rack was quoted at 70 cents extra. This should have read 75 cents extra.

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

Sportsmen Attention

Deer hunting on the NORTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON in the KAIBAB PLATEAU, Arizona.

Hunting from Oct. 1st to 31st inclusive.

Mule Deer largest in America, 35,000 head (Gov. Estimation).

Taxidermist in camp to take care of your trophies.

The best guide and horse equipment on the north rim.

Buffalo Meat Served Every Day In Camp

Radio concert each evening.

Hunting camp 180 miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Best of Auto service for guests to our camp, overnight stop made going in and coming out at Lee's Ferry on the Colorado river.

An opportunity of a life time to see the NORTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON and hunt deer at same time without the usual hardships.

A suitable camp will be maintained so that Sportsmen may bring their wives.

Full information may be had and reservations made at the following reliable Sporting goods stores.

San Francisco, Calif.—Ellery Arms Co., 583-85 Market St.
St. Joseph, Mo.—St. Joseph Sporting Goods Co., 420 Felix St.
Ft. Worth, Texas—Trav. Daniel Co., 1015 Main St.
Chicago, Ill.—Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.
Wichita, Kans.—The Ira Watson Sporting Goods Co., 133 N. Market St.
Topeka, Kans.—Austin Co., Kansas Ave.
Pawhuska, Okla.—Oriental Shop, 615 Kihekah Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.—B. H. Dyas & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—McEldowney & Son, 111 N. Broadway.
Dallas, Texas—Cullum & Boren Co., 1509-11 Elm St.
Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co., 1008-14 Grand Ave.

If you have no dealer close to you write me direct.

BUEL H. CANADY
Winslow, Arizona

BIG GAME HUNTERS

Season opens Sept. 15th for Elk, Bear, Mountain Sheep and Deer in the best hunting country in United States. Guides of twenty years' experience over Wyoming game trails.

P BAR P RANCH
CODY, WYOMING

WHISPERING PINE LODGE

Among the pines on Pickerel Lake. Wooded trails leading to several beautiful lakes. Rustic log cabins, home cooking. Away from the beaten trail. ***Musky, Pike and Bass.***

Eagle River, Wisconsin

ACREAGE ON TROUT LAKE, IN JUNEAU COUNTY, WIS.

Beautiful spring fed trout lake surrounded by timber, stocked annually. Ideal for sporting clubs or organizations wanting hunting and fishing lodge. Prairie Chicken, Partridge, Rabbit and Duck hunting. Lies back in woods, off highway. Finest sporting section in southern Wis.

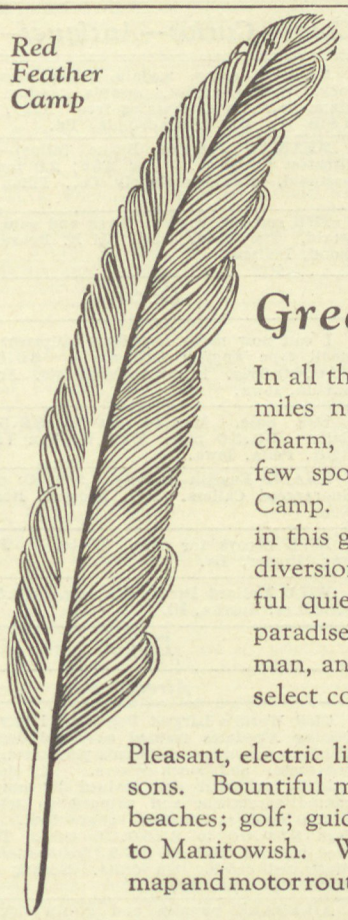
Write for further information.

E. A. FINN, Mgr., KILBOURN, WISCONSIN

PRIVATE YACHTING CRUISES

in the Inland waters of Alaska, British Columbia and Puget Sound. Fish and Game. Low Cost. Send for folder. **Northwest Cruises Co., Anacortes, Washington.**

Red Feather Camp



Come

For a Vacation You Will Never Forget, in the Heart of The Land O' Lakes, in the Cool, Restful

Great North Woods

In all this land of wondrous beauty, 387 miles north of Chicago, there are in charm, convenience and solid comfort few spots comparable to Red Feather Camp. Here, on the shore of Rest Lake, in this great connected chain of lakes, is diversion for all true lovers of the peaceful quiet places. Here in the pines is paradise for the fisherman and sportsman, and for his good wife as well, and a select company of really congenial folks.

Pleasant, electric lighted cottages for 2-4-6 or 8 persons. Bountiful meals. Boating (with motor); beaches; golf; guides for fishing. C. & N. W. Ry. to Manitowish. Write for illustrated booklet with map and motor route information. Reservations now.

RED FEATHER CAMP
REST LAKE, MANITOWISH P. O., WIS.

Lake Shore Property On
MINNESOTA'S 10,000 LAKES
IN "THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE OF AMERICA"

Beautifully wooded tracts on fine fishing lakes with sandy beaches for bathing. Close to State Highways and Railroad transportation. Cottage sites, lots and acreage.

ARROWHEAD LAND COMPANY
606 TORREY BLDG. DULUTH, MINN.

THE WILD CAT INN
On Wild Cat Lake, Vilas Co., Wis.

Open May until January. Log cabins in virgin forest. Rates on application.

P. O. Address:
J. L. WILSON, Boulder Jct., Wis.

Brown, Black and Grizzly Bear

Also Elk, Deer, Mountain Lion and Ducks in Rocky Mountains, adjoining Glacier National Park on south. Experienced hunting guides. Complete, comfortable camp equipment.

Bear fur is prime after Sept. 15. Write or wire.
HUGHES & SHANNON, Glacier Park, Mont.

COLD SPRING CAMPS
Forest and Averill Lakes
(Quimby's Own Over 25 Years)
ALL SUMMER FISHING
TROUT—SALMON—LAKE TROUT—BASS
TENNIS — RIDING — BATHING — HIKING
NO HAY FEVER

Boats and Canoes on Five Lakes—Trails in Unbroken Forests — Cabins with Baths — A Table We Are Proud of — Wonderful Spring Water — Excellent Motor Roads — No Mosquitoes or Black Flies.

H. A. QUIMBY — AVERILL — North Eastern Vermont

HUNTING IN JACKSON HOLE

Make your reservations now for a big game hunt in Jackson Hole. Elk, Sheep and Deer. *Season, Sept. 15, Nov. 15.*

FRANK R. WILLIAMS
MOOSE P. O. WYOMING

COME TO BEAR MOUNTAIN CAMP

for Deer. Bring your wife and enjoy a refreshing vacation in the Adirondacks. Accommodations first class. Easily reached by two routes. Experienced guides. **Send for booklet.**

J. M. BALDERSON, Proprietor
Bear Mountain Camp Cranberry Lake, N.Y.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Agents Wanted

MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less. 5 cents per square foot; you charge 75 cents. Immense profits, plating like new, brassy, worn-off auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, etc. Outfits furnished. Details free. Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-11)

Automobile Supplies

TWO-IN-ONE Bodies for Ford Cars—fit late 1923—entire 1924—early 1925. Have a Touring car, delivery car and camping car to sleep in all combined. Will sell the next one hundred of these at 40% off previous price. Body complete with four doors and door opening curtains—rear fenders, etc. Easy to install. Write for particulars or ask your nearest Ford Dealer to get in touch with us. The Breckenridge Company—Ford Dealers—Sandusky, Ohio. (3-10)

EVENTUALLY you will cover your springs. The McCleod Patented Spring covers are durable, effective and low priced. A quiet, easy riding car, free from spring squeaks, is the result. The Morris Supply Co., Wheeling, W. Va. (3-11)

GARAGE doors opened and closed from your automobile. Special price, $10.50. Send for circular. John H. Whaler Mfg. Co., Canton, Ohio. (3-9)

SELF steering Automobile Leaders. Write Britzius Mfg. Co., Dover, Minn. (3-11)

Boats and Motors

MAKING Boat Models? Use Stanzall Waterproof Glue for permanence. Send 30c for ¼-lb. trial size. L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 152-156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass. (2-9)

ONE 1925 Late model Elto Light Twin motor for sale, slightly used, not driven over fifty miles. Price, $95.00. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-9)

FOR Sale. 2 cylinder Koban Model H. factory rebuilt first class condition. $80.00. Dr. Brady, 150 Main St., Oneonta, N. Y.

MOTOR boat engines and reverse gears. Salter Machine Works, 15th & Blue River, Kansas City, Mo. (3-9)

FACTORY new Super Elto, $125.00. No trades. Bob Woodson, Vinita, Okla. (3-11)

Books and Publications

READ: copy Free Furcatchers Book. Sportsman Guide, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Camps and Cottages

PALMHURST, on sporty Lake Apopka, Florida's second largest lake, where Big Mouth Bass give you real sport and where Ducks abound. Here's the place to have your camp under the tropical sun among the orange trees and palms. All modern conveniences of a city home. Write, to-day, Smith-Britt Realty Co., Winter Garden, Florida. (3-10)

W. H. JORDAN, Hunter and Guide, outfitter for unexcelled camping trips through Yellowstone Park. Experienced Guide for pack outfits hunting big game. References. Cody, Wyo. (3-9)

HUNTING and fishing club. For real sportsmen, splendid cooking, good camps. Write for particulars. R. Accolas, Hervey Junction, Province Quebec, Can. (3-10)

LOG cabins, $10.00 per week. Clubhouse. Thunder Lake, game, fish. E. Franke, Steuben, Mich. (3-10)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½-size, 53¢. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

DEN Curios, Old Arms, Prehistoric Indian stone relics. Rare Indian beaded trappings. Everything for den. Large lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-9)

Coins—Curios—Antiques—Cont'd

50,000 coins, medals, paper money, flint lock, pistols, rifles, swords, Indian curios, stamp collections. Catalog free. Nagy, 8 South 18th (O. D.), Philadelphia, Pa. (3-11)

MEXICAN Jumping Beans (alive)—Nature's Greatest Curiosity, 3 for 25¢; 20 for $1.00 postpaid. Swinden Supply Co., Tilton, N. H. (3-11)

THE smallest copper, silver and gold coins in world. The 3 for 60¢. Al E. Bonsall, Richmond, Indiana.

Decoys

I can now make immediate shipment on real small type English Call ducks. $6.00 pair. $10.00 Trio. Prices on large lots. Fred Goos, Sabula, Iowa. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Mallard decoys, $2.50 pair. Callers, $3.50 pair. Wm. W. Van Vark, Box 323, Pella, Iowa.

SMALL English Callers. $6.00 per pair. Guaranteed Callers. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-11)

LIVE decoys for sale. Write, F. F. Meadows, Homer, La. (3-10)

WILD Mallard Decoys for sale. $1.50 each. Jolin Lee, Eureka, Ill. (3-11)

Dogs

Airedales

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, and stock-drivers. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-11)

AIREDALE puppies and grown dogs, pedigreed, priced $4.00 to $10.00 each. Write your wants. Harry Matchon, Clarksville, Iowa. (3-9)

CLASSY Pedigreed Airedale Puppies. Males, $12; females, $7. None better. Safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgeway, Ohio. (3-9)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions. Write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-9)

Beagles

BEAGLE puppies, some started, good type and best field breeding, backed by twenty years of winners; also some excellent Springer puppies. All registered. Price right. Mondamin Kennels, Box C, DeKalb, Ill. (3-11)

PEDIGREED English Beagle pups, 5 to 6 months old, Ch. Wolver Sapper, Ch. Uncle Sam blood lines. Also trained rabbit dogs. Prices reasonable. D. J. Miller, Rt. 2, Shreve, Ohio. (3-11)

BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible to registration. $15.00 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-10)

BEAGLE puppies. Eligible registration. A. K. C. Sire and Dam field and bench champions. $25.00 and $35.00 each. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-9)

BEAGLE pups. A. K. C. By Champion. Black blankets. $20. C. O. D. Glen Wells, Farina, Ill. (3-10)

FINE pedigreed Beagles, trained, ready for business. $60 to $75. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

BEAGLES, Rabbit Hounds. Broken. Trial. M. W. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-11)

BEAGLES. Three months to three years old. C. F. Mapes, Centerburg, Ohio. (3-10)

Dogs

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

ENGLISH Bulldogs. Imported stock and show specimens. Catalogue ten cents. Triangle Kennels, Box 9, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-10)

Chesapeakes

CHESAPEAKES. Year old dog and bitch, four year old dog trained perfectly, puppies. All dead grass, registered, over distemper, wonderful hunting strain. Dr. F. J. Murphy, 624 ½ Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

DUCK Hunters, Attention! Get the crippies. It's sport with a Chesapeake Retriever. Registered dogs and puppies for sale. Geo. Markland, McGregor, North Dakota. (3-10)

CHESAPEAKE puppies, sire and dam real duck dogs. Northern raised. Ben Robideau, Pine River, Minn. (3-10)

CHESAPEAKE Stud. Very best breeding. Dead grass color. Write for terms. Fred D. Young, Rochester, Minn. (3-9)

CHESAPEAKES and Springers for sale. Two trained male chesapeakes. Sent on trial. Harry Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-11)

CHOICE Chesapeake puppies for sale. Guaranteed duck dogs, best blood available. A. L. Green, Hawarden, Iowa. (3-9)

CHESAPEAKES—Puppies, trained dogs. Unexcelled registered stock. E. Grant Stuart, Chariton, Iowa. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Registered male and female Chesapeake dogs. One year old. Priced right. E. A. Gaston, Axtell, Kans.

FOR Sale—Thoroughbred Chesapeake puppies of fine stock. Frank Tschida, 670 Lafond St., St. Paul, Minn. (3-11)

CHESAPEAKES. All ages, quality stock. Reasonable. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels, Clear Lake, Iowa. (3-11)

CHESAPEAKE pups, $10 each. Kulbeck Kennels, Havre, Mont.

HIGH Class Chesapeake Retriever Pups for sale. C. H. Morgan, Tyndall, S. D. (3-10)

Hounds

GENTLEMEN: Here is your chance to buy a real coon dog. I am offering you my old reliable coon dog John. He is four years old, breeding Kentucky English Strain. He is good size, good looking, O. K. in every respect, open trailer, good tree barker, all night hunter, rabbit, fox and stock proof. Will trail, tree and swim in water. First $60.00 gets him on 20 days' trial. Reference First National Bank. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky.

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $15.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-11)

RABBIT Hunters: I offer you for sale my pair of rabbit hounds Sport and Lou. They are 2½ years old, good as ever run a trail, full blooded hounds, breeding Bird Song and Red Bone. Medium size, extra good lookers, all day hunters, neither man nor gun shy, will ship anywhere on 20 days trial. First $30.00 gets them C. O. D. Reference First National Bank. J. R. Cain, Murray, Kentucky.

FOR Sale: My A No. 1 four-year-old coonhound, good as lives, wide hunter, good trailer and tree barker. Last season's catch over $200.00 in watery bottoms, O. K. in every way. For $55.00 on 20 days trial. J. Vaughn, D78, Mayfield, Ky. Vaughn is reliable to deal with. Ed Gardner, President First National Bank. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Crossbred English bloodhound and foxhound pups, born hunters, make best fox, coon and lynx dogs. Extra loud, steady tonguers, true trailers, stayers to the finish. Testimonials. Photos 10c. Write, Charles Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario, Can. (3-10)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

LOOK, Look, Sport Hunters, for sale my still trailing coon dog Bill. Four years old, all night hunter, good tree barker, rabbit, fox and stock proof. Ship anywhere on 20 days trial for $60.00. Also my three year old squirrel dog Jack $35.00, good as ever lived, on 20 days trial. Reference First National Bank. A. F. Doran, Murray, Kentucky.

ARKANSAS Coon, Skunk, Opossum, Cat, Fox, Wolf, Deer and Champion Rabbit hounds. Also some fine young well started two year old Cooners for twenty dollars each. Fine blooded Coon hound pups ten dollars each. Shipped on trial. Send for price list. References in your State. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

SPORTSMEN—Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs. Price reasonable. Sent C. O. D., trial. Learn the only way to buy and how I pay express. Catalog, 5¢. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Arkansas long-eared hounds. Don't buy a hound until you get my price list, terms, guarantee, etc. 30 years dog business. Hundreds of pleased customers. Long trial. Address, W. B. Caraway, Alma, Ark. (3-10)

ARKANSAS Coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, cat, squirrel, rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Ouachita Kennels, W. B. Peters, Mena, Ark. Box 254. (3-10)

RUSSIAN Wolfhounds for show, hunting and companionship. Magnificent long silky haired dogs from imported strains. Catalogue, dime. Arkansas Valley Kennels, Cimarron, Kansas. (6-12)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Fur Finders. Buy Early. Hunting Horns. Medicines. Colors, etc. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SM11, Herrick, Illinois.

COONHOUND pups of distinctive breeding. Beagle pups and some rabbit hounds started. Broke coon and skunk hounds. F. Stine, Swanton, Ohio. (3-10)

COON, Opossum, Skunk, and Rabbit hounds. Black and tan, blueticks and redbones. Trial; prices reasonable. Joe Sarver, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-11)

FOR sale, 100 coon, combination, fox, squirrel and rabbit hounds. Ship C. O. D. Trial. Reference First National Bank. Hickory Grove Kennel, Murray, Kentucky.

FAST and sure killing wolfhounds. Greys, Stags, Russians, "Irish & Grey," also registered Walker fox hounds. Some splendid trained dogs. Carl Burkholder, Galata, Mont. (3-11)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Fur Finders. Buy Early. Hunting Horns. Medicines. Colors, etc. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SM11, Herrick, Illinois.

RUSSIAN wolfhounds. Puppies. Young females, choice studs. Large, curly, silky-coated, registered strains. Address, E. B. Kulbeck, Havre, Mont.

BEAUTIFUL registered Russian Wolfhounds. Males and females. D. H. Paul, Haverhill, Iowa.

FOR Sale—My combination hound Dave, full blooded, open trailer and wide fast hunter. Trial. B. Kesterson, Sedalia, Ky. B67.

FOR Sale: Trained rabbit hounds, $20.00 each. Also Coon, Skunk and Foxhounds. C. O. D. Trial. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

FOXHOUNDS. All ages, registered, pedigreed Walkers. Few choice puppies. Dr. M. Casper, Starks Bldg., Louisville, Ky. (3-11)

FOR Sale, 100 coon, opossum and rabbit hounds, c. o. d. Trial. A. F. Doran, Murray, Ky. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Hunting hounds. Cheap. Ten days' trial. J. D. Burrus, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-11)

HOUNDS for Coon, Skunk, Fox, Rabbits. Trained. Also young hounds and pups for sale. Raymond Bingaman, Route 1, Batavia, Ohio.

HIGH class Fox, Deer, Coon hounds; a few still trailing coon and varmint dogs. J. R. Stephens, Marshall, Ark. (3-11)

LONG-EARED open-trailing rabbit hounds, beagles, $20.00, $25.00. Trial. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-9)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-10)

TRAINED and partly trained combination and rabbit dogs for sale. Trial here only. Claude Souders, Oak Hill, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL Pedigreed Russian Wolf Hound Pups, $25.00 and up. Idlehour Kennel Co., Guymon, Okla. (3-10)

ONE eight year old straight cooner. Cold trailer. Price, $50.00. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-9)

BEAR, lion, cat and coon hounds. Guy Mayer, Paradise, Arizona.

COON, Fox and Rabbit hounds. Guaranteed. George Walters, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Registered Irish Wolfhound pups. Paul Geis, York, Nebr.

HUNTING Hounds cheap; trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Illinois. (3-9)

SALE—Coon, Opossum, Skunk hounds. Trial allowed. Arthur W. Toy, St. Petersburg, Pa.

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Ky. (3-11)

Labradors

REGISTERED Labrador Retriever pups. Seven months. Banchory Strain. Prices reasonable. Labrador Kennels, Limerick, Sask., Canada. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL Labrador Retriever Puppies. Wonderful stock. G. Bertsch, Glasgow, Mont. (3-11)

LABRADOR retriever female 15 mo. old. Registered. Training now. W. A. Winkie, 758 3rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LABRADOR retriever. Trained females bred and open. McArdell, Brynmarl, Vancouver Island.

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-10)

LABRADORS. Pups five and six months old. Prices right. Donald Walker, Chewelah, Wash.

Miscellaneous Dogs

ARKANSAS Coon hounds. High class straight coon hounds, $150.00 each. No. 1 Coon hounds $100.00. No. 2, $75.00. Average Coon hounds $50.00. Combination tree hounds $30.00. Big game combination Wolf, Deer, Bear and Cat hounds $50.00. Half and three-quarters tree dogs, $25.00 to $35.00 each. Old tree hounds, $20.00 and $25.00. Fox hounds $35.00 to $100.00. Deer hounds $50.00. Sq. dogs $15.00. Sq. hounds $20.00. Rabbit dogs $15.00. Rabbit hounds $20.00. Partly trained hounds $15.00 to $20.00. Trained pups $5.00 to $10.00. Also Grey hounds; Collies; Bird dogs; Bull dogs. Mexican dogs and Shepherds. Live Coons $10.00. Cub Bears $65.00. Order from this ad, 10 days trial. John G. Gardiner, c/o St. Ry. Co., Sharon, Pa., recently won honors with coon hound I sold him at Mahoning County Coon hound field trials, Youngstown, Ohio. My hounds also won at Little Rock, Dallas and Tulsa. 35 years successful dog business. List and references free. W. B. Caraway, Alma, Arkansas. (3-11)

BEAGLES, setters, pointers, fox hounds. Grown stock ready to train. Puppies ready to ship, from pedigreed and registered stock. Stud dogs of each breed, at Public Stud. Prices and photo's 8¢ stamps. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox, and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (9x26)

FOR Sale. Setters and Pointers, Coon, Fox, Opossum, Varmint, Beagles, Rabbit and big game hounds. Don't write unless want to buy. Reference Harrison Deposit Bank. E. R. Gossett, Cynthiana, Ky. (3-11)

CHOICE Setters, Pointers, Hounds for all purposes. Stamp for full information. Harrison Chief Farm Kennels, R6, Cynthiana, Ky. (3-10)

FOR SALE. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-1)

ST. BERNARD puppies. Big type. Pedigreed. Greatest watch dogs. Trusty companions for children. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Ind. (3-11)

AIREDALES, spaniels, chesapeakes, sale or trade for guns, tent. Offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minnesota. (3-9)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

FOX terriers. Eskimo Spitz, $8.00 up. Some registered. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis. (3-10)

FOR Sale: German Shepherds and wire-haired Fox Terriers. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (6-2)

CRESS-BROOK Dalmatians. Three litters ready. Sired by Champions. A. E. Bonner, Coopersville, Mich. (3-9)

GREAT Danes. Pedigreed, from Champion Stock. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-10)

GREAT Dane Harlequin Puppies, Registerable. Sired by Oberon, Imported Harlequin. K. F. Hogrefe, Battle Creek, Nebr.

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

ENGLISH Setters—registered. Also rabbit hounds. Clarence Martin, New Holland, Pa.

SETTER puppies, also Hounds, all ages. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

Newfoundlands

REGISTERED black and black and white Newfoundland puppies. Males, $25.00. Females, $20.00. Lieblein, Dodge, N. Dak. (3-11)

NEWFOUNDLAND puppies from pedigreed stock. S. J. Greer, Plentywood, Montana. (3-11)

Pointers and Setters

NATIONAL Champion Doughboy and Champion Fishel Frank blood for sale. Eight puppies whelped April 1st, 1926. Sire Dowboys Fishel Frank, Son of Natl. Champion Doughboy and Montgomery Girl (Winner), she a daughter of Champion Fishels Frank. Dam, Desota Franks Marge a grand-daughter of Champion Deosta Frank and Cincinnati Nat, a Futurity winner. All papers. Price $25.00. J. A. Reed, Butterfield, Mo. (3-11)

TRAINED Pointer dog, 2 ½ years old, white and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Retriever. Good nose. $50.00. Two trained Setter dogs; 2 ½ years old; white and black spotted; other white and lemon spotted; both staunch on points. Good retrievers. Good lookers. $50.00 each. Will ship C. O. D. on 5 days trial. You guarantee express both ways. We have others. Murray's Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

PEDIGREED Irish Setter puppies from the World's best breeding. $25.00 either sex—5 yrs. old Irish Setter Stud dog—one of the best shooting dogs I ever owned—does it all. 6 generation certified pedigree—$150.00. Also have some well broken Pointers and Setters, no papers, priced reasonably. All broken dogs sent on 5 days trial. You pay express if returned. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn.

QUAIL and Grouse shooting dogs. Good looking, well broken brace pointers, dog and bitch. C. O. D. 3 days' trial. $85 each. Also registered pointer puppies. World's best blood. C. O. D. $20 each. Guy W. Moore, R. 5, Buntyn, Tenn.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English. Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

TWELVE Llewellyn bitch puppies, one hundred per cent. All papers to register. Ages four to ten months. Price fifteen. No photos, as priced for quick sale. J. H. Sullivan, 205 S. Lincoln St., Creston, Iowa. (3-11)

GORDON Setters, puppies from imported champion parents, several broken dogs and bred bitches. Inglehurst Kennels, Dunellen, New Jersey. Mail address, Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-9)

FREE. Sales list of Thoroughbred English, Irish, Gordon Setters and Pointers. Broken dogs. Pups. Bred bitches and stud dogs. Sold on a Guarantee. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-10)

WORLD'S best breeding of registered Llewellyn setter, English setters. Trained dogs and pups eight weeks to eleven months, for sale at all times. State kind wanted. Photo on request. H. L. Brandl, New Munich, Minn.

ENGLISH Setter puppies two months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. All papers. Males, $18.50; females, $15.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-9)

FOR sale—Beautiful male setter three years old thoroughly trained also trained pointer eighteen months old. Louis King, Nekoosa, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale: Five grand-children of Ch. Doughboy and Carolina Frank, five months old. Pictures and extended pedigree on application. C. O. D. $25.00. Dr. J. R. Hill, Princeton, Ky.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

IRISH setter pups, from Imported Sorsfield and Ogallala Prince, trained bitches, Morty Oges King Patsy Boyne cross. Forty and fifty dollars. W. P. Sutton, Topeka, Kans.

IRISH Setter Pups. Terry of Boyne, Pat Law, Morty ogc Chieftain Law breeding, whelped May 12—$25.00. Six dogs, 3 bitches. R. T. McElroy, Milford, Iowa. (3-10)

IRISH Setter pups 2-11 months; Terry of Boyne, Bud Law, Bob of Down, and Palmerston's Connemara Grand breeding. Chip of Boyne at stud. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

PEDIGREED English Setter puppies ready to hunt this fall. Speed Ben and Eugene M. breeding. $30.00 up. William Connon, Loantaka Way, Madison, New Jersey. (3-11)

READY to go: Pointers and Setters, also broke English Setter bitch. All registered stock. O. H. Peek, 812 W. Center St., Girard, Illinois. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Setters. Year old retrievers, $50.00. Well broken dog, $60.00; also puppies, $20.00. Rev. A. Bergt, Schuyler, Nebr.

IRISH Setter puppies six months old. Sire, Champion Red Law Redfield. Price thirty dollars. A. Weingartner, Minneota, Minn.

WORLD'S greatest bargains in pointers and setters, priced right and shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

NATURAL Retriever. Hunted her with dogs, found none can cover ground with her for pointers. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

BROKEN registered Pointers, Setters and nicely started yearlings and pups. Approval. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (3-10)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-10)

EIGHT pedigreed Irish Setter pups. W. R. Bratton, Council Grove, Kansas, c/o Stella Theatre.

FOR Sale. English Setter Puppies, males $25.00, females $20.00. T. H. Postlewaite, Bunker Hill, Ill. (3-10)

REGISTERED English Setters. Males $35.00; females $25.00. Joe Knoer, Rodman, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale—English and Irish Setter puppies, best of breeding. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minn.

PEDIGREED English Setter Pups. Champion bloodlines. Males $30, females, $25. S. Rutford, Clarkfield, Minn. (3-11)

IRISH Setter Pups—America's Best. Price reasonable. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-10)

POINTER puppies $15 up. Best breeding. Write, C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

ENGLISH Setter Pups. $10.00 each. Harley Everett, Atkinson, Nebr. (3-10)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-9)

POINTERS, Setters. Reasonable. C. O. D. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Ill.

HUNT'S English Setter Kennels, New Hartford, N. Y.

Police Dogs

BEAUTIFUL German police puppies, of championship strain. Registered, pedigreed. Immunized from distemper. Shipped on approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. $50.00 and up. Springdale Silver Fox Farms, Scottville, Michigan. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Shepherd (German Police) puppies. Sire 1st litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Dolf von Dusternbrook. Sire 2nd litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Yvon de Beauchamps. Free descriptive circular. North Shellenberger, McAlisterville, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price $20 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-11)

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $20.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-11)

GERMAN Shepherd (Police) puppies; 6 females, black with grey trim from 27 inch sire —26 inch dam, eligible to register. $20.00 each. On approval. C. F. Fernsell, Strasburg, Ohio.

PEDIGREED Police Pups for sale and grown dogs all imported strains. Pups, $20.00 and $30.00. On approval. O. B. Helmer, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-9)

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

DOBERMAN Pinscher: Lovely young bitch, black and tan, bred to best sire in America; no better breeding, no better dog; offered dirt cheap. Dr. Chas. M. Stamps, Teague, Texas.

PUPPY sons and daughters of internationally known, 1925 U. S. sensation, Champion Amor von Geyerberge, Westminster winner. Will repurchase at one year. Cassius Winkelman, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-10)

POLICE Dogs. Sired by Son of Dclf von Dusternbrook. The best blood line of the breed to choose. The Rice Kennels, Spencer, Ind. (3-10)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHER Puppies. Very fine, eligible and right price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebr. (3-11)

HALF-grown Police Pups. $35.00. Guaranteed pedigrees. N. Lewis, Miller, Nebraska. (3-10)

MALE Police pups. Best of breeding. Wolf gray. Prices reasonable. H. Melle, Alexandria, Minn.

POLICE puppies, guaranteed pedigree. Strongheart relation. $20 up. On Approval. Write, Otto Hoffman, Marinette, Wis. Route 1.

PEDIGREED Police pups, Kriminalpolizie strain, light and dark. Ki-chi-sago Kennels, Chisago City, Minn.

DOBERMANS—International champion stock. Andrew Schwab, Erie, Pa.

PEDIGREED Police puppies. White Collie puppies. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill. (3-10)

STRONGHEART Strain Police Pups. Gardiner Silver Fox Ranch, Medina, Ohio. (3-11)

Spaniels

SACRIFICING entire stock of springers to move to city. Finest blood lines. First class every way. Pups ready to train for Fall shooting, as low as $30.00. 14-months old youngsters by Springbok of Ware (one bred) $60 and $80. 4-year old imported liver-white bitch, from long line field trial winners. Fine show type. Valuable as brood matron. Raises large litters beautiful puppies $60.00. Pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bank reference. Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Wolfe, R. F. D. L., Box 184, Indianapolis, Indiana.

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-11)

TWENTY-FIVE Springer puppies, four and five months old, from fine hunting stock. Black and White. Liver and White. All healthy pups. Thirty-five to fifty dollars. One black and white bitch out of Southwick Don by Flint of Avandale. Price very reasonable. R. E. Townsend, Abilene, Kans.

SPRINGER Sale. Mature males, females and April whelped puppies. Registered. A great Sire at stud. Satisfaction guaranteed. Attractive prices and descriptions on request. Dr. Ernest Elmen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Ch. Horsford Harbour—Ch. Laverstoke Powder Horn—Montana Ware blood lines. Ready to deliver now. Eligible to registration. Black and white, and liver and white. Sage Brush Kennels, Sam Cooley, Mgr., Faith, S. Dak. (3-9)

FOR Sale. Registered Springer Spaniels. Liver and white. Two trained bitches, young puppies. Best show and working strains known. Write for photos and prices. Harry Crook, Mirror, Alberta, Canada.

IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies from thoroughbred registered hunting stock. Raised in a hunting country on a 3000 acre ranch. Russell Thompson, Box 135, Wood Lake, Nebr. (3-11)

JAMSON of Ware (Imported) ex Ch Horsford Harbour Bitch, Springer Spaniel puppies for sale, beautifully marked and priced right. Also other Springer and Cocker Spaniel puppies. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa. (3-10)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel. Female, Liver and White. Two years old. Sire Horsford Hazard. Must sell. Price $125.00. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa.

HORSFORD Hetman Belle by champion Horsford Hetman out of imported Horsford Dance. Broke to gun and field; retrieves to hand. J. E. Washburn, Hamburg, N. Y.

FOR Sale—American brown Water Spaniel puppies from three to eight months. $15.00 each. Also three broken females. For particulars write Evelyn Nelson, Forest City, Iowa.

IRISH Spaniels. Very fine. Pups, grown. Chas. Irvine, Ankeny, Iowa. (3-11)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Sired by Champion Laverstoke Powderhorn. Sure to make winners and workers. Bargain prices for quick sale. F. M. Finkbine, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Springer Spaniel puppies. Beechgrove Strain. Priced to sell. 6 males, 2 females. Liver and white. Chas. M. Brooks, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale. English Springer Spaniels, Puppies, brood matrons and trained adults. Buy a Springer and conserve game. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wis. (3-10)

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, liver and white, of great type. Best of breeding. Eligible A. K. C. $35.00 and up. Shipped on approval $15.00 down. P. H. Burk, Marysville, Kans. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Sired by Ch. Port of Avandale from Springbok of Ware Bitch. Here is blood and type. Priced reasonable. Albert Fogel, Rosholt, S. D.

SPRINGER Spaniels. Liver and White puppies of Beechgrove Horsford and Springbok of Ware bloodlines. Inoculated against distemper. Write for particulars. Carl Fletcher, Brookings, So. Dak.

SPRINGER Spaniels—at stud Audacious of Scadbury. English field trial, International show bench winner. Puppies and young stock. Dr. W. B. Stewart, Monessen, Pa.

COCKER Spaniels—Four months old solid black puppies, select breeding, priced reasonably. Dr. W. B. Maxson, Flemington, New Jersey. (3-9)

BEAUTIFUL cocker puppies from famous hunting strain. Easily trained for land or water. Registered. Rowland, Greensville, Ont. (3-10)

COCKER and Springer Pups. Eligible to registry. Reasonable prices. Dr. John E. Rogers, Oshkosh, Wis. (3-9)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel. "Chief of Iowa" at Stud. Liver and White. Best blood lines. Puppy proposition. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-9)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel puppies. Beautifully marked. Write for snaps, pedigrees and particulars. Dewey Stowell, Platteville, Wis. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels, genuine curly coated, top knot, rat tail strain. Papers for registration. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wisconsin. (3-11)

IRISH Spaniel pups, curly coated, rat-tails. Whelped May 11. Males, $35, females, $25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Papers F. D. S. B. Ansgar Andersen, Pine River, Minn.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Bred from the best imported Bench Show and Field Trial strains. Sold on approval, $30 and up. W. J. Nissen, Box O, Oxford, Nebr. (3-9)

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniel puppies—parti-colors. Black and white. Reasonable. Dr. Wooden, Senecs Falls, New York. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniels. Selected breeding. Many noted dogs in strain hunting type. H. M. Butler, Villard, Minn.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines. Dogs, $25; bitches, $18. Harry Briggs, Beallsville, Ohio.

SPRINGER pups, $25.00. Stud fees, $25.00. J. Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Mich. (3-10)

CHAMPION Bred Springer at stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Red Cockers, Irish and American Brown Water Spaniels from best retrievers. Dr. H. M. Joy, Calumet, Mich.

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. Puppies and youngsters. All high class registered stock. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-11)

SPRINGERS and Chesapeakes. The good kind. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (4-9)

Spitz

SPITZ puppies of quality at reduced prices. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Dept. A, Saner's Kennels, Powhatan Point, Ohio.

"SPITZ Wanted." Whole litters of puppies. Also brood matrons. Give price and description first letter. E. E. Britton, Powhatan Point, Ohio.

Dogs

Terriers

SCOTTISH Terriers: Young show stud dog, 5 points toward championship; can make it easy; best breeding; fine guard and ratter; tricks and best pal on earth. Two young bitches for sale also, one of them bred. At give-away prices. Mrs. C. M. Stamps, Teague, Texas.

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

SIX pound—Bat-eared Toy Fox Terrier at Stud. Fee $15.00. Also toy puppies for sale. Mrs. Verna Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (6-9)

BOSTON Terriers. Two registered dogs at stud. Four litters of eligible puppies. Esely's Kennels, Loudonville, Ohio. (3-9)

IRISH Terrier pups three to six months old, best blood lines in America. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

BOSTON Terrier puppies. From high class registered champion stock. $35.00 each. Envilla Kennels, Havre, Montana.

WIRE haired fox terrier puppies from champion stock. Registerable. G. F. Kinsey, Clayville, N. Y. (3-10)

BEAUTIFUL Fox Terriers. For sale and stud. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

RAT terriers—Fox terriers. Illustrated lists 10¢. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-2)

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED bird dogs to train, either field trial or shooting dogs. Yard work and force retrieving taught. Gunshyness and other faults corrected. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

SPANIEL training. Field trials or shooting dog, my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-9)

FOR special rates on training that bird dog of yours write, Chic Branson, Twin Falls, Idaho. (3-10)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-9)

Firearms

TELESCOPE sights, for target and hunting; straightline reloading tools for any caliber or cartridge. Cleaning rods embodying latest ideas. Write for free booklets. Complete handbook, 50¢. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-11)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, Inc., 38D South St., Boston.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12x24)

OVER and under, three-barrel-guns, double rifles. Fine double shotguns etc., high-grade guns throughout, take American cartridges. Send for particulars. E. Merkel, Gun-Maker, Suhl, Germany. Box 66. (4-12)

THE all purpose gun—the three barrel—any combination, made to order at moderate prices. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, Inc., 38D South Street, Boston.

Firearms—Continued

WITTIG'S gunsight wingshooting guide does not miss. Price one dollar. Information cheerfully furnished. Jacob Wittig, Marinette, Wis. (3-11)

FOR double targets, no gun equals the Ovr-Unda trap gun. Send for circular. Shooter agents wanted. Baker & Kimball, Inc., 38D South Street, Boston.

FOR Sale: 100 guns including pre-war high grade double barrels, like Smith, Parker, Daly, and Lefever. Printed firearms list 10¢. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

THE Ovr-Unda gun, with shot barrels—double rifle—or combination—lower prices. Shooter agents wanted. Write for circular. Baker & Kimball, Inc., 38D South St., Boston.

BARGAINS in guns and ammunition. Prices on request. B-K Gunnery, 736 E. Park St., Sandusky, Ohio. (3-11)

RESTOCKING, Fitting, Finishing. Satisfaction. James Barnes, 1031 Bancroft, Berkeley, Calif. (3-11)

SEND stamp for special list of gun bargains. Baker & Kimball, Inc., 38D South St., Boston.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice—Muskgrass brings ducks in swarms. Terrell's famous sure-growing seed shipped anywhere for fall planting while supply lasts. 30 years experience. Suggestions free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 47 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-11)

BEST of all duck foods for propagation. Wild Celery, Sago Pond Weed, Widgeon Grass. Address, Jasper B. White, Naturalist, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, North Carolina. (3-9)

WILD rice seed. Send for circulars. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., LaPorte, Minnesota.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DON'T go fishing when they won't bite. I can tell you when, where and how, by a new method thoroughly tried for three years. Don't pass up the good days, get my plan and have the edge on the other boys. Complete information for $1, money order or draft. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. H. H. Kryder, Ligonier, Ind. (3-9)

CAT fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (3-9)

GUARANTEED catfish hook bait formula. Trap directions dollar. James Parker, Woodston, Kan.

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN'S Exchange. We buy, sell and exchange guns, rifles, revolvers, rods and reels, field glasses, cameras, watches, musical instruments and furs. Send the article with a letter, and we will make you our best offer by return mail. E. Wanger & Co., Dep't A., 302 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3x26)

NATIONAL Exchange—We sell and exchange guns, cameras, musical instruments, field glasses and everything everywhere. Catalogue free. Everton & Sons Hardware, Logan, Utah. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Evinrude motor with automatic reverse and magneto, in good mechanical condition. First check for $40.00 takes it. Will trade for good gun. What have you to trade? H. J. Ricker, Lodi, Wis.

For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 fine cigarettes. Large pocket tin Special Blend smoking tobacco also sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 15, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-9)

HOMESPUN tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, 90¢ prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-11)

Game Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1926 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Pheasants, Waterfowls and Grouse for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (8x26)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

SALE: Hundred Canadian geese decoys, Mallards, little callers, black ducks. Other game birds. Wild Foxes, Coyotes, tame Raccoons, Skunks, etc. Fifty Minks reasonable. WANT: All kinds dogs to train, reasonable rates. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-10)

MT. YONAH Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga., offers for sale coon, opossums, skunk, and squirrel dogs; and fox and rabbit hounds. Catalog and summer price list free. Trial allowed on all trained dogs. (3-9)

PHEASANTS—Mongolian, Silver, Golden, Lady Amherst, Melanotus, Reeves, Versicolor, Swinhoe, Linneated, Manchurian eared. Robinson Brothers, Aldershot, Ontario, Canada. (3-11)

SPORTSMEN: I sell wild Cotton Tail, Jack and Snow Shoe Rabbits, Squirrels, Quail for stocking purposes. Order now for Winter delivery. List free. Tarman, Quincy, Penn. (3-11)

ENGLISH Call ducks, five per pair, while they last. Also May, Springer puppy. Liver and White. Registered. Beauty. G. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisconsin. (3-11)

FOXES. Write us. Learn of money making opportunity, breeding silver black foxes and blue foxes. Northland Fox Exchange, Houghton, Michigan. (3-11)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

FOR Sale: Pure English Call Ducks, hand reared wild ducks and geese of all kinds. Pheasants and Jap Silkies Bantams. Write, Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Silver foxes. The progeny of the famous Brunswick strain of Canadian silver foxes. Noted for their exceptional fur qualities. Write DuBois Silver Fox Co., Inc., DuBois, Penn. (3-11)

CANADA Geese $18.00 pair; English Call Ducks $6.00 pair. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin.

LIVE muskrats, black or brown, and a new trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 48, Chester, Pa.

FOR Sale. Foxes, raccoon, muskrats, rabbits, mink, ferrets, opossums, skunks, squirrels. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minn. (3-10)

PHEASANTS, Waterfowl, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Rabbits, Deer. Stamp for price list. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-9)

GENUINE little English call ducks. Good callers. Also Japanese silky bantams. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

RABBITS for sale—Pedigreed stock. $2.00 up. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (6-9)

FOR sale. Milk Goats, Saanens, Toggenburgs, Nubians. White City Goat Farms, Attica, Indiana. (3-10)

SALE—Red foxes, Minks, Raccoons, and Skunks. Illustrated instructive literature, 10¢. Minnesota Fur Ranch, Frost, Minn. (3-11)

SELLING out registered Silver Black Fox. H. Mette, 1763 East 88th, Cleveland, Ohio. (3-11)

TAME Coyote, $15. Fixed Skunk, $5. Prairie Dogs, Pr. $5. Lem Laird, Harper, Kansas.

FOR Sale. Canada mink, black skunk. T. Knipfer, Northome, Minn.

FERRETS for sale. Walter Soldan, 46 Seventeenth St., Wheeling, West Virginia.

PEDIGREED Chinchilla Fur Rabbits. Arthur Strauch, New Hamburg, Ont., Canada. (3-11)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. $4.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

Help Wanted

MEN, 18 up, wanting U. S. Mail Service positions, $142 to $225 monthly; steady; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Write, A. Bradford, 112 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J. (3-9)

RAILWAY Mail Clerks Needed Frequently. Salary $1900 to $2700 year. Traveling and Terminal Assignments. Examinations held at all large cities. Particulars Free. Write, Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (9x26)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, New York. (3-9)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, A-37, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

BIRCH canoes and baskets, cedar mats, hooked rugs, etc. Write, McLean & Walker, Grand Portage, Minn. (3-11)

GENUINE Indian arrowheads from Arkansas, 100 assorted specimens only $4.00 postpaid. H. Daniel, Lamar, Arkansas.

Miscellaneous

NINE foxes in one day is the record of one man that used my method. Have caught a full grown healthy fox on a bare rock with no covering over the trap. Fifty skunk in one season. One best set takes fox, coon or skunk. Forty-six years in the business. Results guaranteed or no pay. References given. If interested write, E. A. Estabrook, Sherburne, Vermont. (3-11)

RHEUMATISM, Neuritis. A free treatment if not satisfied. Try ANCIENT HINDU REMEDY for immediate relief and guaranteed recovery. Discovered and prepared by Huntington College Chemist. Order complete treatment, $1.50. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sample 50c. Write today. Prof. Guha, Box L-166, Huntington, Indiana. (3-10)

COLLECTIONS. Make 'em pay. My system will make them pay their bills. Write for the acid test. Literature free. Burleigh L. Horr, Horr and Omelia Block, Rhinelander, Wisconsin. (3-10)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (4x26)

HIGH Blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-9)

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-10)

Music and Musical Instruments

BUILD your own phonographs. We can supply you with motors, tone arms and all accessories at wholesale prices. Write for catalogue AX. Pleasing Sound Phonograph Co., 204 East 113th St., New York, N. Y. (3-11)

I WANT Song Poems. Casper Nathan, P-3544 N. Racine, Chicago. (3-9)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

MODERN Photography in all its branches now taught by mail. New, successful method Write for particulars and unusual offer, open for short time. International Studios, Inc., Dept. 7172, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (12-1)

EARN $50 to $250 each week! Learn Professional Photography. Wonderful openings now in all branches.—Motion Picture, Portraiture, Commercial, News. Experts train you quickly at home or in big, modern New York or Chicago studios. Write for illustrated Free Book and Free Camera Offer. New York Institute of Photography, Dept. 73, 12 West 33rd St., New York City.

Printing and Stationery

250 BOND Letterheads or envelopes, $1.25. W. E. Moyer Supply House, Milton, Pa. (3-9)

Real Estate

TWO room log cabin with fire place, etc., on Whitefish Bay in beautiful Northern Michigan. Site has 100 feet bay frontage. Is also at mouth nice spring fed trout stream, excellent speckled and brook trout fishing. Also good deer and partridge shooting. Price, cabin with about acre size lot $600.00. J. M. Grosvenor, Strongs, Mich. (3-10)

PUNTA Gorda, Fla. Party wishes to form clubhouse for about ten real lovers of fishing and hunting. Property on Charlotte Bay (salt water) close to four fresh water streams; hunting just as convenient; property my home. Location ideal. Wish to retain interest. References three banks here. W. R. Sparks. (3-11)

Real Estate—Continued

ATTENTION Wildfowl Shooters: Am now making reservations for Goose and Duck shooting, best Mississippi river section, private owned shooting Bars. Rates $10.00 day. This property for sale or will consider club proposition. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-11)

HUNTER'S paradise. Ninety acres on Essex River, near Massachusetts Bay; best hunting and fishing on North Shore, with marshes flowed by tides, forming small islands; balance fine farming land, ¼ mile on State road, $25,000. Clarence S. Dade, 72 Perkins St., Jamaica Plain, Mass. (3-11)

VIRGINIA hunting lodge and farm. 390 acres. Tidewater River frontage. 275 acres duck and sora marsh. Fishing. Farm profitable. Residence, modern conveniences. Price $16,500. Chesterfield Corp., 802 Travelers Building, Richmond, Virginia. (3-11)

FIVE acre fruit, poultry, ginseng farm $76.00. $1.00 down. $5.00 monthly. Ozarks. Hunting, fishing. Brashears Realty Co., Combs, Ark. (3-11)

FINEST location for private club in Michigan. Two hundred forty acres in Emmett County with hills and springs. Will sacrifice price to close estate. Levi Joslin, Grand Ledge, Mich. (3-9)

LAKE and River Frontage, and Islands in the Pine Woods of Northeastern Minnesota, at $4 to $25 an acre. Best fishing and hunting. Church Land Company, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-10)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (12-12)

DANDY Island in Kabetogema Lake. 10.50 acres. Minnesota's best big game and fishing territory. $500. Peoples State Bank, Madison Lake, Minn. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Whole or part of one of the best ducking and goose preserves in Currituck Sound, N. C. J. W. Borum, 720 Freemason St., Norfolk, Va. (3-10)

BARGAINS—Beautiful lake frontage, productive farm lands, grassy sheep ranches. Write owners. Emerson Bros., Tripoli, Wis. (3-11)

IMPROVED alfalfa and potato land, best game and fishing. C. Sherwood, Leetsville, Mich. (3-11)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

FOR sale or lease. Best Mallard duck grounds in state. Location, Browning. John M. Moore, Rushville, Illinois. (3-10)

RESORT, fruit, alfalfa, potato land. Cottages rented, sold. Saunders, Beulah, Mich. (3-10)

Stamp Collecting

PENNY Approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-11)

Taxidermy

MUSK Ox head very rare. Extra large buffalo head, elk heads. Few uncalled. Deer heads at cost of mounting. Stainsky Fur Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Wanted

WANTED. Large Northern Grey Squirrel and Fox tails dried straight and flat, 60 cents per dozen. Large white buck tails boned and cleaned average 50 cents each. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Co., 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif. (3-11)

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana.

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing", hand woven and hard-wearing. Sport Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macauley, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-1)

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples FREE on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (5-12)

Results

LEON ENSIGN DERR
RODMAKER
4742 NORTHLAND AVENUE
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

July 12, 1926

M. A. Bergfeld, Adv. Mgr.
Outdoor America
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

I got more returns from the Classified ad in Outdoor America on my Ducelin celluloid enamel than from 5 other publications combined, with an equal sum expended on each.

(Signed)

Leon Ensign Derr.

MR. AND MRS. R. R. SHEPHERD
BREEDERS AND IMPORTERS
GERMAN POLICE DOGS
BICKNELL, INDIANA

July 12, 1926

The Izaak Walton League
of America
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

I have had great success selling my police dogs from an ad run in your paper "OUTDOOR AMERICA"; also the people who answer the ad seem to want high class dogs and to appreciate a good dog when they get one.

I am sending copy for an ad which I wish to begin immediately and run six times.

Very truly yours,

(Signed)

Ray R. Shepherd

Feb 1925

Special Offer to Waltonians!

SEND NO MONEY!

FINAL CLEARANCE SALE

World's Most Amazing Sock Bargain

Pure Wool Health Hose for Less Than the Cost of the Wool

AT an unheard-of sacrifice, for immediate cash, one of the large, substantial manufacturers of Utica, the center of the knit goods industry of the world, has announced what is undoubtedly the greatest bargain in men's hosiery since 1914, to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Practically Given Away

This company is going into a somewhat different line of manufacture and has on hand, ready to ship, 30,296 pairs of guaranteed pure wool socks for men—all firsts, no seconds, and fully guaranteed—which it will practically give away to those who ask for them at once.

Protect Health

These pure wool socks are positively the most comfortable socks a man ever wore, particularly in cold or wet weather. Besides they are an effective protection to health, a real safeguard against colds, grip, pneumonia, rheumatism and other troubles that come from cold, wet feet. Hunters, fishermen, farmers, sportsmen and others who are exposed to wet and cold can never afford to be without genuine pure wool hose like these.

$9.00 Value for $2.98

You would pay $1.50 a pair for these same socks almost anywhere. Now—if you are prompt—you can get a year's supply for less than the value of the pure wool yarn it is made from. Only one package of six pairs may be had by any reader, as the supply is limited and we want them to go as far around as possible. In asking for your package it isn't necessary to send one cent of money. When they come to you you simply give the postman $2.98 plus a few cents postage, in full payment, or enclose $2.98 and we will pay the postage. If the socks aren't entirely satisfactory to you, you may return them and get your money back without quibble or question.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remember, in fairness to all, first come will be first served. If you want real foot comfort this winter—if you want protection against all the trouble that results from wet, cold or chafed feet—at positively the lowest price ever offered—mail the attached coupon, at once, in an envelope, or copy it onto a postcard. Act quickly or you may be disappointed. Remember, absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be refunded, and it isn't necessary to pay any money until you get the socks. The small amount asked for these wonderful quality socks is one that OUTDOOR AMERICA is extremely pleased to have offered to its readers.

You have never seen a bargain equal to this. Write at once and get your six pairs before the stock on hand is exhausted.

Free Trial. Send No Money

Put them on. See how comfortable they are, how warm and soft, how good looking and durable. If they aren't the finest socks you ever wore at any price, wrap them up, send them back, and you'll get back your money. This is a fair offer. Mail coupon at once.

Utica Pure Wool Health Hosiery Co.
Dept. 39, UTICA, N. Y.

COUPON

No Money Necessary

As per your offer to OUTDOOR AMERICA readers please send me six pairs guaranteed pure wool health hose. On delivery I will give the postman $2.98 plus a few cents postage (or enclose $2.98 herewith, in full payment).

Name .....

Address .....

..... Size .....

UTICA PURE WOOL HEALTH HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 39, Utica, N. Y.

Shave *every* day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving

Men have tried in many ways, from the days of Homer down to the era of tintypes and trombones, to find a justification for whiskers.

In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets thought whiskers made them look wise.

That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bearded bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, men of fashion utilized their whiskers as ornamental shrubbery; but such things could not go on.

Even the prettiest of the patch-work beards were doomed as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

Set a portrait of the man who shaves beside a picture of his be-whiskered ancestor, and you will see how little there was in the idea that hair upon the face imparted dignity or symbolized wisdom.

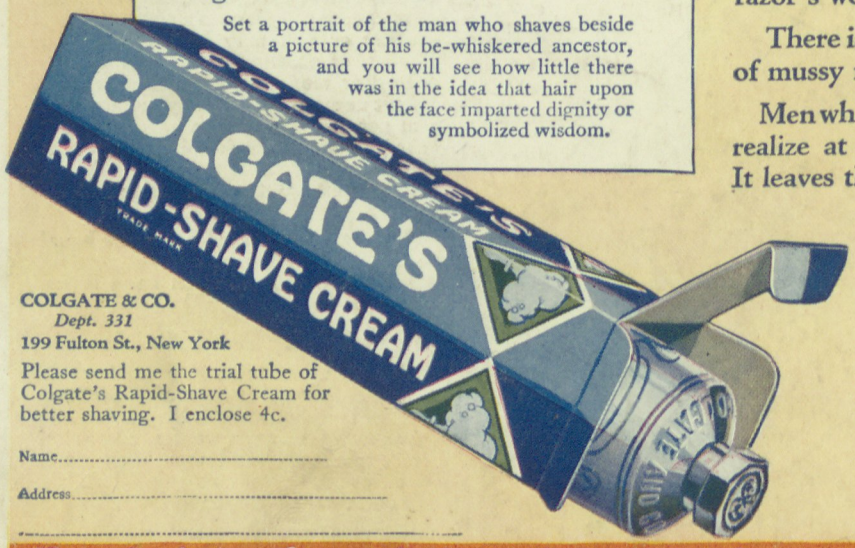
TODAY~

shaving comfort is assured by the use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

It makes a close, moist lather which softens the beard instantly *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

There is no need, when you use Colgate's, of mussy rubbing in with the fingers.

Men who try Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream realize at once that it gives a *better shave*. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 331
199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the coupon, with 4c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
NEW YORK

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

Feb 1925